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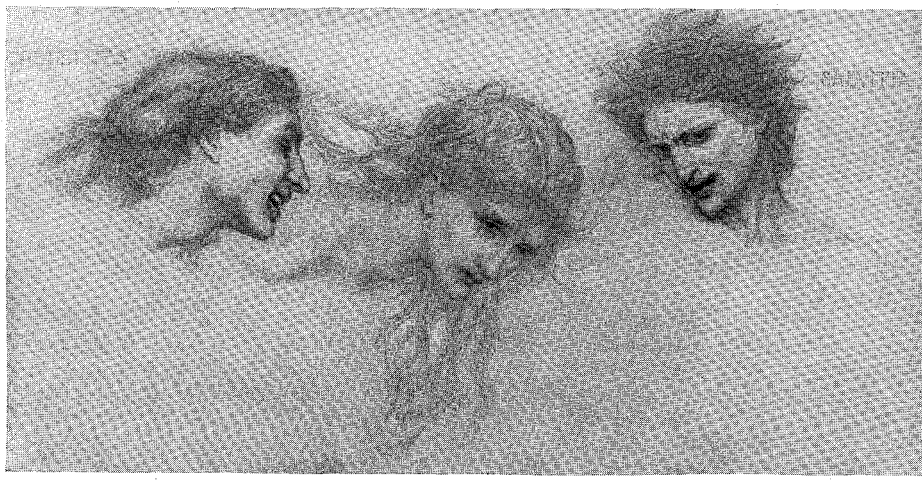

Study for the Masque of Cupid.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

By Cosmo Monkhouse.

I.

THE questions "What is art?" and "What is poetry?" will still probably employ the intellects of mankind for a good many years to come, but meanwhile it is safe to affirm that Edward Burne-Jones is both an artist and a poet. Perhaps the gentleman who is credited with the saying, that Rembrandt might have been a great artist if he had not been cursed with an imagination, would set little store by such highly imaginative designs as those of Burne-Jones; but fortunately one extreme produces another, and the latest (or a few days ago the latest) of art-aphorisms is (or was), that Velasquez was "the commencement of photography." Extremes are said to meet, and if they do not meet, they help to level the ground to a platform of common sense, and when this is accomplished there will probably be found room among the artists for Rembrandt and Velasquez, and Burne-Jones also.

Yet there are some even of his admirers who regard him as an anachronism, because he works in the spirit and style of the "Old Masters." But these forget that he lives in an age which is as fond of retrospect as of progress, of pleasure as of business, and takes a romance to read in an express train. The greater the crush, the greater the need for some cool and quiet anteroom; the ruder the pressure of mundane realities, the stronger the desire to escape

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to the land of dreams, where there is no time, or care, or worldly strife. It is true that some prefer the novel to the romance, and the men who enjoy pictures may be divided into two classes: those who seek them for the pleasure of repeating familiar sights, and those who desire to behold what they can never see with their mortal eyes. Constable and Millais delight the former, Turner and Burne-Jones the latter.

Is this world of imagination more beautiful than that of nature? Who shall say? It is not all who have the *entrée* there. But those at least who have, think that it is so, or they would not visit it so often or stay there so long.

It is the fashion to be surprised at nothing, but the sense of wonder is still with us. No poet of words or paint ever appeals to it in vain, and no one has appealed to it with greater success than Burne-Jones. King Cophetua tranced at the beauty of the Beggar Maid—the Beggar Maid wondering at the love of King Cophetua; the Virgin Mary trembling with reverent awe in the presence of the Announcing Angel; the two primeval lovers, seated closely side by side in the green woodland, their souls entranced by the weird, wild figure of Pan, and the shrill, sweet sounds of his pipe; Pygmalion scarcely believing that his impossible prayer has been answered, and that his own marble statue is filled with life and yielding itself warm and loving to his arms; the "Merciful Knight" at the foot of the Crucifix from which the huge wooden image bends to bless him;—it does not matter whether the theme be Christian or pagan, it is the wonder of it that takes the artist's imagination, and gives real life to the beauty of his design. So special a quality is this feeling of wonder (reverential wonder or awe) in Mr. Burne-Jones's work, that it may be stated as perhaps his greatest claim to distinction among all artists past or present. The germ was innate, but it was nursed and developed by the great mystic — Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the leader of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is unnecessary here to inquire very minutely into the exact tenets of the brotherhood. Sincerity was their real watchword, and their motto may be roughly phrased as "Take care of the facts and the beauty will take care of itself." To reject nothing, to select nothing, to scorn nothing, in nature, was the duty set before them by Mr. Ruskin; and with regard to historical pictures they were to rep-

Study of Figure for Venus's Looking-glass.

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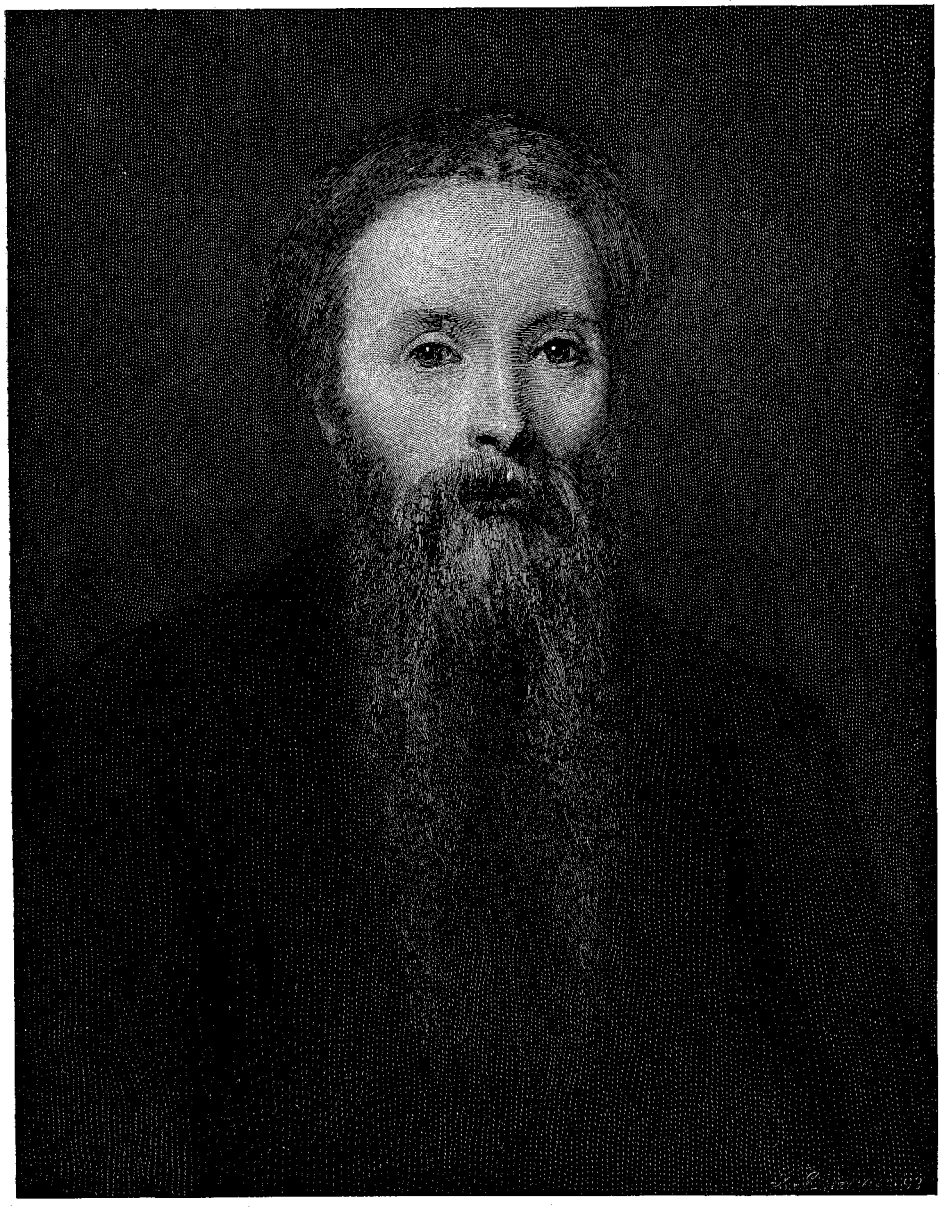

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Portrait of E. Burne-Jones, after Watts's Picture.

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Portrait of a Nestorian Priest.*

(Reproduced for the first time by permission of Mr. Burne-Jones.)

resent events as they did happen, and not as they might be picturesquely supposed to have happened.

The dictum as to selection was difficult enough even in the most realistic art, but what about art which was not realistic at all? What about landscapes that were never seen, and events which never did happen? How to treat those visions of the poets which, as long as man exists will demand some attempt of the poetic artist to realize in form? Millais could buy his strawberries in Covent Garden Market, but even in that emporium of the fruit of the world, where could he find an apple from the gardens of Eden, or the Hesperides? Rossetti might find in Wardour Street furniture and armor of any century he chose, but where could he get the helmet of Perseus or the greaves of Mars? Where does the great principle of sincerity come in here? The answer is comparatively easy—be sincere to your imagination, realize as far as possible the vision of your mind, careful that your design is the expression of your true self, not an imitation of what someone else has done, or what you think he would have done in your place. In imaginative art such sincerity as this is the only way to salvation, and Burne-Jones found it.

* This is a portrait of a Priest of a Nestorian Monastery in Babylonia, which was burnt down a few years ago. The priest, who could not speak a word of any European language, set out to travel the world, in order to obtain subscriptions to rebuild his monastery, and found his way to the house of Mr. Burne-Jones, who took his portrait. Scarcely less remarkable than his grand face was his jet-black hair, so close and wiry that it looked as though it were carved out of black basalt.

II.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES was educated at King Edward's School, in Birmingham, where he was born in 1833. He was intended for the Church, and had among his schoolfellows two boys who were hereafter to be greatly distinguished in that profession. One of these was the late Bishop Lightfoot; the other, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1852 he gained an Exhibition at Exeter College, Oxford, and it was at this chosen seat of learning, of all places in the world, that he was diverted from letters to art, from the preaching of sermons to the painting of pictures. It was at Mr. Combe's, of the Clarendon Press, that he first saw works of the Pre-Raphaelites, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" among them; but he was even more attracted by Rossetti's drawing of "Dante Preparing to Paint Beatrice," and a little woodcut after the same artist, called "Elfinmere," which illustrated a volume of William Allingham's poems. The romance, the mysticism, and unearthly beauty of Rossetti's creations exercised

Study for "Pan," in the Picture of "The Garden of Pan."

(Reproduced for the first time by permission of Mr. Burne-Jones.)

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Study for Head of the Virgin in "The Annunciation."
(Reproduced for the first time by permission of Mr. Burne-Jones.)

an immediate fascination over him, and, as if to complete the spell, it was at college that he met William Morris, the future decorative poet and poetical decorator, with whom he was to enter into a lifelong partnership of the imagination.

When Burne-Jones came up to London, in 1855, with a burning desire to meet Rossetti, he was already two-and-twenty. For once the hero of the imagination answered to the ideal, and as the attraction was mutual, it was not long before the two assumed intimate relations as guide and follower. Rossetti persuaded him to leave the Univer-

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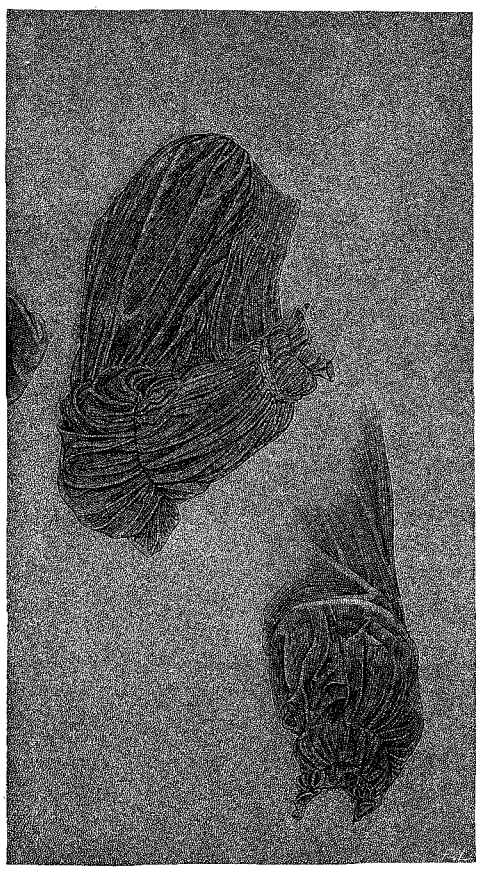
sity without taking his degree, and the year 1856 saw him established at 17 Red Lion Square, with Rossetti as his master and William Morris as his friend and fellow-lodger.

It is interesting, if idle, to speculate whether the advice and influence of Rossetti were the best he could have had. Rossetti ran a great risk in bidding him forego all academic training. He had never had the patience to go through a thorough discipline himself, and his want of craftsmanship is painfully visible in much of his work. It seems something like the advice of the fox who had cut off his tail, but there is no question of Rossetti's sincerity. He feared that the enforced drudgery of copying from the antique would blunt, if not destroy, the fine sensitive imagination of his young friend; and he himself was fitted, as no other man was, to stimulate and direct that teeming fancy, that fine sense of decorative beauty which Burne-Jones possessed. By strenuous efforts Burne-Jones has fairly made up for the deficiencies of his early training. He is now one of the most subtle and exquisite of draughtsmen, and if some imperfections still remain they are not of a kind to impair either the expression of his feeling or the beauty of his conceptions.



Study of Drapery.

In 1858 he went to Oxford to aid in the decoration of the Oxford "Union," a literary and debating club of the undergraduates. Alas! all these designs by the enthusiastic band of young artists under the leadership of Rossetti have blackened or peeled from the walls. Burne-Jones's subject was "Merlin and Nimue" (Vivien), which he afterward chose for one of his most celebrated pictures. With him were Arthur Hughes and Val Prinsep, and not least, William Morris, who, about this time, published his first volume of poems, "The Defence of Guenevere," to be followed (though not till 1865) by the "Life and Death of Jason." Never were poetry and painting more closely allied than in the works of William Morris and Burne-Jones. Morris seems to have been made to furnish subjects for Burne-Jones's pencil, and he himself depicted them in words which have almost the effect of paint. They both lived in the same honeyed world of romance to which Rossetti had introduced them. Many others had reached it before, among whom Chaucer in the past and Tennyson in the then present must not be forgotten; but of the younger living men these two penetrated alone into its sweeter and more silent places, sheltered from the fiercer gusts of passion in which Swinburne revelled.

No doubt one of their greatest ties was the remarkable feeling for decorative beauty which both possessed. In the year 1856 Burne-Jones made a great many designs for stained glass, some of which were carried out by Messrs. Powell, the celebrated glass-makers in Whitefriars, London; but since 1860 all his windows have

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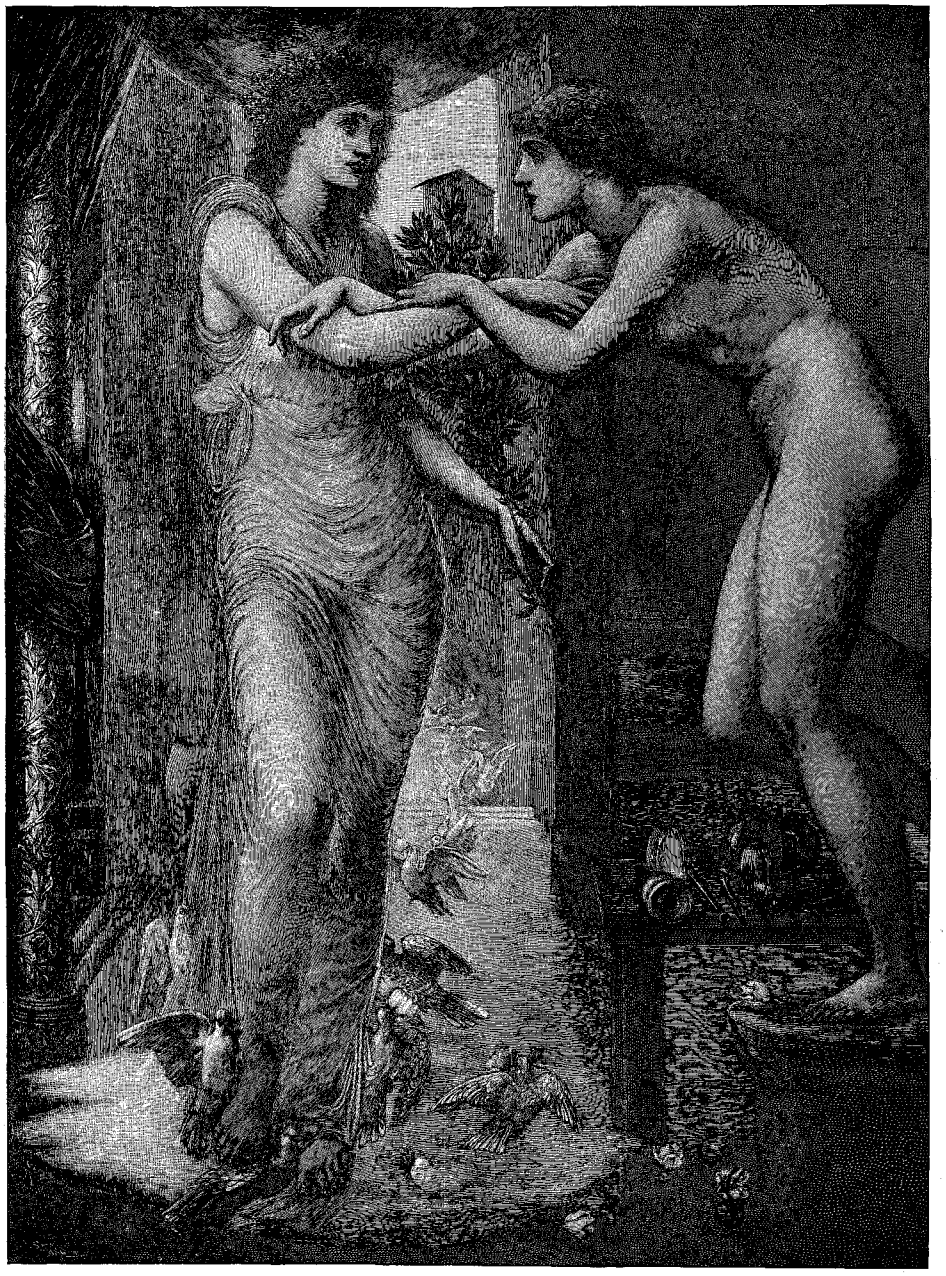

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

The God-head Fires.

(From a drawing for a picture in the Pygmalion Series.)

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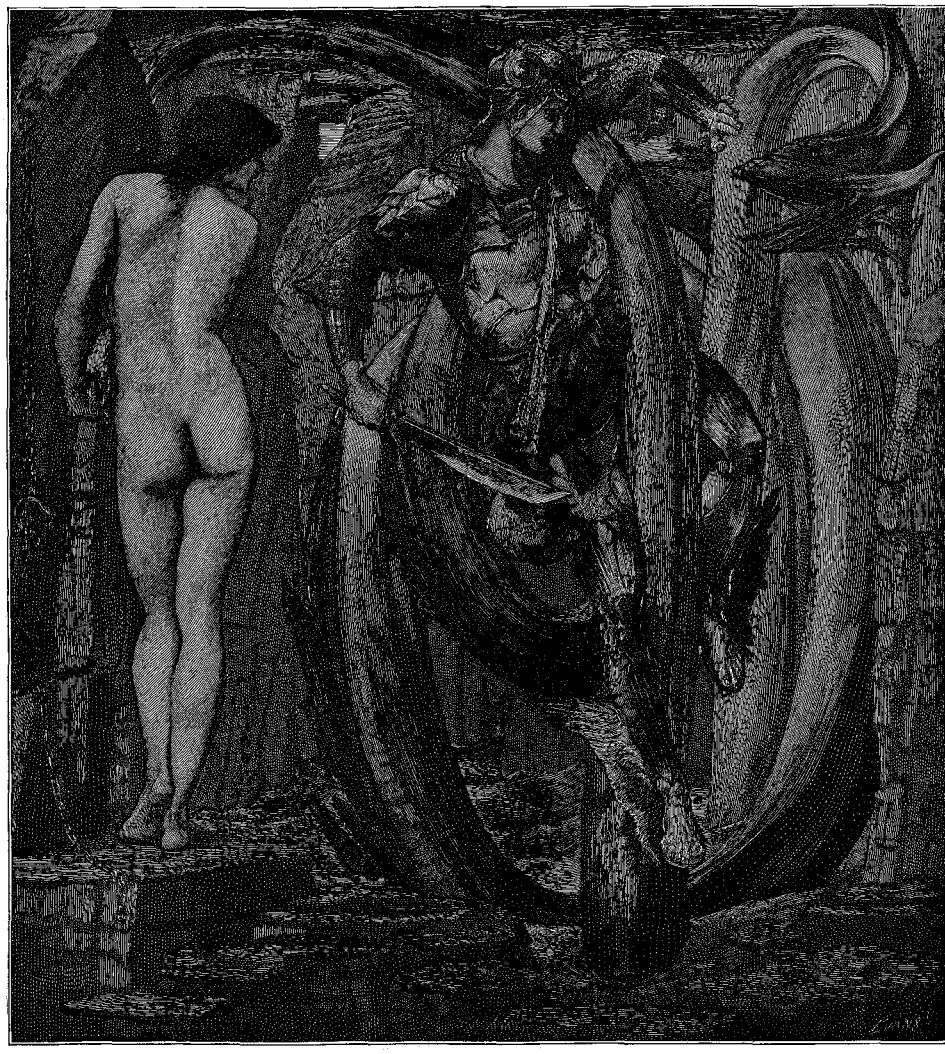

The Doom Fulfilled.

(From a cartoon for a picture in the Perseus Series.)

been executed by the well-known firm of which Mr. William Morris is still the head. To these days belong those early water-colors some of which, exhibited at the old (now Royal) Water-color Society, first drew public attention to his strange imagination. The designs of this period were mainly romantic, but mixed with such themes as the legends of Sir Degrevant and Sir Galahad, of Morgan Le Fay and Childe Rolande, were others drawn from the Bible, as the "Annunciation" and the "Nativity," and from the semi-legendary history of Italy and Provence, like "King René's Honeymoon" and "The Wedding of Buondelmonte." Many were from Chaucer, two from the wonderful modern romance of "Sidonia the Sorceress," and a few from classical lore, like "Theseus and Ariadne," "The Wine of Circe," and "Cupid and Psyche;" others again were pictures of his own fancy, as "Laus Veneris," and "The Backgammon Players" (often called the chess players). Whatever his subject, it was nearly always one of mystery and wonder, and was always treated in the

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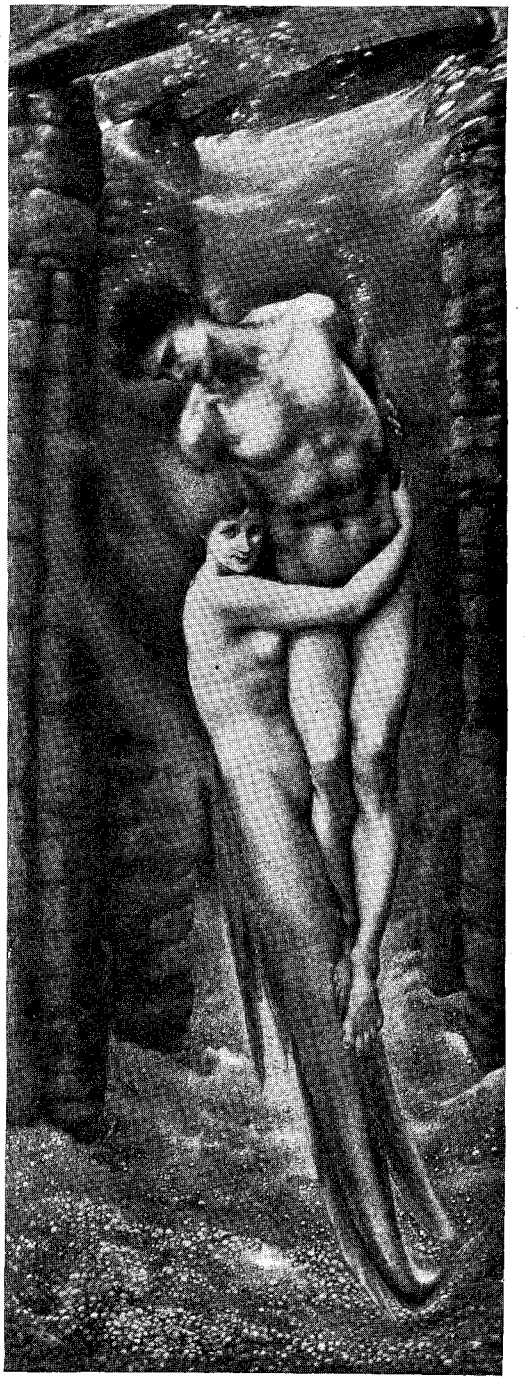
same visionary manner. None of his drawings at the Water-color Society, of which he was elected an associate in 1863, produced a greater impression than that of "The Merciful Knight" (1863), already mentioned. It is said that the figure of the Knight was drawn from a woman, and the work is in many ways immature, but nothing interferes with the profound sense of the supernatural with which the whole composition is suffused. The spectator feels that he is the witness of a miracle.

He had now (1865) followed the profession of an artist for ten years, and had achieved a certain and distinct position as a painter in water-colors, and a designer for stained glass. He had been to Italy, where his genius had been fed with the spiritual beauty of the real Pre-Raphaelites, and the germs of some of his most famous pictures—the "Laus Veneris," the "Beguiling of Merlin," "The Annunciation," the "Wine of Circe," the "Chant d'Amour"—had taken root. For another twelve years the same steady progress, the same unresting labor was to continue, before he can be said to have become really famous. For part of these years the public had little opportunity of watching his development, for in 1870 an unfortunate dispute ended for eighteen years his connection with the Water-color Society, and except at the Dudley Gallery (Egyptian Hall), in 1873, he seldom if ever exhibited in London. The public were, therefore, scarcely prepared for the wonderful apparition which was in store for them when the Grosvenor Gallery opened its doors for the first time in 1877. The imaginative feeling of the strange pictures which met their view, was indeed akin to that of the poems of Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne, but the presentation of it in pictorial form was comparatively new, for it must be remembered that Rossetti, as a



The Depths of the Sea.

(Photographed by Henry Dixon after the oil picture. By permission of the owner, R. H. Brown, Esq.)

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Study of a Head.

painter, was known to them only by rumor. The revelation of Burne-Jones's genius was almost as complete as it was sudden. "The Six Days of Creation," in lofty allegory, "The Beguiling of Merlin," in its weird glamour; the "Mirror of Venus," in its childlike beauty, have scarcely been surpassed by any later work. They showed also the main sources of his inspiration; the Bible, romantic legend, and classical poetry; those three chief districts of the world of wonder in which he lived. One thing to be noted, of these as of all other pictures by Burne-Jones, is that the persons pictured have no concern with you, they are all wrapt in the trance of their own thoughts. The angels of Creation look through you; sight is suspended in the eyes of Merlin; the maidens look at themselves. You look at them all as you might peer into Doctor Dee's shewstone, or into one of those wondrous crystal globes which the angels of the Creation hold in their hand, each reflecting a vision of the day's divine handiwork. Criticism might have much to say about the stature of Vivien, and the solidity of the reflections in the "Mirror," and other matters, but Burne-Jones, as the French say, "had arrived." No criticism nor ridicule (and there was naturally plenty of the latter) could disguise the fact that there was a strong and original art-personality suddenly revealed, whose shortcomings were but a featherweight in comparison with the subtlety of imagination, the fertility of design, the exquisite and intricate beauty of color, which, to all who were open to their influences, made these pictures like the birth of a new joy into the world.

Next year came the wonderful "Laus Veneris," which had been begun seventeen years before. On the right a pale queen, weary of loveless sovereignty, sits languidly with her crown on her knees, her rich orange dress relieved against a greenish tapestry on which are depicted scenes of romantic love; to the left are seated four beautiful maidens in costumes of bright colors, solacing their mistress by reciting the praises of love; while through the window are seen knights in armor keenly seeking glimpses of the beauty within. Some shook their heads at this picture, they could not understand it, they saw no "moral" in it, the title of it frightened them, and there was a feeling that there must be some mysterious wickedness at the bottom of it all. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more innocently lovely. The picture still remains almost unique among Burne-Jones's works; he has never tried to rival its brilliant patchwork of color. In the "Angels of Creation" the colors shift and play into one another, now

Study of a Head Sleeping.

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like the feathers on a dove's neck, and now like the reflections in a stream. In the "Chant d'Amour" and "King Cophetua" the colors are more richly blended and diffused, in the manner of the Venetians, but in this picture the strong, pure spaces of color in dress and cap stand detached as in stained glass, or in the earlier pictures of the Italian school, which inherited their system of colors from mosaics and frescoes. This, 1878, was also the year of "Le Chant d'Amour" and "Pan and Psyche;" of panels of "Day" and "Night," and the four "Seasons," and a curious decorative panel of "Perseus and the Graiae"—an experiment in wood and metal, which was much criticised and has not been repeated. In 1879 appeared the celebrated "Annunciation;" in 1880, the "Golden Stairs," in which a decorative motive was elaborated into a picture almost as sweet and delicate in its color as a white lily. The "Wheel of Fortune," the finest of his allegorical conceptions, marks the year 1883. The "Cophetua," at the Grosvenor of 1884, the "Depths of the Sea," at the Royal Academy, in 1886 (his first and last contribution to Burlington House); the "Garden of Pan," at the Grosvenor in 1887, were the most important works exhibited in these years.

Flamma Vestalis.
(From the oil picture. By permission of the owner, Sir Horace Davey.)

The opening of the new gallery in 1888, was made memorable by the contributions of Burne-Jones, which comprised three large and very characteristic pictures. One represented "Danaë" watching the building of the brazen tower in which she is to be immured, and two were part of the series from the Perseus legend. In the latter, the figure of Andromeda is seen full-length back and front, and it is probably the most perfect example of the author's draughtsmanship of the nude. A drawing in the gallery from the far robuster model, showed at once the artist's mastery of drawing, and the process through which nature had to go in its translation to the Burne-Jones's ideal. In the "Rock of Doom" we see Perseus in his flashing armor, arrested, as he flies by on his san-

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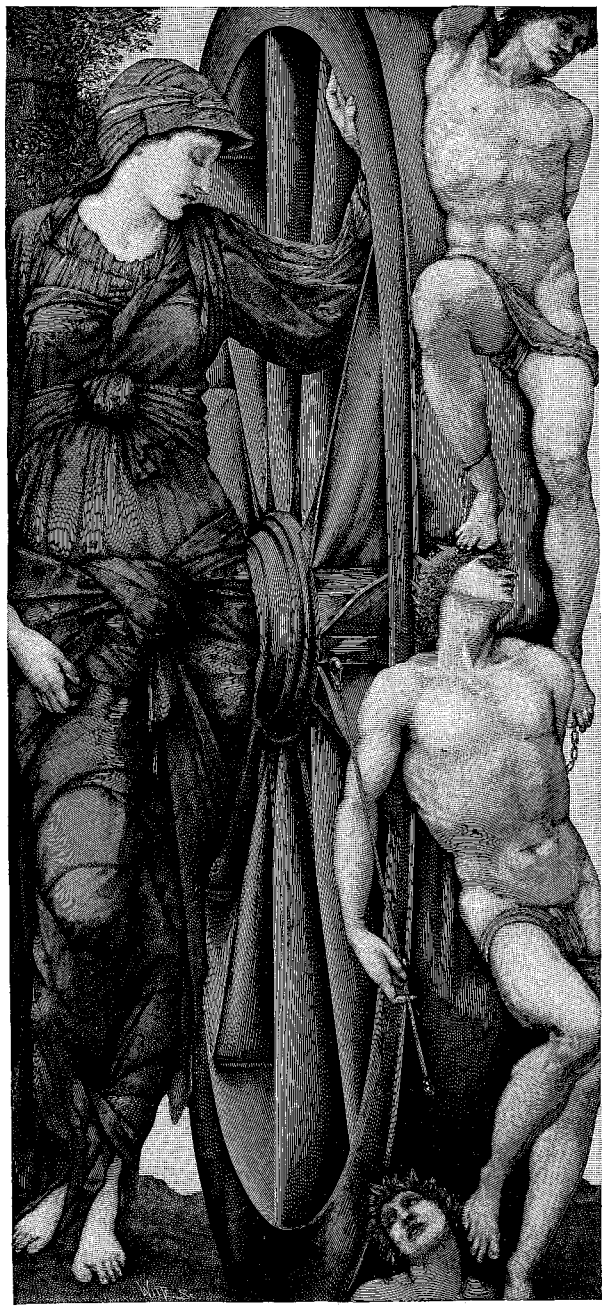

The Wheel of Fortune.

(Photographed by Henry Dixon, from the oil picture. By permission of the owner, R. H. Benson, Esq.)

dals of swiftness, by the sight of the doomed maid chained to the rock; in the "Doom Fulfilled" we see the combat itself, the monster ineffectually endeavoring to entrap Perseus in its huge scaleless coils, while he seizes the opportunity to plunge his sword into some vital part. In these pictures one is perhaps more struck than usual by the deliberately decorative character of the work, and the stillness of a visionary world in which the fiercest conflicts happen, as it were, to slow music.

We cannot follow Mr. Burne-Jones step by step through later years. It must suffice to notice his grand series of pictures on the legend of "The Briar Rose," or "Sleeping Beauty," the masterpiece of his lighter fancy. The subject had always been a favorite with him. It had formed the theme of a series of tiles for Mr. Birket Foster's house at Whitby, of a set of small oil pictures in 1871, of a larger set in 1873–74, and in 1890 the four still larger pictures were exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, and have drawn there and elsewhere their thousands of admirers. This subject seems to be one peculiarly congenial to the genius of the artist. The trance-like suspense which characterizes all his conceptions here becomes the positive subject. In this mysterious wood all animate things sleep, as though their motion had been arrested by a flood of honeyed amber. The spell seems even to smite the young knight, as in the first picture he enters the wood strewn with the bodies of his ill-fated predecessors. In the next picture we are shown the aged king, his white beard flowing to the ground, surrounded by his sleeping

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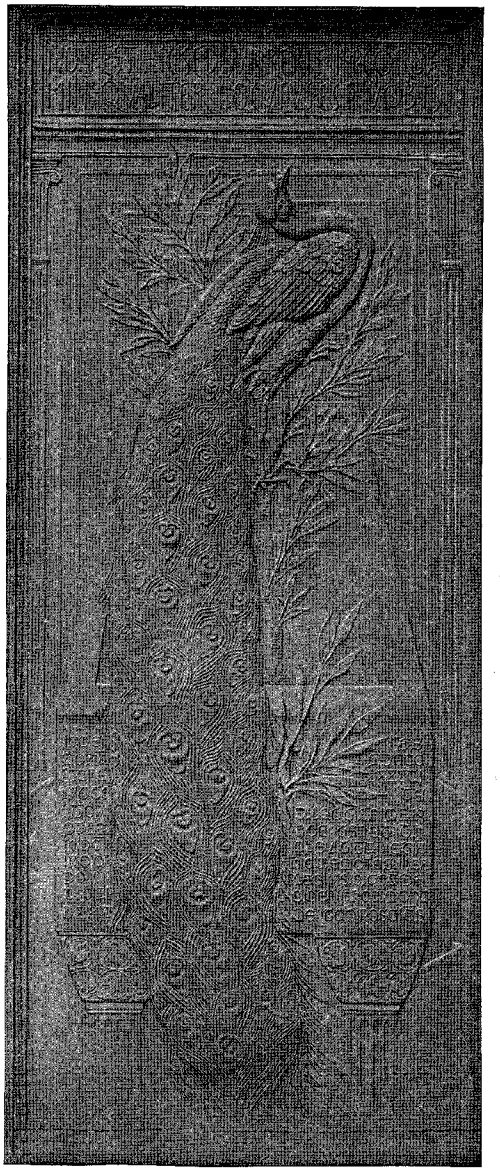
counsellors; in the next, the Garden Court, where the serving maidens in various positions of elegance sleep their long sleep; and last, the bower of the princess herself who is just awakening to the kiss of her brave lover; from beginning to end it is not only a dream, but a dream of dreams. Could any subject be more suited to the arch-dreamer of the nineteenth century?

III.

As we have already seen, the more realistic tenets of the modern Pre-Raphaelites are incompatible with the art of Burne-Jones. The doctrines of non-selection and contempt of composition are both utterly contrary to his artistic nature, for there never was a more fastidious selector in this world, and all his designs show the utmost care, and often great ingenuity, in composition. On the other hand, no artist has been more impressed with the work of the real precursors of Raphael; with their *naïveté* of conception, their directness of suggestion, their spiritual feeling, and their refined sense of decorative beauty. There is a fascination and a romance about the work of such artists as Botticelli and Piero de Cosimo, Piero della Francesca and Matteo da Siena, in spite of, and perhaps partly in consequence of, the imperfection of their ideals, and the tentative nature of their efforts—a fascination which is altogether lost in the triumphant mastery of Raphael and Michel Angelo.

But Mr. Burne-Jones has not only studied one period of art nor the art of only one country. If his draperies sometimes swell like those of Botticelli, they are at others rigid as the Byzantines; he makes them as broad as Giotto's or as crinkly as Mantegna's, whichever style may be most suited to the idea of his design. The rich reflections of many-colored garments in brimming water which we see in the "Baptism of Christ" in Piero della Francesca's picture in the National Gallery, may have suggested the very different picture of the "Mirror of Venus." Piero de Cosimo's pathetic "Cephalus and Procris," in the same gallery, is a relation, but a very distant one, to his "Pan and Daphne." But his debts do not end with the Pre-Raphaelites: "Le Chant d'Amour" speaks of the gorgeous palette of Titian, and the



Memorial Tablet to Lady Lyttleton, in colored glass.
(In the American Protestant Church at Rome.)

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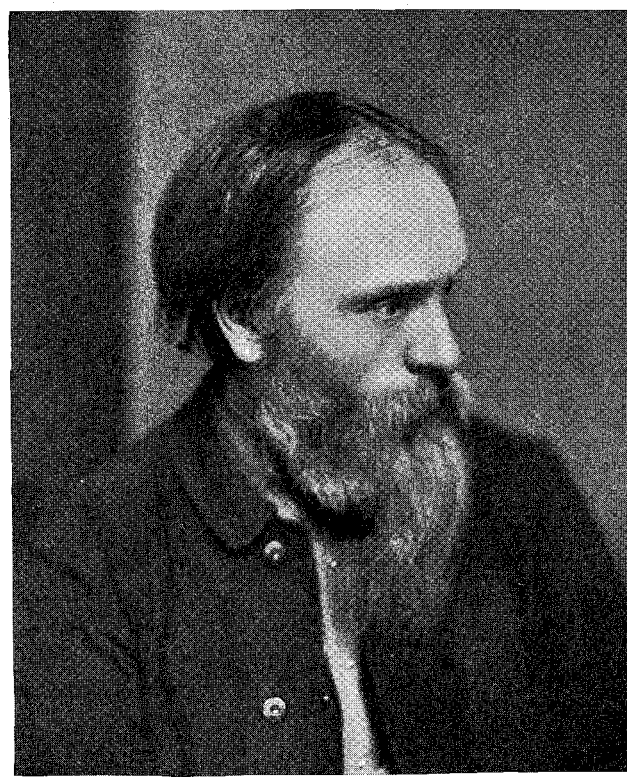
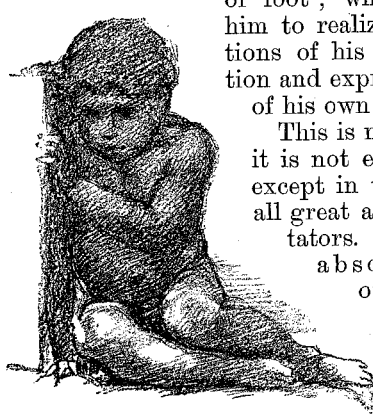


Portrait of Burne-Jones.
(Photographed from life, about 1885, by F. Hollyer.)

spirit of Giorgione seems to hover round the lovers in the "Garden of Pan." Luini and Leonardo rise to one's mind as one looks at the "Depths of the Sea," and the "Wheel of Fortune" cannot be passed without a thought of Michel Angelo. Everywhere he has found something akin to himself; some music of color, or rhythm of line; some fall of robe or lift of foot; which will help him to realize the conceptions of his own imagination and express the desire of his own soul.

This is not plagiarism, it is not even imitation, except in the sense that all great artists are imitators. As Raphael absorbed in his own developed personality all the virtue his genius could assimilate of Giotto and Perugino, of Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto, of Masaccio and Michel Angelo; as Turner absorbed Claude and Vandevelde, Cozens and Girtin; so Burne-Jones has drunk from all the sources which could feed his artistic nature, from the mosaics of Ravenna to the designs of Rossetti; and now in his maturity he stands out as distinct in his personality, if not as great, as any of his precursors.

There is indeed an eclecticism which kills. This kind, unconfined and uncontrolled by any strong personal passion, seeks to fabricate beauty by piecing together fragments of the dead ideals of other minds. But there is also an eclecticism which nourishes, and this is the eclecticism of Burne-Jones, who, from his first sketch to the pictures now upon his easel, has been absorbed by the desire to present in perfect form the children of his own



Study of a Child.

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The Backgammon Players.

(From a water-color drawing. By permission of Lord Battersea.)

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The Annunciation.

(From the oil picture. By permission of the owner, the Earl of Carlisle.)

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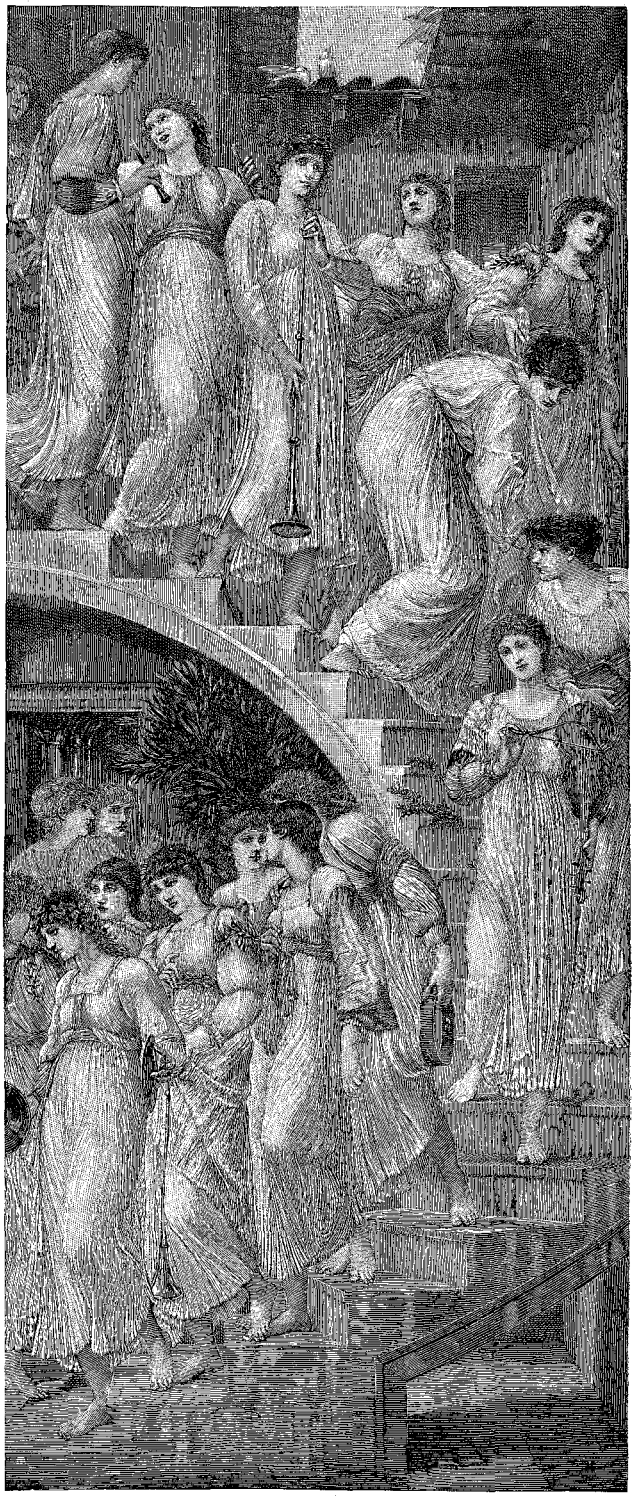

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

The Golden Stairs.

(From the oil picture. By permission of the owner, Lord Battersea.)

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imagination, and to clothe them with the most lovely raiment he could devise. For this he has had to wait and watch and work, for this he has ransacked not only nature but art, and the result is that he has created a new world with the breath of his own genius, a world wondrously beautiful and beautifully wondrous.

Like the lives of all artists devoted to their work, that of Burne-Jones is marked by few stirring incidents. He has not been without honor in his own or other countries, though it has been slow, fitful, and inadequate. One of the earliest and most grateful recognitions of his genius was from the college which he had left to answer the call of

Uriel.

(From a cartoon for a mosaic in the American Protestant Church at Rome.)

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Art. His fellowship at Exeter was followed in 1881 by the honorary degree of D.C.L. "The Beguiling of Merlin" had been sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and his reputation was so great in France in 1882, that he was asked by the French Government to represent Great Britain at the International Exhibition of Contemporary Art, Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, as his sole colleague. This honor he was unable to accept. In 1889 he was awarded a first-class medal at the Paris International Exhibition, and in 1890 was decorated with the Legion of Honor. In America he is perhaps more appreciated than any other living English artist. Some of his finest stained-glass windows are those at Boston, Longwood, Mass., and Newport, and the grand designs for the mosaics in the apse of the American Protestant Church at Rome must rank among his most remarkable achievements. In England he is widely known and greatly honored, and the recent exhibition of his works at the New Gallery was a triumph such as only is allowed to few artists in their lifetime. A low, perhaps, but sound, test of his appreciation by his countrymen is the large prices which his works fetch whenever they appear in a public auction-room. At the Leyland and Graham sales the large "Mirror of Venus," the "Beguiling of Merlin," and "Le Chant d'Amour" were sold at sums ranging between three and four thousand pounds; and the "Laus Veneris" would not be parted with by its present owner for a much larger sum, if for any. It is a general theme for regret that Burne-Jones has not received the highest honors of the Royal Academy.

He accepted the offer of an Associateship in 1885, but has only once exhibited at Burlington House, and has recently resigned his associateship. We need not inquire here where the fault, if any, lies, but it is certain that the loss is to the Academy rather than to the artist.

Studies of Children.

For many years Burne-Jones has lived in an old-fashioned house in North End Road, once inhabited by Samuel Richardson, the novelist. It lies between Old Kensington and Hammersmith, a district till recently occupied by few houses and many gardens. A large, flat, green tract it was, where the dweller in the metropolis could take a walk and think that he was in something like the country. Now the whole aspect of the neighborhood is changed, and the creation of the populous suburb of West Kensington has gradually hemmed in Richardson's old house, until the present occupant, instead of fair open space of field and sky, has only his own and the garden of his neighbor as a barrier between him and the endless rows of "jerry-built" houses. If he has any pleasure in the view from his own windows, it is chiefly one of good-humored malice as he thinks of the baffled contractors who covet the space occupied by his green garden. But the alteration in its surroundings does not affect the work that goes on within, or dull the imagination of the dreamer who dwells there; and day by day, almost hour by hour, adds something to his life's achievement, something to the poetic endowment of the world.

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JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

VIII.

SEVEN YEARS OF SUNSHINE.

POETS and painters make darkness stand for oblivion. But for evil things or sad there is no oblivion like sunshine.

The next day was hot, blue, and fragrant. John rose so late that he had to sit up in front of his breakfast alone. He asked the maid near by if she thought his father would be home soon. She reckoned so.

"I wish he would be home in a hour," he mused, aloud. "I wish he would be on the mountain road right now."

When he stepped down and started away she crouched before him.

"Whah you bound fuh, ole gen'leman, lookin' so sawt o' funny-sad?"

"I dunno."

"W'at you gwine do, boss?"

"I dunno."

"Well, cayn't you kiss me, Mis't I-dunno?"

He paid the toll and passed out to his play. With an old bayonet fixed on a stick he fell to killing Yankees—colored troops. Pressing them into the woods he charged, yelling, and came out upon the mountain road that led far down to the pike. Here a new impulse took him and he moved down this road to form a junction with his father. For some time the way was comparatively level. By and by he came to heavier timber and deeper and steeper descents. He went ever more and more loiteringly, for his father did not appear. He thought of turning back, yet his longing carried him forward. He was tired, but his mother did not like him to walk long distances when he was tired, so it wouldn't be right to turn back. He decided to wait for his father and ride home.

Meantime he would go to the next turn in the road and look. He looked in vain. And so at the next—the next—the next. He went slowly, for his feet were growing tender. Sometimes he almost caught a butterfly. Sometimes he slew more Yankees. Always he talked to himself with a soft bumbling like a bee's.

But at last he ceased even this and sat down at the edge of the stony road ready to cry. His bosom had indeed begun to heave, when in an instant all was changed. Legs forgot their weariness, the heart its dismay, for just across the road, motionless beside a hollow log, what should he see but a cotton-tail rabbit. As he stealthily reached for his weapon the cotton-tail took two slow hops and went into the log. Charge bayonets!—pat-pat-pat—slam! and the stick rattled in the hole, the deadly iron at one end and the deadly boy at the other.

And yet nothing was impaled. Singular! He got his eyes to the hole and glared in, but although it was full of daylight from a larger hole at the other

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end, he could see no sign of life. It baffled comprehension. But so did it defy contradiction. There was but one resource: to play the rabbit was still there and only to be got out by rattling the bayonet every other moment and repeating, in a sepulchral voice, "I—I—I'm gwine to have yo' meat fo' dinneh!"

He had been doing this for some time when all at once his blood froze as another voice, fifteen times as big as his, said, in his very ear—

"I—I—I'm gwine to have yo' meat fo' dinneh."

He dropped half over, speechless, and beheld standing above him, nineteen feet high as well as he could estimate hastily, a Yankee captain mounted and in full uniform. John leaped up and remembered he was in gray.

"What are you doing here all alone, Shorty?"

"I dunno."

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"I dunno."

The Captain moved as if to draw his revolver, but brought forth instead a large yellow apple. Then did John confess who he was and why there. The Captain did as much on his part.

He had risen with the morning star to do an errand beyond Widewood, and was now getting back to Suez. This very dawn he had made Judge March's acquaintance beside his broken wagon, and had seen him ride toward Suez to begin again the repair of his disasters. Would the small Confederate like to ride behind him?

Very quickly John gave an arm and was struggling up behind the saddle. The Captain touched the child's back.

"Owch!"

"Why, what's the matter? did I hurt you?"

"No, sir."

The horse took his new burden unkindly, plunged and danced.

"Afraid?" asked the Captain. John's eyes sparkled merrily and he shook his head.

"You're a pretty brave boy, aren't you?" said the stranger, but John shook his head again.

"I'll bet you are, and a tol'able good boy, too, aren't you?"

"No, sir, I'm not a good boy, I'm bad. I'm a very bad boy, indeed."

The horseman laughed. "I don't mistrust but you're good enough."

"Oh, no. I'm not good. I'm wicked! I'm noisy! I make my ma's head ache, every day! I usen't to be so wicked when I was a little shaver. I used to be a shaver, did you know that? But now I'm a boy. That's because I'm eight. I'm a boy and I'm wicked. I'm awful wicked, and I'm getting worse. I whistle. Did you think I could whistle? Well, I can. . . . There! did you hear that? It's wicked to whistle in the house—to whistle loud—in the house—it's sinful. Sometimes I whistle in the house—sometimes." He grew still and fell to thinking of his mother, and how her cheek would redden with something she called sorrow at his shameless companioning with the wearer of a blue uniform. But he continued to like his new friend; he was so companionably "low flung."

"Do you know Jeff-Jack?" he asked. But the Captain had not the honor.

"Well, he captures things. He's brave. He's dreadful brave."

"No! Aw! you just want to scare me!"

"So is Major Garnet. Did you ever see Major Garnet? Well, if you see him you mustn't make him mad. I'd be afraid for you to make him mad."

"Why, how's that?"

"I dunno," said Johnnie, very abstractedly.

As they went various questions came up, and by and by John discoursed on the natural badness of "black folks"—especially the yellow variety—with imperfections of reasoning almost as droll as the soft dragging of his vowels. Time passed so pleasantly that when they came into the turnpike and saw his father coming across the battle-field with two other horsemen, his good spirits hardly had room to rise any higher. They rather fell. The Judge had again chanced upon the company of Major Garnet and Jeff-Jack Ravenel, and it disturbed John perceptibly for three such men to find him riding behind a Yankee.

It was a double surprise for him to see, first, with what courtesy they

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treated the blue-coat, and then how soon they bade him good-day. The Federal had smilingly shown a flask.

"You wouldn't fire on a flag of truce, would you?"

"I never drink," said Garnet.

"And I always take too much," responded Jeff-Jack.

I think we have spoken of John's slumbers being dreamless. A child can afford to sleep without dreaming, he has plenty of dreams without sleeping. No need to tell what days, weeks, months, of sunlit, forest-shaded, bird-serenaded, wide-awake dreaming passed over this one's wind-tossed locks between the ages of eight and fifteen.

Small wonder that he dreamed. Much of the stuff that fables and fairy tales are made of was the actual furnishment of his visible world — unbroken leagues of lofty timber that had never heard the ring of an axe; sylvan labyrinths where the buck and doe were only half afraid; copses alive with small game; rare openings where the squatter's wooden ploughshare lay forgotten; dark chasms scintillant with the treasures of the chemist, if not of the lapidary; outlooks that opened upon great seas of billowing forest, whence blue mountains peered up, sank and rose again like ocean monsters at play; glens where the she-bear suckled her drowsing cubs to the plash of yeasty waterfalls that leapt and whimpered to be in human service, but wherein the otter played all day unscared; crags where the eagle nested; defiles that echoed the howls of wolves unhunted, though the very stones cried out their open secret of immeasurable wealth; narrow vales where the mountain cabin sent up its blue thread of smoke, and in its lonely patch strong weeds and emaciated corn and cotton pushed one another down among the big clods; and vast cliffs from whose bushy brows the armed moonshiner watched the bridle-path below.

These dreams of other children's story books were John's realities. And these were books to him, as well, while Chesterfield went unread, and other things and conditions, not of nature and her seclusions, but vibrant with human energies and strifes, were making, unheeded of him, his world and his fate. A little boy's life does right to loiter. But if we loiter with him here, we are likely to find our eyes held ever by the one picture: John's gifted mother, in family group, book in her lap — husband's hand on her right shoulder — John leaning against her left side. Let us try leaving him for a time. And indeed, we may do the same as to Jeff-Jack Ravenel.

As he had told Barbara he would, he made his residence in Suez.

A mess-mate, a graceless, gallant fellow, who at the war's end had fallen, dying, into his arms, had sent by him a last word of penitent love to his mother, an aged widow. She lived in Suez, and when Ravenel brought this message to her—from whom marriage had torn all her daughters and death her only son—she accepted his offer, based on a generous price, to take her son's room as her sole boarder and lodger. Thus, without further effort, he became the stay of her home and the heir of her simple affections.

IX.

LAUNCELOT HALLIDAY.

General Halliday was a distant cousin of Mrs. Garnet. He had commanded the brigade which included Garnet's battalion; and had won fame. Garnet, who felt himself undervalued by Halliday, said this fame had been won by show rather than by merit. And in truth, Halliday was not so much a man of genuine successes as of an audacity that stopped just short of the fantastical, and kept him perpetually interesting.

"Launcelot's failures," said Garnet, "make a finer show than most men's successes. He'd rather shine without succeeding, than succeed without shining."

The moment the war ended, Halliday hurried back to his plantation, the largest in Blackland. This county's sole crop was cotton, and negroes two-thirds of its population. His large family—much looked up to—had called

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it home, though often away from it, seeking social stir at the State capital and elsewhere. On his return from the war, the General brought with him a Northerner, an officer in the very command to which he had surrendered. Just then, you may remember, when Southerners saw only ruin in their vast agricultural system, many Northerners thought they saw a new birth. They felt the poetry of Dixie's long summers, the plantation life—Uncle Tom's Cabin—and fancied that with Uncle Tom's good-will and Northern money and methods, there was quick fortune for them. Halliday echoed these bright predictions with brave buoyancy and perfect sincerity, and sold the conqueror his entire estate. Then he moved his family to New Orleans, and issued his card to his many friends, announcing himself prepared to receive and sell any shipments of cotton, and fill any orders for supplies, with which they might entrust him. The Government's pardon, on which this fine rapidity was hypothecated, came promptly—"through a pardon broker," said Garnet.

But the General's celerity was resented. He boarded at the St. Charles, and, famous, sociable, and fond of politics, came at once into personal contact with the highest Federal authorities in New Orleans. The happy dead earnest with which he "accepted the situation" and "harmonized" with these men, sorely offended his old friends and drew the fire of the newspapers. Even Judge March demurred.

"President Garnet," John heard the beloved voice in front of him say, "gentlemen may cry Peace, Peace, but there can be too much peace, sir!"

The General came out in an open letter, probably not so sententiously as we condense it here, but in substance to this effect: "The king never dies; citizenship never ceases; a bereaved citizenship has no right to put on expensive mourning, and linger through a dressy widowhood before it marries again. . . . There are men who, when their tree has been cut down even with the ground, will try to sit in the shade of the stump. . . . Such men are those who, now that slavery is gone, still cling to a civil order based on the old plantation system. . . . They are like a wood-sawyer robbed of his saw-horse and trying to saw wood in his lap."

All these darts struck and stung, but a little soft mud, such as any editor could supply, would soon have drawn out the sting—but for an additional line or two, which gave poisonous and mortal offence. Blackland and Clearwater replied in a storm of indignation. The *Suez Courier* bade him keep out of Dixie on peril of his life. He came, nevertheless, canvassing for business, and was not molested, but got very few shipments. What he mainly secured were the flippant pledges of such as required the largest possible advances indefinitely ahead of the least possible cotton. Also a few Yankees shipped to him.

"Gen'l Halliday, howdy, sah?" It was dusk of the last day of this tour. The voice came from a dark place on the sidewalk in Suez. "Don't you know me, Gen'l? You often used to see me an' Majo' Gyarnet togetheh; yass, sah. My name's Cornelius Leggett, sah."

"Why, Cornelius, to be sure! I thought I smelt whiskey. What can I do for you?"

"Gen'l, I has the honor to espress to you, sah, my thanks faw the way you espress yo'seff in yo' letteh on the concerns an' prospec's o' we colo'ed people, sah. An' likewise, they's thousands would like to espress the same espressions, sah."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Gen'l, I represents a quantity of ow people what's move' down into Blackland fum Rosemont and other hill places. They espress theyse'ves to me as they agent that they like to confawm some prearrangement with you, sah."

"Are you all on one plantation?"

"Oh, no, sah, they ain't ezac'ly on no plantation. Me? Oh, I been a-goin' to the Freedman' Bureau school in Pulaski City as they agent.

"Sah? Yass, sah, at they espenses—p-he!

"They? They mos'ly strowed round in de woods in pole cabins an' bresh arbors.—Sah?

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"Yass, sah, livin' on game an' fish.—Sah?

"Yass, sah.

"But they espress they doubts that de Gove'ment ain't goin' to give 'em no fahms, an' they like to comprise with you, Gen'l, ef you please, sah, to git holt o' some fahms o' they own, you know; sawt o' payin' faw'm bes' way they kin; yass, sah. As you say in yo' letteh, betteh give 'm lan's than keep 'em vagabones; yass, sah. Betteh no terms than none at all; yass, sah." And so on.

From this colloquy resulted the Negro farm-village of Leggettstown. In 1866–68 it grew up on the old Halliday place, which had reverted to the General by mortgage. Neatest among its whitewashed cabins, greenest with gourd-vines, and always the nearest paid for, was that of the Reverend Leviticus Wisdom, his wife, Virginia, and her step-daughter, Johanna.

In the fall of 1869 General Halliday came back to Suez to live. His wife, a son, and daughter had died, two daughters had married and gone to the Northwest, others were here and there. A daughter of sixteen was with him—they two alone. The ebb-tide of war values had left him among the shoals; his black curls were full of frost, his bank box was stuffed with plantation mortgages, his notes were protested. He had come to operate, from Suez as a base, several estates surrendered to him by debtors and entrusted to his management by his creditors. This he wished to do on what seemed to him an original plan, of which Leggettstown was only a clumsy sketch, a plan based on his belief in the profound economic value of—"villages of small freeholding farmers, my dear sir!"

"It's the natural crystal of free conditions!" John heard him say in the post-office corner of Weed & Usher's drug-store.

Empty words to John: He noted only the noble air of the speaker and his hearers. Every man of the group had been a soldier. The General showed much more polish than the others, but they all had the strong graces of horsemen and masters, and many a subtle sign of civilization and cult heated and hammered through centuries of search for good government and honorable fortune. John stopped and gazed.

"Come on, son," said Judge March, almost sharply. John began to back away. "There!" exclaimed the father as his son sat down suddenly in a box of sawdust and cigar-stumps. He led him away to clean him off, adding, "You hadn't ought to stare at people as you walk away fum them, son."

With rare exceptions, the General's daily hearers were silent, but resolute. They did not analyze. Their motives were their feelings; their feelings were their traditions, and their traditions were back in the old entrenchments. The time for large changes had slipped by. Haggard, of the *Courier*, thought it "equally just and damning" to reprint from the General's odiously remembered letter of four years earlier. "If we can't make our Negroes white, let us make them as white as we can," and sign it "Social Equality Launcelot." Parson Tombs, sweet, aged, and beloved, prayed from his pulpit—with the preface, "Thou knowest thy servant has never mixed up politics and religion"—that "the machinations of them who seek to join together what God hath put asunder may come to naught."

Halliday laughed. "Why, I'm only a private citizen trying to retrieve my private fortunes." But—

"These are times when a man can't choose whether he'll be public or private!" said Garnet, and the *Courier* made the bankrupt cotton factor public every day. It quoted constantly from the unpardonable letter, and charged him with "inflaming the basest cupidity of our Helots," and so on, and on. But the General, with his silver-shot curls dancing half-way down his shoulders, a six-shooter under each skirt of his black velvet coat, and a knife down the back of his neck, went on pushing his private enterprise.

"Private enterprise!" cried Garnet. "His jackals will run him for Congress." And they did—against Garnet.

The times were seething. Halliday, viewing matters impartially in the clear, calm light of petroleum torches,

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justified Congress in acts which Garnet termed "the spume of an insane revenge;" while Garnet, with equal calmness of judgment, under other petroleum torches, gloried in the "masterly inactivity" of Dixie's whitest and best —which Launcelot denounced as a foolish and wicked political strike. All the corruptions bred by both sides in a gigantic war—and before it in all the crudeness of the country's first century —were pouring down and spouting up upon Dixie their rain of pitch and ashes. Negroes swarmed about the polls, elbowed their masters, and challenged their votes. Ragged negresses talked loudly along the sidewalks, of one another as "ladies," and of their mistresses as "women." White men of fortune and station were masking, night-riding, whipping, and killing; and blue cavalry rattled again through the rocky streets of Suez.

Such was life when dashing Fannie Halliday joined the choir in Parson Tombs's church, becoming at once its leading spirit, and John March suddenly showed a deep interest in the Scriptures. He joined her Sunday-school class.

X.

FANNIE

Was sixteen—she said; had black eyes —the dilating kind—was pretty, and seductively subtle. Jeff-Jack liked her much. They met at Rosemont, where he found her spending two or three days, on perfect terms with Barbara, and treated with noticeable gravity, though with full kindness, by Mrs. Garnet, whom she called, warmly, "Cousin Rose."

Ravenel had pushed forward only two or three pawns of conversation when she moved at one step from news to politics. She played with the ugly subject girlishly, even frivolously, though not insipidly—at least to a young man's notion—riding its winds and waves like a sea-bird. Politics, she said, seemed to her a kind of human weather, no more her business and no less than any other kind. She never blamed the public, or any party for this or that; did he? And when he said he did not, her eyes danced and she declared she disliked him less.

"Why, we might as well scold the rain or the wind as the public," she insisted. "What publics do, or think, or say, or want—are merely—I don't know —sort o' chemical values. What makes you smile that way?"

"Did I smile? You're deep," he said.

"You're smiling again," she replied, and, turning, asked Garnet a guileless question on a certain fierce matter of the hour. He answered it with rash confidence, and her next question was a checkmate.

"Oh, understand," he cried, in reply; "we don't excuse these dreadful practices."

"Yes, you do. You-all don't do anything else—except Mr. Ravenel; he approves them barefaced."

Garnet tried to retort, but she laughed him down. When she was gone, "She's as rude as a roustabout," he said to his wife.

For all this she was presently the belle of Suez. She invaded its small and ill-assorted society and held it, a restless, but conquered province. John's father marked with joy his son's sudden regularity in Sunday-school. If his wife was less pleased it was because to her all punctuality was a personal affront; it was some time before she discovered the cause to be Miss Fannie Halliday. By that time half the young men in town were in love with Fannie, and three-fourths of them in abject fear of her wit; yet, in true Southern fashion, casting themselves in its way with Hindoo abandon.

Her father and she had apartments in Tom Hersey's Swanee Hotel. Mr. Ravenel called often. She entered Montrose Academy "in order to remain sixteen," she told him. This institution was but a year or two old. It had been founded, at Ravenel's suggestion, "as a sort o' little sister to Rosemont." Its principal, Miss Kinsington, with her sister, belonged to one of Dixie's best and most unfortunate families.

"You don't bow down to Miss Grundy," something prompted Ravenel to

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say, as he and Fannie came slowly back from a gallop in the hills.

"Yes, I do. I only love to tease her now and then. I go to the races, play cards, waltz, talk slang, and read novels. But when I do bow down to her I bow away down. Why, at Montrose, I actually talk on serious subjects!"

"Do you touch often on religion? You never do to the gentlemen I bring to see you."

"Why, Mr. Ravenel, I don't understand you. What should I know about religion? You seem to forget that I belong to the choir."

"Well, politics, then. Don't you ever try to make a convert even in that?"

"I talk politics for fun only." She toyed with her whip. "I'd tell you something if I thought you'd never tell. It's this: Women have no conscience in their intellects. No, and the young gentlemen you bring to see me take after their mothers."

"I'll try to bring some other kind."

"Oh, no! They suit me. They're so easily pleased. I tell them they have a great insight into female character. Don't you tell them I told you!"

"Do you remember having told me the same thing?"

She dropped two wicked eyes and said, with sweet gravity, "I wish it were not so true of you. How did you like the sermon last evening?"

"The cunning flirt!" thought he that night, as his kneeling black boy drew off his boots.

Not so thought John that same hour. Servants' delinquencies had kept him from Sunday-school that morning and made him late at church. His mother had stayed at home with her headache and her husband. Her son was hesitating at the church-yard gate, alone and heavy-hearted, when suddenly he saw a thing that brought his heart into his throat and made a certain old mortification start from its long sleep with a great inward cry. Two shabby black men passed by on plough-mules, and between them, on a poor, smart horse, all store clothes, watch-chain, and shoe-blacking, rode the president of the Zion Freedom Homestead League, Mr. Cornelius Leggett, of Leggettstown. John went in. Fannie, seemingly fresh from heaven, stood behind the melodeon and sang the repentant prodigal's resolve; and he, in raging shame for the stripes once dealt him and the lie they had scared from him at the time, and the many he had told since to cover that one, shed such tears that he had to steal out, and, behind a tree in the rear of the church, being again without a handkerchief, dry his cheeks on his sleeves.

And now, in his lowly bed, his eyes swam once more as the girl's voice returned to his remembrance: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

He left his bed and stood beside the higher one. But the father slept. Even if he should waken him, he felt that he could only weep and tell nothing, and so he went back and lay down again. With the morning, confession was impossible. He thought rather of revenge, and was hot with the ferocious plans of a boy's helplessness.

XI.

A BLEEDING HEART.

One night early in November, when nearly all Rosemont's lights were out and a brisk wet wind was flirting and tearing the yellowed leaves of the oaks, the windows of Mrs. Garnet's room were still bright. She sat by a small fire with Barbara at her knee. It had been election-day and the college was silent with chagrin.

"Is pop a-going to get elected, mom-a?"

"I don't think he is, my child."

"But you hope he is, don't you?"

"Listen," murmured the mother.

Barbara heard a horse's feet. Presently her father's step was in the hall and on the stairs. He entered, kissed wife and child, and sat down with a look first of care and fatigue, and then a proud smile.

"Well, Launcelot's elected."

A solemn defiance came about his mouth, but on his brow was dejection and distress.

"You know, Rose," he said, "that for myself, I don't care."

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She made no reply.

He leaned on the mantelpiece. "My heart bleeds for our people! All they ask is the God-given right to a pure government. Their petition is spurned! Rose"—tears shone in his eyes—"I this day saw the sabres and bayonets of the government of which Washington was once the head, shielding the scum of the earth while it swarmed up and voted honor and virtue out of office!" The handkerchief he snatched from his pocket brought out three or four written papers. He cast them upon the fire. One, under a chair, he overlooked. Barbara got it later—just the thing to carry in her reticule when she went calling on herself. She could not read its bad writing, but it served all the better for that.

Next evening, at tea—back again from Suez—"Wife, did you see a letter in blue ink in your room this morning, with some pencil figures of my own across the face? If it was with those papers I burned it's all right, but I'd like to know." His unconcern was overdone.

Barbara was silent. She had battered the reticule's inner latch with a stone. To get the paper out, the latch would have to be broken. Silence saved it.

The election was over, but the turmoil only grew. Mere chemicals, did Fannie call these incidents and conditions? But they were corrosives and caustics dropped blazing hot upon white men's bare hands and black men's bare feet. The ex-master spurned political fellowship with his slave, at every cost; the ex-slave laid taxes, stole them, and was murdered.

"Make way for robbery, he cries," drawled Ravenel; "makes way for robbery and dies."

"Mr. Ravenel," said Judge March, "I find no place for me, sir. I lament one policy and loathe the other. I need not say what distress of mind I suffer. I doubt not we are all doing that, sir."

"No," said Jeff-Jack, whittling a straw.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Ravenel," said Fannie Halliday; "it's a war between decency in the wrong, and vulgarity in the right."

Cornelius's explanation in the House was more elaborate.

"This, Mr. Speaker, are that great warfare predicated in the New Testament, betwix the Republicans an' sinnehs on one side an' the Phair-i-sees on the other. The white-liners, they is the Phair-i-sees! They is the whited sculptors befo' which, notinstan'in' all they chiselin', the Republicans an' sinnehs enters fust into the kingdom!"

So, for two more years, and John was fifteen. Then the Judge decided to explain to him, confidentially, their long poverty.

"Daphne, dear"—he was going down into Blackland—"if you see no objection I'll take son with me.—Why, no, dear, not both on one hoss, you're quite right; that wouldn't be kind to son."

"A merciful man, Powhatan, is merciful to——"

"Yass, deah; Oh, I had the hoss in mind too; indeed I had! Do you know, my deah, I can tend to business betteh when I have ow son along? I'm gett'n' to feel like as if I'd left myself behine when he's not with me."

"You've always been so, Judge March." Her smile was sad. "Oh! no, I mustn't advise. Take him along if you're determined to."

XII.

JOHN THINKS HE IS NOT AFRAID.

"Son," said the father as they rode, "I reckon you've often wondered why, owning ow hund'ed thousand an' sixty acres, we should appeah so sawt o' reduced; haven't you?"

"Sir?"

The father repeated the question, and John said, dreamily:

"No, sir."

"Well, son, I'll tell you, though I'd rather you'd not mention it—in school, faw instance—if we can eveh raise money to send you to school.

"It's because, in a sense, we a-*got* so much lan'. Many's the time I could a-sole pahts of it, an' refused, only because that particulah sale wouldn't a-met the object fo' which the whole tract has always been held. It was yo'

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dear grandfather's ambition, an' his father's befo' him, to fill these lan's with a great population, p'osp'ous an' happy. We neveh sole an acre, but we neveh hel' one back in a spirit o' lan' speculation, you understan'?"

"Sir?—I—yes, sir."

"The plan wa'n't adapted to a slave State. I see that now. I don't say slavery was wrong, but slave an' free labor couldn't thrive side by side. But, now, son, you know, all labor's free an' the time's come faw a change.

"You see, son, that's where Gen'l Halliday's village projec' is bad. His villages are boun' han' an' foot to cotton fahmin' an' can't bring forth the industries; but now, without concealin' anything fum him or anybody—of co'se we don't want to do that—if we can get enough of his best village residenters fum Leggettstown an' Libbetyville to come up an' take lan' in Widewood—faw we can give it to 'em an' gain by it, you know; an' a site or two faw a church aw school—why, then, you know, when capitalists come up an' look at ow minin' lan's—why, first thing you know, we'll have mines an' mills an' sto'es ev'y *which* away!"

They met and passed three horsemen armed to the teeth and very tipsy.

"Why, if to-morrow ain't election-day ag'in! Why, I quite fo' gotten that!"

At the edge of the town two more armed riders met them.

"Judge March, good-mawnin', seh." All stopped. "Goin' to Suez?"

"We goin' on through into Blackland."

"I don't think you can, seh. Ow pickets hold Swanee River bridge. Yes, sah, ow pickets. Why, *ow* pickets, they're there. 'Twould be strange if they wa'n't—three hund'ed Blackland county niggehs marchin' on the town to burn it."

"Is that really the news?"

"That's the latest, seh. We after reinfo'cements." They moved on.

Judge March rode slowly toward Suez. John rode beside him. In a moment the Judge halted again, lifted his head, and listened. A long cheer floated to them, attenuated by the distance.

"I thought it was a charge, but I reckon it's on'y a meet'n' of ow people in the square." He glanced at his son, who was listening, ashy pale.

"Son, we ain't goin' into town. I'm going, but you needn't. You can ride back a piece an' wait faw me, aw faw further news which'll show you what to do. On'y don't in any case come into town. This ain't yo' fight, son, an' you no need to get mixed in with it. You hear, son?"

"I"—the lad tried twice before he could speak—"I want to go with you."

"Why, no, son, you no need to go. You ain't fitt'n' to go. Yo' too young. You a-trembling now fum head to foot. Ain't you got a chill?"

"N-no, sir." The boy shivered visibly. "I've got a pain in my side, but it don't—don't hurt. I want to go with you."

"But, son, there's goin' to be fight'n'. I'm goin' to try to p'vent it, but I shan't be able to. Why, if you was to get hurt, who'd eveh tell yo' poor deah mother? I couldn't. I jest couldn't! You betteh go 'long home, son."

"I c-c-can't do it, father."

"Why, air you that sick, son?"

"No, sir, but I don't feel well enough to go home—Father—I—I—t-t-told—I told—an awful lie, one time, about you, and——"

"Why, son!"

"Yes, sir. I've been tryin' for seven years to—k—own up, and——"

"Sev—O Law, son, I don't believe you eveh done it at all. You neveh so much as told a fib in yo' life. You jest imagine you done it."

"Yes, I have, father, often. I can't explain, now, but please lemme go with you."

"Why, son, I jest can't. Lawd knows I would if I could."

"Yes, you can, father, I won't be in the way. And I won't be af-raid. You don't think I would eveh be a-scared of a nigger, do you? But if the niggers should kill you, and me not there, I wouldn't ever be any account no more! I haven't ever been any yet, but I will be, father, if you'll——"

Three pistol shots came from the town, and two townward-bound horsemen broke their trot and passed at a

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gallop. "Come on, Judge," laughed one.

"I declare, son, I don't know what *toe* do. You betteh go 'long back."

"Oh, father, don't send me back! Lemme go 'long with you. Please don't send me back! I couldn't go. I'd just haf to turn round again an' follow you. Lemme go with you, father. I want to go 'long with you. Oh—thank you, sah!" They trotted down into the town. "D' you reckon C'nelius 'll be there, father?—I—hope he will." The pallor was gone.

As the turnpike became a tree-shaded street, they passed briskly by its old-fashioned houses set deep in grove gardens. Two or three weedy lanes at right and left showed the poor cabins of the town's darker life shut and silent. But presently,

"Father, look there!"

The Judge and his son turned quickly to a turfy bank where a ragged negro lay at the base of a large tree. He was moaning, rocking his head, and holding a hand against his side. His rags were drenched with blood. The white eyes rolled up to the face of the Judge, as he tossed his bridle to his son.

"Wateh," whispered the big lips, "wateh."

John threw his father's bridle back, galloped through a gate, and came with a gourd full.

"Gimme quick, son, he's swoonin' away." The draught brought back some life.

"Shan't I get a doctor, father?"

"Tain't a bit of use son."

"No," moaned the negro, "I'm gwine fasteh dan docto's kin come. I'm in de deep watehs. Gwine to meet my Lawd Jesus. Good-by, wife; good-by, chillun. Oh, Jedge March, dey shot me in pyo devilment. I was jist lookin' out fo' my boy. Dey was comin' in to town an' dey sees me, an' awdehs me to halt, an' 'stid o' dat I runs, thinkin' that'd suit 'em jist as well. Oh, Lawd!—Oh, Lawd! Oh!" He stared into the Judge's face, a great pain heaved him slowly, his eyes set, and all was over. A single sob burst from the boy as he gazed on the dark, dead features. The Judge hasted to mount.

"Now, son, I got to get right into town. But you see now, you betteh go 'long back to yo' motheh, don't you?"

"I'm goin' with you."

XIII.

FOR FANNIE.

THEY came where two men sat on horses in the way. "Sorry, Jedge, but them's orders, sah; only enrolled men can pass."

But the speakers presently concluded that it could never have been intended to shut out such a personage as Judge March, and on pledge to report to Captain Shotwell, at the Swanee Hotel, or else to Captain Champion at the court-house, father and son proceeded. Montrose Academy showed no sign of life as they went by.

Yet John had never seen the town so populous. Saddled horses were tied everywhere. Men rode here or there in the yellow dust, idly or importantly, mounted, dismounted, or stood on the broken sidewalks in groups, some sober, some not, all armed and spurred, and more arriving from all directions. Handsome Captain Shotwell, sitting in civil dress, a sword belted on him and lying across his lap, explained to the Judge.

"Why, you know, Judge, how ow young men ah always up to some ridiculous pra-ank, jest in mere pla-ay, you know, seh. Yeste'd'y some of 'em taken a boyish notion to put some ma-asks on an' ride through Leggetts-town in 'slo-ow p'ocession, with a sawt o' banneh marked, 'SEE YOU AGAIN TONIGHT.' They had guns—mo' f'om fo'ce o' habit, I reckon, than anything else—you know how ow young men ah, seh—one of 'em carry a gun a yeah, an' neveh so much as hahm a floweh, you know. Well, seh, unfawtunately, the niggehs had no mo' sense than to take it all in dead earnest. They put they women an' child'en into the church an' ahmed theyse'ves, some thirty of 'em, with shotguns an' old muskets—yondeh's some of 'em in the cawneh. Then they taken up a position in the road just this side the village, an' sent to

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Sherman an' Libbetyville fo' reinfo'cements.

"Well, of co'se, you know, seh, what was jes' boun' to happm. Some of ow ve'y best young men mounted an' moved to dislodge an' scatteh them befo' they could gatheh numbehs enough to take the offensive an' begin they feindish work. Well, seh, about da-ay-break, while sawt o' reconnoiterin' in fo'ce, they come suddenly upon the niggehs' position, an' the niggehs, without the slightes' p'ovocation, up an' fi-ud! P'ovidentially, they shot too high, an' only one man was inju'ed—by fallin' f'om his hawss. Well, seh, ow boys fi-ud an' cha'ged, an' the niggehs, of co'se, run, leavin' three dead an' fo' wounded, aw, accawdin' to latest accounts, seven dead an' no wounded. The niggehs taken shelteh in the church, ow boys fallen back fo' reinfo'cements, an' about a' hour by sun comes word that the niggehs, frenzied with ra-age an' liquo', a-comin' this way to the numbeh o' three hund'ed, an' increasin' as they come. No, seh, I don't know that it *is* unfawtunate. It's just as well faw this thing to happm an' to happm now. It'll teach both sides, as Garnet said awhile ago addressin' the crowd, that the gov'ment o' Dixie's simply got to pa-ass, this time, away f'om a ra-ace that can't p'eserve awdeh, an' be undividedly transfeh ed oveh to the ra-ace God-A'mighty appointed to gov'n!"

Judge March's voice was full of meek distress. "Captain Shotwell, where is Major Garnet, sir?"

"Garnet? Oh, he's over in the *Courier* office, consultin' with Haggard an' Jeff-Jack."

"Do you know whether Gen'l Halliday's in town, sir?"

The Captain smiled. "He's in the next room, seh. He's been undeh my —p'otection, as you might say, since daylight."

"Gen'l Halliday could stop all this, Captain."

"Stop it? He could stop it in two hours, seh! If he'd just consent to go under parole to Leggettstown an' tell them niggehs that if they'll simply lay down they ahms an' stay quietly at home—jest faw a day aw two—all'll be freely fo'givm an' fo'gotten, seh! Instead o' that, he sits there, ca'mly smilin'—you know his way—an' threatenin' us with the ahm of the United States Gove'ment. He fo'gets that by a wise p'ovision o' that Gove'ment's foundeh's it's got sev'l ahms, an' one holds down anotheh. The S'preme Cote—Judge March, you go in an' see him; you jest the man to do it, seh!"

John waited without. Presently father and son were seen to leave Captain Shotwell's head-quarters and cross the square to the *Courier* office. There a crowd was reading a bulletin which stated that scouting parties reported no negro force massed anywhere. At the top of a narrow staircase the judge and his son were let into the presence of Major Garnet and his advisers.

Here John had one more good gaze at Ravenel. He was in the physical perfection of twenty-six, his eyes less playful than once, but his smile less cynical. His dress was faultlessly neat. Haggard was almost as noticeable, though less interesting; a slender, high-strung man, with a pale face seamed by a long scar got in a duel. One could see that he had been trying to offset the fatigues of the night with a popular remedy. Garnet was dictating, Haggard writing.

"Captains Shotwell and Champion will move their forces at once in opposite circuits, through the disturbed villages—and assure all persons—of whatever race or party—that the right of the people peaceably to bear arms—is vindicated—and that order is restored—and will be maintained." A courier waited.

"At the same time," said Ravenel, indolently, "they can ask if the rumor is true that Mr. Leggett and about ten others are going to be absent from this part of the country until after the election, and say we hope it's so."

Haggard cast a glance at Garnet, Garnet looked away, the postscript was made, and the missive sent.

"Brother March, good-morning, sir." The Major kept the Judge's hand as they moved aside. But presently the whole room could hear—"Why, Brother March, the trouble's all over!—Oh, of course, if Halliday feels any real *need* to confer with us he can do so; we'll be right here.—Oh—Haggard!"

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The editor, in the doorway, said he would be back, and went out. He was evidently avoiding Halliday. Judge March felt belittled and began to go.

"If you're bound for home, Brother March, I'll be riding that way myself, presently. You see, in a few minutes Suez'll be as quiet as it ever was, and I sent word to General Halliday just before you came in, that no one designs, or has designed, to abridge any personal liberty of his he may think safe to exercise." The speaker suddenly ceased.

Both men stood hearkening. Loud words came up the stairs.

"Your son stepped down into the street, Judge," said Ravenel. The next instant the three rushed after him.

John had gone down to see the two armed bands move away. They had been gone but a few minutes when he noticed General Halliday, finely mounted, come from a stable behind the hotel and trot smartly toward him. The few store-keepers left in town stared in contemptuous expectation, but to John this was Fannie's father, and the boy longed for something to occur which might enable him to serve that father in a signal way that would make her forever tenderly grateful. The telegraph office was up these same stairs on the other side of the landing opposite the *Courier* office; most likely the General was going to send despatches. John's gaze followed the gallant figure till it disappeared in the doorway at the foot of the staircase.

Near the bottom the General and the editor met and passed. The editor stopped and cursed the General. "You jostled me purposely, sir!"

Halliday turned and smiled. "Jim Haggard, why should you shove me and then lie about it? can't you pick a fight for the truth?"

"Don't speak to me, you white nigger! Are you armed?"

"Yes!"

"Then, Launcelot Halliday," yelled the editor, backing out upon the sidewalk and drawing his repeater, "I denounce you as a traitor, a poltroon, and a coward!" Men darted away, dodged, peeped, and cried.

"Look out! Don't shoot!" But John ran forward to the rescue.

"Put that thing up!" he called to the editor, in boyish treble. "Put it up!"

"Jim Haggard, hold on!" cried Halliday, following down and out with his weapon pointed earthward. "Let me speak, you drunken fool, get that boy——"

"Bang!" went the editor's pistol before he had half lifted it.

"Bang!" replied Halliday's.

The editor's weapon dropped. He threw both hands against his breast, looked to heaven, wheeled half round, and fell upon his face as dead as a stone.

Halliday leaped into the saddle, answered one shot that came from the crowd, and clattered away on the turnpike.

John was standing with arms held out; he turned blindly to find the doorway of the stairs and cried, "Father! father!"

"Son!"

He started for the sound, groped against the wall, sank to his knees, and fell backward.

"Room, here, room!" "Give him air!" "By George, sir, he rushed right in bare-handed between 'em, orderin' Haggard"—"Stand back, you-all, and make way for Judge March!"

"Oh, son, son!" The father knelt, caught the limp hands and gazed with streaming eyes. "Oh, son, my son! air you gone fum me, son? Air you gone? Air you gone?"

A young doctor took the passive wrist. "No, Judge, he's not gone yet."

Ravenel and the physician assumed control. "Just consider him in my care, doctor, will you? Shall we take him to the hotel?"

Garnet supported Judge March's steps. "Cast your burden on the Lord, Brother March. Bear up—for Sister March's sake, as she would for yours!"

Near the top stair of the Ladies' Entrance Ravenel met Fannie.

"I saw it all, Mr. Ravenel; he saved my father's life. I must have the care of him. You can get it arranged so, Mr. Ravenel. You can even manage his mother."

"I will," he said, with a light smile.

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Election-day passed like a Sabbath. General Halliday returned, voted, and stayed undisturbed. His opponent, not Garnet this time, was overwhelmingly elected. On the following day Haggard was buried "with great éclat," as his newspaper described it. Concerning John, the doctor said:

"Judge March, your wife should go back home. There's no danger, and a sick-room to a person of her——"

"Ecstatic spirit—" said the Judge.

"Exactly—would be only——"

"Yes," said the Judge, and Mrs. March went. To Fannie the doctor said,

"If he were a man I would have no hope, but a boy hangs to life like a cat, and I think he'll get well, entirely well. Move him home? Oh, not for a month!"

Maugre many pains, it was a month of heaven to John, a heaven all to himself, with only one angel and no church. As long as there was danger she was merely cheerful—cheerful and beautiful. But when the danger passed she grew merry, the play of her mirth rising as he gained strength to bear it. He loved mirth, when others made it, and would have always laughed louder and longer than he did but for wondering how they made it. A great many things he said made others laugh, too, but he could never tell beforehand what would or wouldn't. He got so full of happiness at times that Fannie would go out for a few moments to let him come back to his ordinary self.

Two or three times, when she lingered long outside the door, she explained on her return that Mr. Ravenel had come to ask how he was.

Once Halliday met this visitor in the Ladies' Entrance, departing, and with a suppressed smile, asked, "Been to see how 'poor Johnnie' is?"

"Ostensibly," said the young man, and offered a cigar.

The General overtook Fannie in the hallway. He shook his head roguishly. "Cruel sport, Fan. He'll make the even dozen, won't he?"

"Oh, no, he'd like to make me his even two dozen, that's all."

When the day came for the convalescent to go home, he was not glad, although he had laughed much that morning. As he lay on the bed dressed and waiting, he was unusually pale. Only Fannie stood by him. Her hand was in both his. He shut his eyes, and in a desperate earnest said, under his breath, "Good-by!" And again, lower still,—"Good-by!"

"Good-by, Johnnie."

He looked up into her laughing eyes. His color came hot, his heart pounded, and he gasped, "S-say m-my John! Won't you?"

"Why, certainly. Good-by, my Johnnie." She smiled yet more.

"Will—will"—he choked—"will you b-be my—k—Fannie—when I g-get old enough?"

"Yes," she said, with great show of gravity, "if you'll not tell anybody." She held him down by gently stroking his brow. "And you must promise to grow up such a perfect gentleman that I'll be proud of my Johnnie when"—She smiled broadly again.

—"Wh-when—k— the time comes?"

"I reckon so—yes."

He sprang to his knees and cast his arms about her neck, but she was too quick, and his kiss was lost in air. He flashed a resentful surprise, but she shook her head, holding his wasted wrists, and said, "N-no, no, my Johnnie, not even you, not Fannie Halliday, o-oh no!" She laughed.

"Some one's coming!" she whispered. It was Judge March. His adieus were very grateful. He called her a blessing.

She waved a last good-by to John from the window. Then she went to her own room, threw arms and face into a cushioned seat and moaned, so softly her own ear could not catch it—a name that was not John's.

XIV.

A MORTGAGE ON JOHN.

As John grew sound and strong he grew busy as well. The frown of purpose creased at times his brow. There was a "perfect gentleman" to make, and only a few years left for his making if he was to be completed in the stipulated time. Once in a while he contrived

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an errand to Fannie, but it was always in broad day when the flower of love is never more than half open. The perfect transport of its first blossoming could not quite return; the pronoun my was not again paraded. Only at good-by, her eyes, dancing the while, would say, "It's all right, my Johnnie."

On Sundays he had to share her with other boys whom she asked promiscuously.

"What new commandment was laid on the disciples?"—and——

"Ought, not we also to keep this commandment?"

"Oh! yes, indeed!" said his heart, but his slow lips let some other voice answer for him.

When she asked from the catechism, "What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?" Ah! how he longed to confess certain modifications in his own case. And yet Sunday was his "Day of all the week the best." Her voice in speech and song, the smell of her garments, the flowers in her hat, the gladness of her eyes, the wild blossoms at her belt, sometimes his own forest anemones dying of joy on her bosom—sense and soul feasted on these and took a new life, so that going from Sabbath to Sabbath he went from strength to strength, on each Lord's day appearing punctually in Zion.

One week-day when the mountain-air of Widewood was sweet with wild grapes, some six persons were scatteringly grouped in and about the narrow road near the March residence. One was Garnet, one was Ravenel, two others John and his father, and two were strangers in Dixie. One of these was a very refined-looking man, gray, slender, and with a reticent, purposeful mouth. His travelling suit was too warm for the latitude, and his silk hat slightly neglected. The other was fat and large, and stayed in the carryall in which Garnet had driven them and Ravenel up from Rosemont. He was of looser stuff than his senior. He called the West his home, but with a New England accent. He "didn't know's 'twas," and "presumed likely" so often that John eyed him with mild surprise. Ravenel sat and whittled. The day was hot, yet in his suit of gray summer stuffs he looked as fresh as sprinkled ferns. In a pause Major Garnet, with bright suddenness, asked,

"Brother March, where's John been going to school?"

The Judge glanced round upon the group as if they were firing upon him from ambush, hemmed, looked at John, and said:

"Why,—eh—what, son? —Why,—eh—to—to his mother, sir; yes, sir."

"Ah, Brother March, a mother's the best of teachers, and Sister March one of the most unselfish of mothers!" said Garnet, avoiding Ravenel's glance.

The Judge expanded. "Sir, she's too unselfish. I admit it, sir."

"And yet, Brother March, I reckon John gets right smart schooling from you."

"Ah! no, sir. We're only schoolmates togetheh, sir — in the school of Nature, sir. You know, Mr. Ravenel, all these things about us here are a sort of books, sir."

Ravenel smiled and answered very slowly, "Ye-es, sir. Very good reading; worth thirty cents an acre simply as literature."

Thirty cents was really so high a price that the fat stranger gave a burst of laughter, but Garnet — "It'll soon be worth thirty dollars an acre, now we've got a good government. Brother March, we'd like to see that superb view of yours from the old field on to the ridge."

Ravenel stayed behind with the Judge. John went as guide.

"Judge," Ravenel said, as soon as they were alone, "how about John? I believe in your school of nature a little. Solitude for principles, society for character, somebody says. Now, my only school was men, and hence the ruin you see——"

"Mr. Ravenel, sir! I see no ruin; I——"

"Don't you? Well, then, the ruin you don't see."

"Oh, sir, you speak in irony! I see a character——"

"Yes"—the speaker dug idly in the sand—"all character and no principles. But you don't want John to be all principles and no character? He ought to be going to school, Judge."

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The father dropped his eyes in pain, but the young man spoke on. "Going to school is a sort of first lesson in citizenship, ain't it?—'specially if it's a free school. Maybe I'm wrong, but I wish Dixie was full of good, strong free schools."

"You're not wrong, Mr. Ravenel! You're eminently right, sir."

Mr. Ravenel only smiled, was silent for a while, and then said, "But even if it were—I had an impression that you thought you'd sort o' promised John to Rosemont?"

The Judge straightened up, distressed. "Mr. Ravenel, I have! I have, sir! It's true; it's true!"

"I don't think you did, Judge, you only expressed an intention."

But the Judge waived away the distinction with a gesture.

"Judge," said the young man, slowly and gently, "wouldn't you probably be sending John to Rosemont if Rosemont were free?"

The Judge did not speak or look up. He hunted on the ground for chips.

"Why don't you sell some land and send him?"

"Oh, Mr. Ravenel, we can't. We just can't! It's the strangest thing in the world, sir! Nobody wants it but lumbermen, and to let them, faw a few cents an acre, sweep ove' it like worms ove' a cotton field—we just can't do it! Mr. Ravenel, what *is* the reason such a land as this can't be settled up? We'll sell it to any real settlehs! But, good Lawd! sir, where air they? Son an' me ain't got no money to impote 'em, sir. The darkies don't know anything but cotton fahmin'—they won't come. Let me tell you, sir, we've made the most flattering offers to capitalists to start this and that. But they all want to wait till we've got a good gove'ment. An' now, here we've got it—in Clearwateh, at least—an' you can see that these two men ain't satisfied!"

"What do you reckon's the reason?"

"Mr. Ravenel, my deah sir, they can't tell! The fat one can't and the lean one won't! But politics is at the bottom of it, sir! Politics keeps crowdin' in an' capital a-hangin' back, an'——"

"Johnnie doesn't get his schooling," said Ravenel.

The response was a silent gesture, downcast eyes, and the betrayal of an emotion, not of the moment, but of months and years of physical want and mental distress.

"We all get lots of politics," said Ravenel.

"Not son! not fum me, sir. Oh, my Lawd, sir, that's one of the worst parts of it. I don't dare teach him mine, much less unteach him his mother's. She's as spirited as she's gentle, seh."

"Whatever was is wrong," drawled the young man. "That's the new creed."

"Oh, seh, a new creed's too painful a thing fo' jest. Ow South'n press, Mr. Ravenel, is gett'n' a sad facility fo' recantin'. I don't say it's not sincere, seh—least of all ow *Courier* since it's come into the hands of you an' President Garnet!"

"Garnet! Oh, gracious!" laughed Jeff-Jack. "Sincere—Judge, if you won't say anything about sincerity, I'll tell you what I'd like to do for John, sir. I'll take your note, secured by land, for the money you need to put John through Rosemont, and you needn't pay it till you get ready. If you never get ready, I reckon John 'll pay it some day."

The moment the offer began to be intelligible, Judge March tried to straighten up and look Jeff-Jack squarely in the face, but when it was completed his elbows were on his knees and his face in his slender brown hands.

Up in the old field Garnet had talked himself dizzy. Northern travellers are by every impulse inquirers, and Southern hosts expounders; they fit like tongue and groove. On the ridge he had said:

"Now, Mr. Fair, here it is. I don't believe there's a finer view in the world."

"Hm!" said the slender visitor.

The two guests had been shown the usual Sleeping Giant, Saddle Mountain, Sugar Loaf, etc., that go with such views. John had set Garnet right when he got Lover's Leap and Bridal Veil tangled in the bristling pines of Table Rock and Devil's Garden, and all were charmed with the majestic beauty of the scene.

On the way back, while Garnet explained to Mr. Gamble, the heavier guest, why negroes had to be treated not as

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individuals but as a class, John had been telling Mr. Fair why it was wise to treat chickens not as a class but as individuals, and had mentioned the names and personal idiosyncrasies of the favorites of his own flock; Mr. Fair, in turn, had confessed to having a son about John's age, and wished they knew each other. Before John could reply, the party gayly halted again beside his father and Mr. Ravenel. As they did so Mr. Fair saw Ravenel give a little nod to Garnet that said, "It's all arranged."

XV.

POWHATAN TEARS MOTHER AND CHILD ASUNDER.

Mrs. March, beside the evening lamp, read "The Land We Love." She had declined with firm dejection to condemn the plan for John's schooling. She laid aside the magazine and lifted her gaze upon the portrait of herself painted in her bridal year—at the hair smoothly parted above the low, fair brow, and covering half the ear in its soft abundance; the neck bent to one side and the head to another, the bare shoulders curving in faultless passivity, the eyes drooping, and the whole frame in faint recoil from a boisterous world. She looked away again, musing on woman's sacrificial helplessness and her unlimited capacity for the consolations of religion.

"What difference, Powhatan, can my opinion make to your iron will? I forgive the cruel implication of my incapacity. I even hope to forget, in time, by the power of prayer. I wish, Judge March, that you believed in the power of prayer."

"Why, Daphne, dear, I do!"

"Oh! not in my way, Judge March." She gave him a look of careworn solicitude. "You can't have a woman's belief in prayer."

"No," she presently sighed, "the scheme is not of my concocting. If it succeeds the credit shall be yours, and I promise, dear love, to pay it the tribute of my amazement. Oh, be merciful, Powhatan! do not ask too much of me. I withhold my disapproval."

She turned her head away. "You know, Judge March, your wife is no prattler. My *choice* has been never to glitter, socially, nor even to twinkle and dance in fire-fly fashion; I am only the passive glow-worm. I have confessed this, in verse."

Judge March dropped the subject. But an evening or two later a word from his wife seemed to court its revival, although her smile betrayed weariness the moment he broached it.

"You can't understand, Powhatan, the yearnings and panics of a mother's heart. I don't blame you. But why do you blame me for sometimes failing to understand you?"

"Surely I don't, Daphne, dear. Why, you always understand me."

"Not this time. I don't understand your doting on Mr. Ravenel's generosity. Doesn't he hold your note?" she asked, and when the husband tried to explain she mused aloud:

"Charity thinketh no evil. I only know Mr. Ravenel and Major Garnet are men of foresight, interested in politics, and that Rosemont is far from crowded."

Later in the evening—"Why, Daphne, dear, the *Courier*—this is—this is ve'y singulah — they've left yo' poem out again!"

"Ah! Judge March, if Rosemont finds room for your son, my poor verses can afford to wait. Generosity has its limitations—please don't rock."

On another evening, shortly after this, father and son coming to supper belated, John brought his mother a bit of cross-road news. The "Rads" had given a barbecue down in Blackland, just two days before the visit of Jeff-Jack and those others to Widewood—and what did she reckon! Cornelius Leggett had there made a speech, declaring that he was at the bottom of a patriotic project to open a free white school in Suez, and "bu'st Rosemont wide open."

"Judge March," said the wife, affectionately, "I wonder why Mr. Ravenel avoided mentioning that to you. He needn't have feared your sense of humor. Ah! if you only had a woman's instincts!"

John said good-night and withdrew. He wished his mother loved his father a

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little less. They would all have a so much better time.

"No," Mrs. March was presently saying, "Mr. Ravenel's motives are not those that concern me most. Rosemont, to me, must always signify Rose Montgomery. It is to her presence—her spell—you would expose my child; she, who has hated me all her life. Ah! no, it's too late now to draw back, he shall go. Yes, without my consent. Oh! my consent! Judge March, you're jesting again!" She lifted upon him the smile of a heart really all but broken under its imaginary wrongs.

There was no drawing back. The mother suffered, but the wife sewed, and when Rosemont had got well into its season's work and November was nearly gone, John was ready for "college." One morning, when the wind was bitter and the ground frozen, father and son rode side by side down their mountain road. A thin mantle of snow made the woods gray, and mottled the shivering ranks of dry cornstalks. At each rider's saddle swung an old carpet-bag stuffed with John's clothes. His best were on him.

"Maybe they're not the latest cut, son, or the finest fit, but you won't mind; you're not a girl. A man's dress is on'y a sort o' skin, anyhow; a woman's is her plumage. And, anyhow, at Rosemont you'll wear soldier clothes. Look out, son, I asked yo' dear motheh to mend——"

The warning came too late; a rope handle of one of the carpet bags broke. The swollen budget struck the unyielding ground and burst like a squash. John sprang nimbly from his saddle, but the Judge caught his leg on the other carpet-bag and reached the ground in such a shape that his horse lost all confidence and began to back wildly, putting first one foot and then another into the scattered baggage.

One, or even two, can rarely get as much into a bursted carpet-bag, repacking it in a public road and perspiring with the fear that somebody is coming, as they can into a sound one at a time and place of their own choice. There's no place like home—for this sort of task; albeit the Judge's home may have been an exception. Time flew past while they contrived and labored, and even when they seemed to have solved their problem one pocket of John's trousers contained a shirt and the other was full of socks, and the Judge's heart still retained an anxiety which he dared neither wholly confess nor entirely conceal.

"Well, son, it's a comfort to think yo' precious motheh will neveh have the mawtification of knowin' anything about this."

"Yass, sir," drawled John, "that's the first thing I thought of."

(To be continued.)

"THERE IS NO OTHER LIFE BUT THE ETERNAL."

(Last written words of Phillips Brooks.)

By Annie Fields.

We met and passed, two friends of long ago!
Between his path and mine the waves of time
Have swept, and buried in their silent flow
Our youth, our prime.

But what was ours, is ours, and shall remain;
And what was then a dream flits on in dream;
And what was wrong alas! is seen a stain;
And what we are, we seem.

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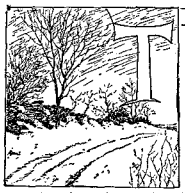
THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

By James Baldwin.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.



THE title of school-master has become almost obsolete in this country. It is an expressive appellation, carrying with it certain indefinable hints of authority and dignity that are scarcely implied in any of its later substitutes. It has no exact synonym. Teacher, instructor, tutor, educator, professor, pedagogue—with none of these terms is its meaning identical, and yet it comprehends them all. Its mention provokes reminiscences of a type that has well-nigh passed away from American educational life. The bearer of it, whatever his virtues or his idiosyncrasies, is not regarded usually as an attractive figure in literature; and yet I am persuaded that the story of his evolution into the modern teacher, and especially into the school-superintendent, may not be without some features of popular interest. That evolution began perhaps somewhat later in certain sections of the West than elsewhere, but if so, the processes were the same and the results have been all the more radical and complete. I trust, therefore, that the sketches which I shall present of the school-master as he was known to me at different stages of his transformation will be found to possess a more than merely local truthfulness.

Among the school-masters whom I remember no farther back than the early fifties, there were some of the true old-fashioned sort—stern embodiments of wisdom, whims, and crotchets—whom we children looked upon with mixed feelings of awe and odium, and our elders tolerated with mingled condescension and contempt. But these were only the survivals, though not the latest, of a fast diminishing class. For even then the change to a new and better order of things had set in, and people were slowly awakening to an understanding of what was meant by a system of free schools. In our State, even before its admission into the Union, more than half a million acres of land had been set aside for the endowment of such a system. But nearly fifty years elapsed before the lands were sold and the endowment began to be available; and during that long period there were no funds in the State treasury with which to defray the expenses of popular instruction. In the meanwhile the schools, such as they were, had to be supported in large part by private subscriptions, and those persons only who were willing and able to help pay the master were entitled to share in their benefits. As the people were poor, and many of them indifferent to book-learning, the cause of education was naturally allowed to languish. The era of the early settlements was distinguished by a good deal of ignorance, not unmingled with mild ruffianism, and the State acquired an unenviable reputation which, despite her subsequent career of unexampled prosperity, she has not yet entirely lived down. This was the period of the log school-house, a peculiar public institution that flourished while yet the public schools were unorganized, and disappeared at about the time of their general establishment. For although the State had no money with which to pay school-masters for their services, it had the power to provide free shelter for them and their pupils. In every district where such accommodations did not already exist, the citizens were required to erect a school-building "eight feet in height from floor to ceiling, and furnished with everything necessary for the convenience of a school, the same to be forever open for the education of all children within the district without distinction." Every man had to do his part. He might work upon the building one day in each week until it was finished, or he might give a certain

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number of boards, or so many pounds of nails or panes of glass; but failing to do either the one or the other, he was to be fined three "levies" (thirty-seven and a half cents) for each day's neglect. Of course many districts evaded the law, and many others claimed exemption; yet numerous wonderful examples of pioneer architecture sprang into being. I have been told that in many cases a single day was sufficient for the building and complete equipment of one of these houses from foundation-sill to ridge-pole. The walls were of logs, sometimes hewn but oftener unhewn, with clay "chinked" in between; the floor was of rough puncheons, or split slabs, laid side by side a few inches from the ground; the roof was of rough clapboards held firmly in place by stones and long poles. A four-legged stool and a table for the master, and slab benches, without backs, for the pupils—these comprised the necessary furniture. Instead of desks there was a single board supported by pegs driven into the wall, where the "writing-scholars" stood by turns and practised penmanship. Instead of a stove there was a huge fireplace of stones and mortar, with a stick-and-clay chimney protruding from one end of the room. Sometimes there was not a nail or other piece of iron used in the construction of the entire building.

I doubt if any of these primitive structures have survived to the present day. Even forty years ago they had quite generally given place to neat frame or brick buildings, and at the time of my earliest recollection the era of the log school-house was nearing its end. But it was in such a structure, mossy with age, and showing symptoms of decay, that I made my first, although very brief, acquaintance with schools and school-masters; and it was amid surroundings of this sort that the pioneer educators of the middle West labored to subdue the instincts of uncultured youth. Like Lord Brougham's famous pedagogue, these masters were literally abroad in the land; and armed with hickory withe and spelling-book some of them succeeded in doing more than yeoman's service for their country.

A typical man of this class, and one of the last of his race, was a one-legged Quaker named Jason Hicks—a famous master in his day, but now long gone the way of the earth. Although I was his pupil for only one short week, I have a clearer remembrance of his appearance and methods than of those of many of my later masters—perhaps because he was the first. Even as I write, his smooth, round face, his severe eyebrows and bald pate, seem actually present to my vision. To the imagination of us small boys he was at once something more and something less than human. We never thought of him as a creature of flesh and blood and appetites and affections like other men. The iron-shod wooden peg which he used as a substitute for a leg was to us an object of ceaseless awe, sometimes of absolute terror. It was never mentioned save with the greatest secrecy, and many were the deeds of prowess which the master, according to boyish tradition, had accomplished with its aid. I am inclined to believe that very much of his success in taming the rebellious spirits under his charge was due to the moral potency of that mysterious member. Despite his lameness and a certain air of meekness which he assumed as becoming to a consistent member of the Society of Friends, he moved in the circle of his small kingdom with a dignity that compelled admiration. He was indeed a man of many parts, full of expedients and skilled in all the old-time methods of "keeping school." Always in more or less active antagonism with the big boys of his district, he was respected in exact proportion to his skill in maintaining his mastery over them. No matter where his lot was temporarily cast, he made himself felt in more ways than one, and left behind him impressions that were not to be effaced during his own generation. His physical infirmity gave him an advantage with his patrons also; for it was plain to everybody that, with only one sound leg, he was fit for nothing but a school-master. Hence, while his able-bodied compeers were seldom permitted to occupy the same place for more than a single winter, Jason Hicks had been known to tarry two and sometimes three whole

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years in one district. Other masters had taken up the calling as a kind of temporary makeshift. Smart young farmers who wanted something to do during the cold winter months; country preachers whose salaries were uncertain quantities; young men who were working their way through college — these were school-masters by courtesy and for the time being, only. But to him, keeping school was the business of life, and he made the most of it.

The thing which oftenest proved fatal to his prosperity was the short term of school in the summer. In a farming community where industry was the first commandment, it was only the very little children that could be spared in the busy season; and, since many of these were not strong enough to face the storms and trudge through the snow to the winter school, it became customary in certain well-to-do districts to employ some one to teach them "their a-b, abs" during the warm weather. Such teachers were usually either intelligent elderly women who stood in need of the pittance thus to be earned, or the ambitious daughters of neighboring farmers who took this means of escaping the drudgery at home. That any able-bodied man should consent to spend his time at such paltry business was an evidence of laziness so abominable as scarcely to be tolerated. But Jason's infirmity and his well-known reputation as a professional school-master made him, in some degree, an exception to the rule; and, tempted by the prospect of a few extra dollars which he sorely needed, he would sometimes contrive to supplement his winter's work with a ten weeks' term in the summer. Then it was that his star began surely to wane. He who had posed as a frowning terror to stout farmer-lads felt himself strangely humbled in the midst of the wee tots and timid maidens who came one by one to his knee to "say" their brief lessons or to ask some childish favor. There was no field for the masterly activity with which he had formerly won the admiration of his patrons and compelled the unwilling homage of his pupils. The master had lapsed into the teacher, and he was utterly unable to adapt himself to the changed conditions. His decline in the public estimation was rapid and unmistakable. Men who had formerly looked up to him for counsel and advice, shunned him; the rude lads whose esteem he had won in many a hard contest, passed him by in disdain; his presence at log-rollings and quiltings and other neighborhood diversions was no longer solicited. If he persevered until the end of his ten weeks' term, the last days were spent with empty benches before him and the consciousness that what insubordination had always failed to do, the lack of it had finally accomplished. But he was not the man to sink under discouragements. With a renewed accession of dignity, he forthwith went about collecting his small bills, and when winter again approached, he blossomed forth in some neighboring district, with other friends to admire and other foes to oppose, and another brief reign of authority before him.

The school-meeting, commonly held in the fall of the year, was one of the great events in our district. Some of the leading men, who were opposed to certain provisions of the school-law never attended it; but to the majority it was an occasion dearly prized, because it gave them an opportunity to exercise the sovereign rights of American citizens without the intervention of representatives and legislative bodies. At first the powers vested in the meeting were considerable, and the questions submitted to the decision of the assembled freeholders were of no little importance to the community. Were the people willing to be taxed for the support of a public school that year, and, if so, to what extent? Should the taxes be paid in money or in farm produce? Should the school-master "board around," and, if so, how many days should each of his patrons entertain him? What wages was the district willing to pay? Who should the master be? Most frequently it was decided that no taxes should be levied, and the use of the school-house was voted to the man who could secure the largest number of "signers" for his subscription school. Of course,

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there was room for a vast deal of oratory at these meetings. Young farmers who were looking forward to a possible term in the State Legislature, made the most of the opportunities thus afforded them for practice in debate; and if the candle on the director's table held out to burn, the flow of reason and tobacco-juice would sometimes continue until a late hour. When the successful candidate for the mastership happened to be present it was customary for him to outline his policy in a speech, and the manner in which he acquitted himself was regarded as an augury of his future career in the school-room. If he quoted freely from Patrick Henry, abused the British roundly, touched lightly upon the Mexican War, and deftly avoided all reference to current politics, his hearers listened with interest and privately remarked that he was a learned man and a patriot, but——. If, however, he talked about crops, and the nobility of labor, and the persuasive power of the rod in school government, he touched a more sympathetic chord and was voted a born school-master, who knew the difference between sense and nonsense. Within twenty-four hours every boy in the district had taken a pretty accurate measure of the new master and had mentally outlined his own course of conduct for the winter.

The school-meeting, if I mistake not, is still held annually in the country districts; but it is a tame affair, devoid of public interest. The citizens no longer assemble to decide whether they will or will not maintain a public school; even the right of selecting a teacher has been delegated to officers whom they have chosen to manage the public affairs; and embryo statesmen and politicians get their training in debate and oratory outside of the walls of the district school-house. It is perhaps very well that this survival of pure democracy has been shorn of its old-time prerogatives and exists now only for the election of a petty school-officer.

At the time of which I am writing, no elaborate system of examination for testing the qualifications of school-masters had been devised. True, there was a county examiner whose duty it was to grant a form of license to those who had been elected to the charge of public schools. But the questions which he put to candidates were few and very simple, and he had more regard for his fees than for the elevation of humanity.

"What special preparation have you made for teaching?" asked an examiner of a young farmer who came to him in shirt-sleeves and cowhide boots.

"Well, I guess I've got all my corn shucked and in the crib, and I've chopped the winter's wood, and the deestrict has elected me," was the answer.

"Good," responded the examiner. "You shall have your license. One dollar, please."

The applicant for a subscription school was not required to hold a license, and his qualifications were usually set forth in his own words in the "article" which he presented for the inspection and signatures of his desired patrons. I have before me now a copy of one of these documents. It is a model of brevity and modesty, and I reproduce it:

"This certifies that I, Martin Foxworthy, do agree to teach a school in the school-house at Johnson's Creek, beginning on the 24th day of the tenth month (October), 185—, and continuing thirteen weeks of five days in each week, Provided that twenty scholars at two dollars each be subscribed. I am qualified and will undertake to teach Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic (to Practice), Geography, and Good Behavior. The subscribers to furnish necessary fuel.

"Martin Foxworthy."

Then follows the second part of the agreement:

"We, the undersigned, agree to pay Martin Foxworthy two dollars for each scholar subscribed or sent to his school as above stated, and also to furnish our quota of wood for use in said school."

Generally each person to whom such article was presented would feel it his

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bounden duty to ask, "Do you think you can manage our bad boys?" and if Mr. Foxworthy answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative, no further inquiries concerning his attainments were deemed necessary.

But there were plenty of tests in reserve. To the big boys of the district there was no greater glory than that which awaited those who could "beat the master." Hence, the chief thought of these rude young fellows was to devise ways and means whereby life should be made wearisome to him. But happily they seldom acted in concord, and when one of them received a set-back the others, while discouraged at his defeat, would lend him no aid. Many masters maintained their authority almost entirely by the unsparing use of the rod. In the older school-houses two long pegs were driven into the wall above the teacher's desk, and upon them was laid an assortment of switches ingeniously adapted to every grade of offence that could be committed. There were the little ticklers for the hands of the children who only forgot their lessons; the supple withes for the legs of idlers, mischief-makers, and truants; and the long hickories for the backs of confirmed reprobates. Never a day passed, often never an hour, without the use of one or another of these instruments of torture. One master whom I knew prided himself on his skill in throwing the ferule. He would single out some unsuspecting victim at the farther end of the room, and with an aim that never faltered, send the missile skimming through the air straight to the culprit's luckless pate. The stroke of the instrument, which was a light one, was seldom painful; but the necessity of picking it up and fetching it to the master, to be perhaps rapped over the knuckles, was a source of the sorest humiliation.

The successful master had more than one accomplishment in which he took silent pride. For example, he was skilled in the difficult and now lost art of making and mending goose-quill pens—for steel pens had but just come into vogue, and none but the rich could afford to use them. Every morning we scholars carried our pens to the master's desk to have them sharpened betimes for the writing-lesson; or, if they would not admit of mending, the master would select some choice quills from those which he had in stock, and with a few deft strokes of his pen-knife convert them into instruments such as the skill of a Gillott has never yet surpassed. And then he was as expert in the use of the pen as in the making of it. The copies which he "set" daily for the children's imitation—for printed copy-books had not then been thought of—were often executed with the delicate exactness and beauty of copper-plate. Sometimes he turned his skill to further account by teaching writing-schools during the winter evenings, in which he was sure to be well patronized by the older young people, who fancied themselves too far advanced in age to attend the day school. The master was also an accomplished speller, and was expected to keep order and give out the words at the evening spelling-schools, several of which were held in his school-house during the sleighing season. If he could "sing geography" he added something to his popularity by inviting the people to an occasional geography-school, wherein the exercises consisted of repeating in concert, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," the names of the principal rivers, cities, capes, and mountains on the globe. His skill in mathematics was daily brought to the test. The farmers often called upon him to calculate the interest that had accrued on their notes, to verify the figures of the tax-collector, or to estimate the value of their produce. Then, more for the sake of annoyance than otherwise, the scholars were constantly asking him to solve some useless puzzle or impossible problem, of which they had collected a great variety especially for his worriment. He knew very well that any hesitation or sign of ignorance on his part might be the entering wedge that would finally topple down his authority, and hence he was seldom caught napping when such snares were laid in his way. There might be a question which he was unable to answer, but he could cover it over with a mass of verbiage which impressed his tormentors with an exalted idea of his

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wisdom and effectually barred their criticisms.

But it was generally unsafe for the master to try to "show off" his learning unnecessarily. New-fangled notions were looked upon with suspicion, and any radical deviation from time-honored usage when not supported by a strong background of common sense was pretty sure to end in disaster. I remember poor Thomas Underwood—"Old Tommy," as the boys nicknamed him from the first — how he came to grief through an honest effort to familiarize his pupils with the vowel sounds. He had spent the summer months somewhere in the East, and I suppose had imbibed some crude ideas concerning those subjects which afterward swept the country under the grand designation of vocal gymnastics. At any rate he was determined to introduce some novel features into his school, and on the very first day he wrote in glaring letters of chalk at the top of the blackboard these meaningless sentences:

"*They are all that see her yet.*
I sit so soon down on wood."

Three times every day — morning, noon, and evening—he required each one of us to repeat these lines, and then the whole school had to pronounce them in concert. Then he would ask: "How many sounds has the vowel *a*?"

And we were expected to answer:

"Four, as in 'they are all that.'"

"How many sounds has *e*?"

"Three, as in 'see her yet.'"

"How many sounds has *i*?"

"Two, as in 'I sit.'"

"How many sounds has *o*?"

"Five, as in 'so soon down on wood.'"

I suppose that, had he been permitted to carry out his plan, he would have made some equally astonishing revelations concerning the other vowels, which he informed us were "*u* and sometimes *w* and *y*." When, however, he had persevered in his new departure for three or four weeks, and the absurd formula had been forever fixed in the brain of even the dullest pupil, he met with a sudden check. One evening when he was in the very midst of the performance a deputation of his patrons quietly filed into the school-room, and, after listening attentively to the end, wanted to know "what good there was in all that stuff anyhow." I am not clear as to what the master said by way of answer, but they pointedly told him that, while such new-fangled nonsense might do well enough down East where the people had nothing better to think about, it was an accomplishment which plain Western people, who had their own living to earn, could well afford to do without. And they closed by saying that for the rest of the term they expected him to teach nothing except the common branches of learning designated in his "article." Of course, the master was obliged to acquiesce, and although he scored some triumphs during the remainder of his stay, it was only in the face of many difficulties that he persevered. And when at length he closed the school-house door for the last time, and bade farewell to the scene of his disappointments, it was amid a chorus of shouts of "They are all that see her yet!"

Poor friend Underwood! It is with the kindliest feelings that I shall always cherish his memory, for it was he that gave me my first introduction to the immortal classics of our literature. I had been at great pains to borrow a two-penny book of nursery rhymes from a neighbor and was slyly reading it behind my slate when the master surprised me by suddenly looking over my shoulder. I hastily crammed the little pamphlet into my pocket, and for the rest of the day lived in momentary expectation of the hickory. In the evening my name was called, and in an ague of fear I went and stood beside the master's chair.

"I see," said he, kindly, "that thee is somewhat inclined to books and reading. Here is a little work which thee may take home and keep till thee has read it through. It may not be altogether understandable to a young lad of thy age, but I am sure it will give thee pleasure."

The little work was a thin copy of "Paradise Lost," thumb-worn and yellow with age, and although it was certainly not wholly "understandable," it opened an entirely new world to my imagination, and I derived more en-

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Jason Hicks.

joyment from the reading of it by the light of a flickering wood-fire than I have ever since gotten from any book. When I returned it and told the master how well I liked it, he took me into his confidence and showed me his library—fewer than a dozen volumes, but noble books, every one of them. And then he lent me, in succession, "Thomson's Seasons," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Franklin's Autobiography." They were all read with the zest which first acquaintance inspires, but the ecstatic thrill of delight that was aroused by Milton's sublime poem was never again experienced.

There were many among the early school-masters who deserved better

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Boarding 'Round.

than they received at the hands of their patrons — men of intelligence, refinement, and scholarship, whom misfortune, or the love of adventure, or perhaps the missionary spirit had brought to the West. The Scotch school-masters who, some thirty years earlier, had come to the country in the wake of Robert Owen and his New Harmonists were of this class. These men had in an unobtrusive way sown the seeds of culture and diffused a spirit of inquiry and enterprise in many communities. In matters of discipline they had been as severe, perhaps even severer, than the native school-masters, and I have been told that they wielded the leathern taws with as much dexterity as their compeers plied the hickory withe. But they carried new ideas into the clearings and prairies, and introduced a leaven of assertive intellectual progress that continued working for the betterment of the people long after they had passed away. Their names have in most cases been forgotten, for their stay in a community was generally brief, and there are no public records to perpetuate their memory. They scattered here a little and there a little, and trusted to the fulness of time to gather in the sheaves which their sowing would produce. They had pretty well disappeared before my day, and I do not know that any of them ever made more than a brief, temporary stay in our part of the State ; but their doctrines and methods were much talked of, and some of our own school-masters derived not a little inspiration from them. One of the followers of Owen had been an assistant of the cel-

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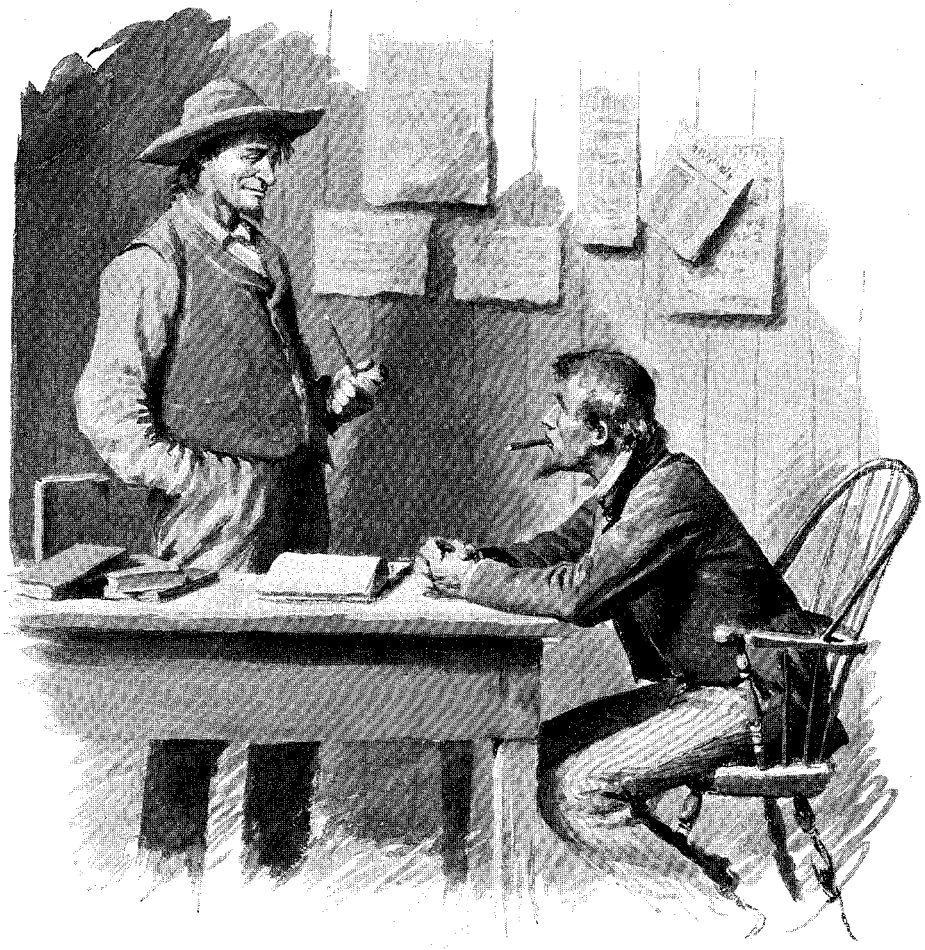

"One dollar, please."—Page 174.

ebrated Swiss teacher, Pestalozzi, and he made an attempt to introduce into the Wabash Valley the enlightened methods of primary instruction which that great reformer had perfected, and which are now so generally employed in the best schools of the country. Another made a determined effort to inaugurate a system of manual-labor schools on lines somewhat similar to the methods of industrial education that have recently become so popular. Of course, these premature movements in the direction of educational reform were failures as failures are commonly reckoned. But who can compute the measure of their influence? They were talked about all over the State, and many young men took pains to acquaint themselves with the new methods that were advocated and to carry the knowledge of them into the country districts where they were employed as school-masters.

If I remember rightly the first invasion of our part of the country by New England school-teachers occurred soon after the general establishment of the free-school system. Most of these teachers, if not all, had been trained especially for the occupation, and they assumed its duties with an enlightened zeal and a consciousness of its responsibilities which could but give a wonderful impetus to the educational reformation that had already set in. Of course, not all portions of the State were equally favored by their presence —they were too few for that—but in whatever community they were em-

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ployed their enthusiasm wrought great effects and became contagious. Their influence was particularly manifest in a broadening of human sympathies which led people to look beyond the narrow horizon that had hitherto limited their vision and become acquainted with the manifold activities of the great world about them. The Yankee school-mistress was a seven weeks' wonder to many of her Hoosier patrons, to whom she was as a being dropped down from another sphere—not because of anything heavenly in her appearance and manners, but because she had come such a mighty distance from home. She had her own ideas of propriety and good-breeding, which did not always harmonize with theirs, and at these they were inclined to sneer and scoff. But if she knew how to adapt herself to their modes of doing, and could gradually and without ostentation introduce what she believed to be better, she was not long in gaining their confidence. If, however, she failed to appreciate the prejudices and deprivations of those among whom she had come, her career of usefulness in that locality was not likely to be a long one.

"They didn't like the Yankee schoolmissus they hired over to the Grassy Ridge deestrict," I overheard one farmer casually remark to another.

"Why so? Wasn't she a good teacher?"

"Well, I reckon she did know a thing or two, and she could manage the young fellers admirable. But she couldn't rest content with book-teachin', and wanted to change everybody's manner of livin' right off. The Grassy folks just naturally couldn't put up with her way of learnin' the children compliments, anyhow."

The Unruly Big Boy.

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"Compliments! What's them?"

"Why, bein' polite, you know. She tried to learn 'em to say 'If you please, mum,' and 'Thank ye, sir,' and 'I beg your pardon,' and all that kind of stuff. And she was so blamed finicky that she didn't like for the girls to come to school barefooted, and she wanted the boys to yank off their hats at her whenever they met her on the road. It was too much style for the Grassy folks, I reckon."

The reign of the New England school-mistresses of this earliest importation was, according to my recollection, as brief as it was brilliant. Many of them speedily found husbands among the village merchants, the lawyers, or the well-to-do young farmers, and became the honored mistresses of prosperous and cultured households. Others, after a year or two, returned to the East, where probably a similar happy fate awaited them. Only a few continued to wield an influence in the educational field which they had entered with so much enthusiasm and success. The two most important lessons which they had taught were, first, that some women are better qualified to manage schools—even winter schools—than some men; and, second, that the home teachers must look to their laurels if they would not be supplanted by foreign talent. Our people were not slow to profit by both of these lessons, and when the next detachment from the normal schools of Massachusetts arrived among us it attracted but small attention. The Yankee school-mistress had lost her prestige, for it had been demonstrated that her Western kinswomen, although lacking some of her opportunities for self-culture, were not one whit her inferiors in energy and native abilities.

It was about this time, I think, that the title of school-master gave place to the gentler but less comprehensive appellation of teacher. The occupation of school-keeping was no longer monopolized by men. Every year there were fewer masters and more mistresses, and, as both performed the same kind of duties, it was found convenient to drop the designation of sex and adopt a title that would be applicable alike to male and female. Moreover, people were beginning to understand that the mere mastering of a school, far from being an all-important end in itself, was only a means whereby the teaching of that school might be the better performed. And so the teacher came to the front, and the title of school-master gradually gave place to other designations that were deemed more modern or more exactly descriptive of the duties to be performed by those who held them.

Making Pens.

When I first engaged in the occupation of school-mastering, the idea of graded schools was comparatively new. That all the schools of a city, town, or county should be united under the

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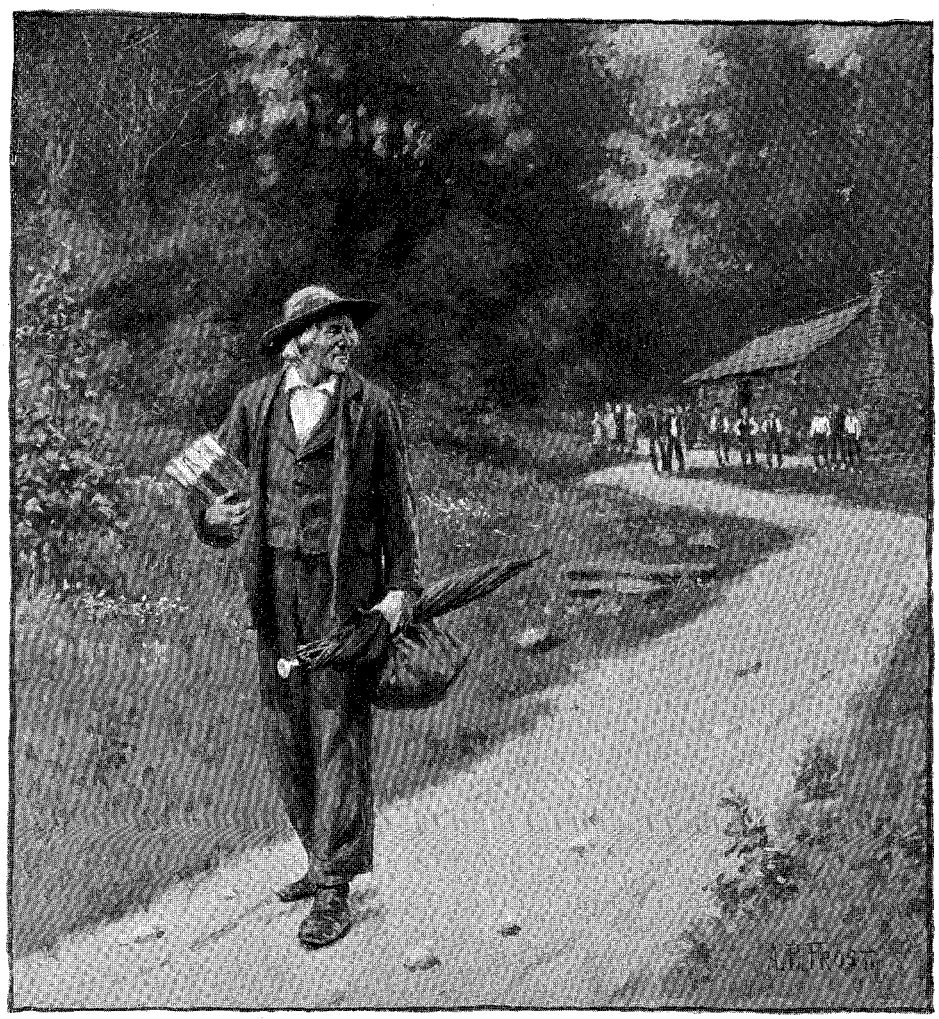

"They are all that see her yet."—Page 176.

mastership of a single superintendent, who should be in a manner responsible both for their management and for the quality of the instruction therein imparted, was a plan which commended itself to the leading educators of our State as at once practicable and desirable. The general adoption of such a plan, occurring, I think, almost simultaneously all over the country, marked a new era in school management. As city, town, or county superintendent, the school-master—now truly a master of schools—was placed at the head of a "system" and was invested with a dignity and responsibilities unknown to his humbler predecessors. But school-keeping had not then been reduced to anything like the science which it has since become, and I am forced to say that in many places there was really but little system about it. It was not an occupation to be entered into for life; the salaries were too meagre and the tenure of office was too uncertain. Hence there were very few professional teachers; and I have reasons to believe that a good many superintendents drifted into the work accidentally and without special preparation for it. Had I foreseen when I applied for the principalship of the so-called seminary in our county-seat that the step which I was taking was the preliminary to a

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quarter of a century's service in the management of schools, I would at least have given the matter a more serious consideration than I did. It was a very common thing, however, for young men with a profession in view to teach four or five terms of school before entering upon what was considered the more active work of life. There was hardly a physician or lawyer in the circle of my acquaintance who did not boast of a brief but glorious experience as an educator of youth. Indeed, it was asserted that, as a means of acquiring a serviceable knowledge of human nature, there was nothing so valuable as a few months' practice in the school-room. I had already taught a brief term or two in the country, and had found the occupation a pleasant and congenial one; and hence, when a vacancy was announced in the most famous institution in our county, I was persuaded to present myself as a candidate for the place. The "seminary" had originally been one of a system of county schools established by law as feeders for the State university. But it had never prospered, and had finally degenerated into a third-rate high-school controlled by the town board of education, and taught by a single teacher, who continued to retain the title of principal. A few days after placing my application I was notified to meet with the school board in the office of its president. Much to my surprise I found there a young attorney of the town, my most intimate friend, who I learned was also a candidate for the vacant "principalship." The president of the board addressed us in a speech which was equally a delight and an astonishment to us both. They had determined, he said, to reorganize the schools of the town and to introduce the graded system of instruction that had proved so successful and popular in some of the larger places in the State. In order to carry out this plan they had abolished the seminary and with it the principalship for which we had made application. They had, however, unanimously elected us "joint superintendents" of the town schools, and, should we accept the appointment, they would intrust to us the entire work of gradation and would allow us to nominate our own corps of assistants. They understood perfectly well, he said, that the experiment would be a difficult and hazardous one, and hence they thought that two young men at the helm would succeed better than one alone. My friend and I were thoroughly taken aback by this unexpected turn of affairs, and hesitated before agreeing to assume the responsibilities that would be ours. We had read and heard a good deal about graded schools, but neither of us had ever seen one in operation. The powers which the board had offered to confer upon us, as well as the compensation, exceeded

The Yankee School-ma'am

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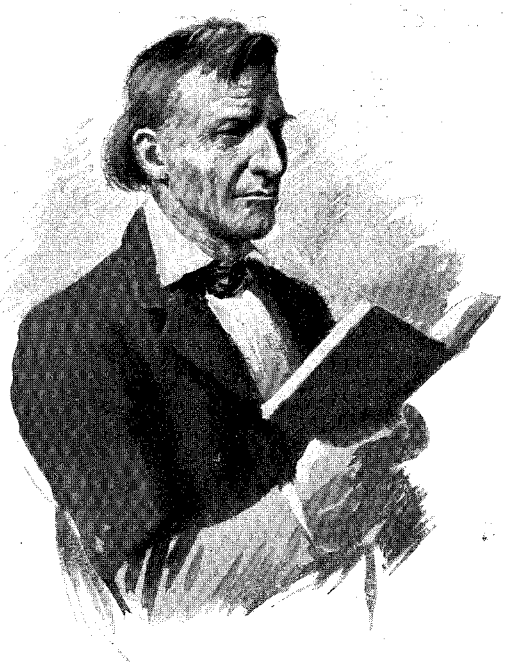

A Type.

anything that we had dared hope for. The title of superintendent, however, was new and seemed to us then rather commonplace; we would have preferred being styled joint principals, for that was a term which everybody in the country would have understood. Nevertheless, we both felt highly complimented by the action of the board, and finally entered upon the duties of our somewhat novel position with a determination to do our best, and if possible merit the confidence which they had placed in us. We neglected no opportunity to inform ourselves concerning what was being done elsewhere, and while one remained in charge of the "system" which we were trying to evolve from chaos, the other would frequently make excursions to the neighboring towns and take note of whatever was most admirable in the management of their schools. That first winter was full of hard work and rich experiences for us both. The old seminary building was the only respectable school-house in the town, and it was large enough for two departments only. The rest of the schools were taught in the basements of churches, in narrow rooms on the second or third floors of business houses, and in all manner of cheap and uncomfortable places. But not only the "joint superintendents," but the teachers and the pupils, succeeded in living cheerfully through the whole of it; and when finally my colleague returned to his law practice, and all the schools were happily domiciled, at the beginning of the third year, in a new and beautiful and very commodious building, the "graded system" in our town had been fairly well perfected—at least so far as the new methods of school management were understood in those days.

As a matter of course there was then a good deal of experimentation in nearly all the schools, as there must necessarily be at the inception of any important movement. Every superintendent, un-

Building the Log School-house.

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less he followed blindly in the lead of another, affected to have his own notions concerning the classification of pupils, the qualifications of teachers, and the courses of study to be pursued. Some of the experiments would be laughable if the possibly serious results which followed could be forgotten. Great prominence was given to system. The word was seared upon the brain of every superintendent, and was the shibboleth of every progressive teacher. It represented the natural reaction from the go-as-you-please methods of former days, and there was no checking the reverse swinging of the pendulum until it had reached the farthest limits of its arc. System, system, system! The superintendent sat in his office and prescribed doses of system to both teachers and pupils. He insisted that not only should all the members of a grade learn the same thing at the same time, but that they should assimilate it in exactly the same manner. Every movement in the school-room should be made with the precision of clock-work, and every pulsation of a child's brain should record the acquisition of an exact and predetermined amount of knowledge.

My friend, Professor Maladroit, was at that time a devoted apostle of system. He had charge of not quite twenty schools in the town of X——, all under the roof of one elegant building, and these, when regarded as a single institution, illustrated the perfect application of the graded-school idea. In the professor's office was an ingenious arrangement of electric buttons, with the aid of which he telegraphed to every department the precise moment that each recitation was to begin or end. He could tell the exact number of pupils in any given room at any minute of the day, and he knew just what lesson each child was studying or reciting at that time. With the beating of a drum he regulated the number of steps which the scholars should take in entering or leaving the building. He was wont to visit the various rooms unannounced, if by chance he might find some teacher relaxing her vigilance, or some pupil not in line with the rest. On such occasions he had a playful habit of throwing paper wads at the boys, or of making grimaces at the teacher; and if by such means he failed to distract attention from the lesson of the hour, he scored a point for the triumph of system. There was never anything out of place in his schools. The floors were oiled and polished until they shone like glass; the furniture was the handsomest and most comfortable that could be devised; every useful appliance needed in a thoroughly equipped modern school seemed to be at hand. There was nowhere any unnecessary noise; there was seldom an occasion for severity. And yet when I, at the professor's invitation, visited his model establishment, it did not appear that either the teachers or the pupils were revelling in happiness. Ten years later, however, I found everything changed. The institution did not show off so grandly, but my friend had discovered the golden mean between system and no system, and he had learned that the schools existed for the children and not the children for the schools.

This is, of course, an extreme case, but it illustrates the tendency to mechanical methods which distinguished many of the graded schools in their earlier experimental stages. This tendency induced more than one superintendent to imagine himself the engineer of a complicated educational machine that would take in all kinds and conditions of children and by a supernatural process turn them out at the end of the prescribed "course," all rounded to the same proportions and trimmed to the same perfect pattern. It was a beautiful theory, in this age of machinery, and yet somehow or other the children failed to adapt themselves to it.

Nevertheless, the most of us schoolmasters learned better by and by, although it is sad to remember that we did not know better at the start. Little by little we were able to leave off experimenting and to adapt our methods to the needs and capabilities of those for whom the schools were maintained. Every year there was a marked advancement both in methods of teaching and in methods of management. Throughout the middle West the march of progress was unparalleled, and it was not long until, instead of looking to the East for models and guidance, the people of the Mississippi Valley were able to point

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to their own schools as the best in America.

School-mastering, as I found it, was not the uneventful, humdrum business that it is generally thought to be. In its purely pedagogical aspects it is, I doubt not, always dry enough and utterly unattractive to most people. But in my experience it had other features, entirely distinct from "methods" and "systems," that relieved its monotony, imparted to it many amenities, and invested it with a halo of romance. To have seen a whole generation of children pass successively through the various stages of instruction from the kindergarten to the last lessons in the high-school, to have known hundreds of them by name, to have possessed their confidence and to have felt measurably responsible for their attainments, were experiences well worth having and which I shall always look back to with pleasure. The daily routine of duty, which no doubt seemed exceedingly prosaic to mere lookers-on, was relieved by many an unforeseen and interesting incident. It had its comedies not a few; and, alas, it had now and then that which bordered nigh upon tragedy. Twice every year—when the six-year-old tots, big-eyed with wonder and innocence, entered the primary grades, and when the white-dressed girl graduates read their "orations" in the great hall—it had its poetry. And finally, entirely outside of the school-room and yet inseparably connected with the management of the schools, there was frequently a parallel current of events which, stranger sometimes than fiction, might have furnished the materials for more than one entertaining romance.

The writing of these brief reminiscences has recalled the memory of many such happenings; but this is not the time nor the place for recording their history.

MR. LOWELL ON ART-PRINCIPLES.

By Ferris Lockwood.

MR. LOWELL'S pupils are to be numbered not merely by the college students who were privileged to attend his course of lectures on belle-lettres. They include, also, that much larger body of learners who studied his published critical essays. This latter company of students he addressed in a series of practically unconnected essays dealing — according to their titles, at least—with the work of individual authors: "Dante," "Chaucer," "Spenser," "Shakespeare Once More," "Pope," etc. He did not, that is to say, deal especially —in a separate essay devoted to the subject—with "Art" in the abstract, as M. Taine, for instance, has done; and that he did not do so is perhaps conclusive that Mr. Lowell was convinced that what he had to say concerning art in general could be more satisfactorily set forth in his treatment of concrete examples than in any attempt to deal with the subject in the abstract.

It is quite possible, nevertheless, to gather from Mr. Lowell's essays a sufficiently full and clear notion of his *general* beliefs concerning art as a whole; just as one may gain, from his separate essays on the English poets, a correct knowledge of the historical development of English poetry from Chaucer to Keats. To set forth the more general art-principles upon which the noble structure of Mr. Lowell's criticism rests is the purpose of this article. If, as is true, the value of critical work depends most largely upon the soundness of the critic's views concerning these broad and fundamental principles, we may be sure that it will be profitable to learn something about the general ideas of art underlying his criticism.

NOTE.—Quotations from Mr. Lowell's writings are indicated by *single* quotation marks (' ').

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Probably no single, condensed statement on the subject is better fitted to strike the key-note of Mr. Lowell's deliverances upon art than the sentence: 'Art, or nature as it is ideally reproduced through the imagination.' Whenever he touches upon art as a whole, or where he speaks more particularly about that form of art he had made peculiarly his own, poetry, Mr. Lowell is strenuous in insisting that what man produces is saved to art only so far as it is inspired and moulded by the imagination. 'As in the old fairy tales,' he says, 'the task which the age imposes on its poet is to weave its straw into a golden tissue; and when every device has failed, in comes the witch Imagination, and with a touch the miracle is achieved.' In another place he tells us that 'if poems die, it is because there never was true life in them, that is, that true poetic vitality . . . which leaps throbbing at the touch of that shaping faculty, the imagination.' And twice at least in his essays he characterizes poetry as 'that aëration of the understanding by the imagination.'

These statements, as I have said, give the key-note to Mr. Lowell's notion of art—that 'ideal representation of life.' They do not, of course, taken by themselves, constitute an adequate or complete definition of art.

What, we are immediately prompted to ask, is the office performed by the imagination in the creation of art-products? and Mr. Lowell's answer to the question is in keeping with his profound view of things. It is given to the imagination in its supreme moments, he held, to feel and to utter 'the immanent life of things;' the great artist 'utters wisdom from the central deep.' And again: 'Imagination, where it is truly creative, is a faculty, and not a quality; it looks before and after; it gives the form that makes all the parts work together harmoniously toward a given end, its seat is in the higher reason.' In other words, the great artist is the seer.

If we ask further, what is the peculiar quality of the revelation given in art by the imagination, the answer usually is that art reveals *beauty*. Those familiar with his writings need not be told that Mr. Lowell recognizes beauty to be, in a sense, *the* aim of the artist. At the same time it is apparent that he, in common with other thoughtful writers, finds in art certain qualities that can hardly be included in the term beauty "without stretching it until it becomes meaningless." For we have come to use the word too much as if it meant solely what Mr. Lowell calls the 'pictorial.' He is particular to distinguish between an imagination which is 'passive' and 'pictorial,' and one which is 'intuitive' and 'creative.' The higher imagination, the 'truly ideal imagination,' is to be thought of, he says, 'not as a passive mould into which the thought is poured, but as the conceptive energy which finds all material plastic to its preconceived design.'

In his "Philosophy of Art," M. Taine writes: "The end of a work of art is to manifest some essential, salient character, consequently some important idea, more clearly than is attainable from real objects." So, too, Mr. Lowell speaks of the manifestation of '*imaginative truth*' as the aim of art. If we supplement the idea of beauty (in its narrower meaning, at least) as the essential quality of art, with this further notion of *significance*, we shall avoid a view of art which at times seems cramped. But that which is significant, in the true art-sense, we must remember is a significance *apprehended by the imagination*, and for this reason it will always be at the same time, and in the higher sense of the word, beautiful. In other words, the imaginatively significant is in the highest sense the artistically beautiful, and its revelation is truly *creative* art.

This, I think, is Mr. Lowell's view so far as we may read it in his writings. It is with this broader, more comprehensive meaning in his mind that he says, 'With the artist beauty is use, good in and for itself,' and speaks of 'that apprehension of beauty which gives energy of will to imagination,' and at the same time teaches that the highest beauty often results simply from the artist's feeling and revealing, through his imagination, the true meaning of things. 'The true ideal . . .

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is the *mens divinior* which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter-of-fact into matter-of-meaning for him who has the gift of second sight.'

It follows from this view that true art will always give a certain degree of pleasure. Mr. Lowell, indeed, believes so strongly in this function of art that he insists that the artist shall make it the aim of his efforts to delight. 'The first duty of the muse,' he says, 'is to be delightful.' 'To be delightful is to be classic.' But the phrase, "Art is always delightful," hardly expresses by itself the vital connection which Mr. Lowell taught exists between art and the emotions.

The late Principal Shairp, in one of his essays, suggests that the imagination seems to be a power that lies intermediate between intellect and emotion, looking both ways and partaking of the nature of each; deep emotion kindling imagination, and imaginative insight kindling a deepening emotion. "Emotion, from first to last," he says, "inseparably attends the exercise of imagination."

Something very similar to the theory of the emotional influence of art involved in these sentences, one can read in Mr. Lowell's essays. No one was more careful than he to point out the necessity for a true intellectual basis of art; but everywhere, also, does he take pains to impress upon his readers that it is the *emotional* form of value that is essential to art as art. So, in the sentence already quoted the true art-vitality "leaps *throbbing*" at the touch of imagination. Elsewhere he tells of one who '*warmed* reason until it had well-nigh the illuminating property of intuition,' and in another place he says that the aim and end of the highest art —such as Shakespeare's—is the 'ideal representation of the great passions.' Always, however, with the broad sympathy that marked his criticism, did he recognize the widely differing emotions —from the lowly and simple to the highest and most complex—to which art may make its appeal.

In its art-creating activity the imagination, according to Mr. Lowell, has a two-fold office. Of its higher office something has already been said. In this higher form, 'it is the faculty that shapes, gives unity of design, and balanced gravitation of parts.' Throughout his critical essays Mr. Lowell gives with more detail his idea concerning this higher action of the imagination. The poet or artist 'with a real eye in his head does not give us everything, but only the *best* of everything. He selects, he combines, or else gives what is characteristic only.' 'It is only where it (the imagination) combines and organizes, where it eludes observation in particulars to give the rarer delight of perfection as a whole, that it belongs to art. Then it is truly ideal.' The true artistic imagination, he affirms, is always 'subject to those laws of grace, of proportion, of design, in whose free service, and in that alone, it can become art.' In these sentences Mr. Lowell mentions the principal characteristics that mark the truly imaginative grasp of a subject. In other words, he specifies the fundamental principles of all art; viz., unity, proportion, grace, character, form.

Indeed, I know of few better dissertations on the art of "composition" than the latter half of the Shakespeare essay. How much of the essence of dramatic composition—the most delicate and subtle of all—is to be found in these two extracts: 'The first demand we make upon whatever claims to be a work of art (and we have a right to make it) is that it shall be *in keeping*. Now this propriety is of two kinds, either extrinsic or intrinsic. In the first I should class whatever relates rather to the body than the soul of the work, such as fidelity to the facts of history (wherever that is important), congruity of costume, and the like—in short, whatever might come under the head of *picturesque* truth. . . . In the second and more important category, I should put first, co-ordination of character, that is, a certain variety in harmony of the personages of a drama, as in the attitudes and coloring of the figures in a pictorial composition, so that, while mutually relieving and setting off each other, they shall combine in the total impression; second, that subordinate truth to nature which makes each character coherent in itself; and third, such

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propriety of costume and the like as shall satisfy the superhistoric sense, to which, and to which alone, the higher drama appeals.'

Mr. Lowell gives a concrete illustration of this principle later in the essay. 'The old painters had a rule,' he says, 'that all compositions should be pyramidal in form — a central figure, from which the others slope gradually away on the two sides. Shakespeare probably had never heard of this rule, . . . but he understood perfectly the artistic advantages of gradation, contrast, and relief. Taking Hamlet as the key-note, we find in him weakness of character, which on one hand is contrasted with the feebleness that springs from overweening conceit in Polonius and with frailty of temperament in Ophelia; while, on the other hand, it is brought into fuller relief by the steady force of Horatio and the impulsive violence of Laertes, who is resolute from thoughtlessness, just as Hamlet is irresolute from overplus of thought.'

In its *secondary* office the imagination, according to Mr. Lowell, 'serves the artist, not as the reason that shapes, but as the interpreter of his conceptions.' In the Dante essay there is this striking sentence dealing with the subject of expression: 'In the fine arts the vehicle makes part of the thought, coalesces with it. The living conception shapes itself a body in marble, color, or modulated sound, and henceforth the two are inseparable.' That is to say, in the *perfect* work of art the imagination acts in both these ways, and in the performance of its higher office (which alone 'can unimpeachably assure to any work the dignity and permanence of a classic') there results 'that exquisite something called Style, which, like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness.'

A few words in regard to Mr. Lowell's belief concerning the relation of the Ideal to nature, cannot but be of interest at present. He was careful to state his belief on this subject distinctly. 'The true ideal,' he says, 'is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies *in* it, and blessed are the eyes that find it.' 'Surely the highest office of a great poet is to show us how much variety, freshness, and opportunity abides in the obvious and familiar. He invents nothing, but seems rather to rediscover the world about him, and his penetrating vision gives to things of daily encounter something of the strangeness of new creation.' And again: 'All great poetry must smack of the soil, for it must be rooted in it, must suck life and substance from it, but it must do so with the aspiring instinct of the pine that climbs forever toward diviner air, and not in the grovelling fashion of the potato.' The warning contained in the last sentence Mr. Lowell repeats in other places. Art that is worthy the name must, he insists, escape from 'the realism of daily life,' and from 'the tyranny of the Commonplace.'

I have tried to present as briefly as possible the more fundamental art-principles which are enunciated in Mr. Lowell's essays, and which underlie his critical work. Being fundamental, they are necessarily abstract and, in a sense, elementary. For this reason it is not unlikely that to many the presentation of them will seem to have small interest and less value; but as underlying all judgment that is quick to discern what is best and permanent in art they cannot be too often repeated.

They come with especial authority from one who, while he will always stand in the front rank as a critic, was at the same time greater still as an artist.

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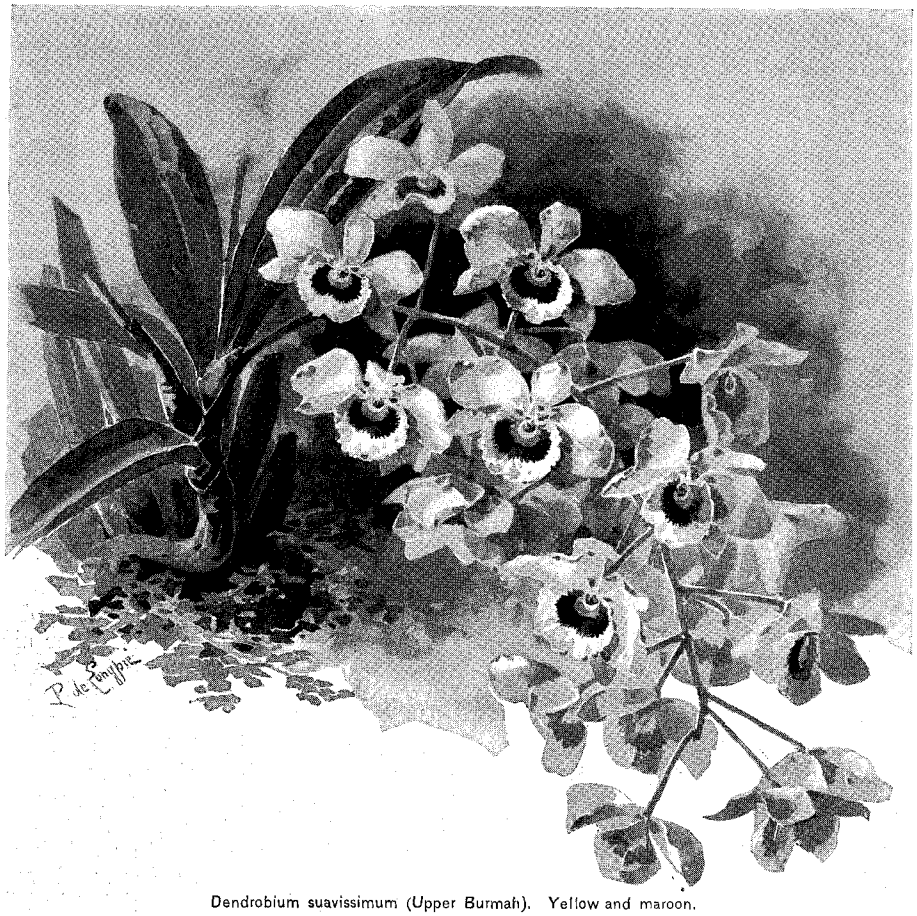

Dendrobium suavissimum (Upper Burmah). Yellow and maroon.

ORCHIDS.

By W. A. Stiles.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL DE LONGPRÉ.

AMONG plants cultivated for ornament the members of the great orchid family easily take the foremost rank to-day, and the story of their rapid advancement to this position makes one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of horticulture. Fifty years ago, these plants were hardly known except to students of botany, and now the species in cultivation number something like two thousand, with countless varieties, and subvarieties, while collectors are exploring every accessible jungle and forest of the tropics for novelties, and under the hands of expert hybriderzers new forms are appearing with a rapidity which baffles every attempt to keep a record of them. Admiration for them has become the fashion, and their cultivation has become a passion. Some of them are still rare and costly as diamonds; others, which were once quite as precious, are now displayed in every florist's window. The literature of cultivated orchids would already make a

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large library, and there are journals in several languages devoted to them exclusively, most of them illustrated with pictures drawn and colored with consummate skill. Millions of dollars are invested in them, and the money value of a single private collection in this country is at least a quarter of a million dollars, while the plants in one commercial establishment are worth still more. Of course, the prices which individual specimens command bear no relation to their beauty when judged by the ordinary canons of taste, and a plant which brings a thousand dollars at auction may differ so slightly from varieties that are sold by the dozen for the production of market flowers, that only the trained eye of the connoisseur can detect the peculiarities of habit and form, or can appreciate the purity of color, or the richness of marking, which makes it unique or rare. As with other objects prized by collectors, the value of such a plant is enhanced by the comforting assurance that no one else, or at least only a few of the elect, can share with its owner the joy of possession. A few years ago, a piece of what was supposed to be the golden Cypripedium insigne, was sent from British India to an English gentleman, but on flowering it proved to be altogether the brightest of cypripediums, with a distinct and distinguished air, which made every orchid fancier eager to secure it. Meanwhile an alert collector had discovered its haunt, and after a four weeks' race with a rival from Calcutta to Manipur, he gathered some thousands of plants from the faces of cliffs whereon they grew, and sent them to London. In January a plant of this Cypripedium Spicerianum commanded $1,250; in May, plants were sold at auction for fifty cents.

This incident illustrates one striking difference between orchids and ordinary plants in cultivation which can be propagated with ease from seeds or cuttings. Half a dozen years ago a young Japanese student who had been befriended while pursuing his studies in this country, sent a few choice chrysanthemums to his benefactor on his return home. One of these bore a flower-head with a soft white down on its incurved florets, a type then unknown to cultivation here, and the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy became the floral sensation of the year. When an enterprising firm of nurserymen bought the stock for fifteen hundred dollars, the sum appeared to be an excessive price for a chrysanthemum; but at the next planting season, an ample supply had been propagated by cuttings to meet the brisk demand for the new flower from all parts of America and Europe. If a new fern is discovered, seedlings by the thousand may be raised the second year from its ripened spores. Orchids, it is true, produce seed like other plants, when an accommodating insect carries the pollen

Lycaste Skinneri (Guatemala). Rose and dark crimson.

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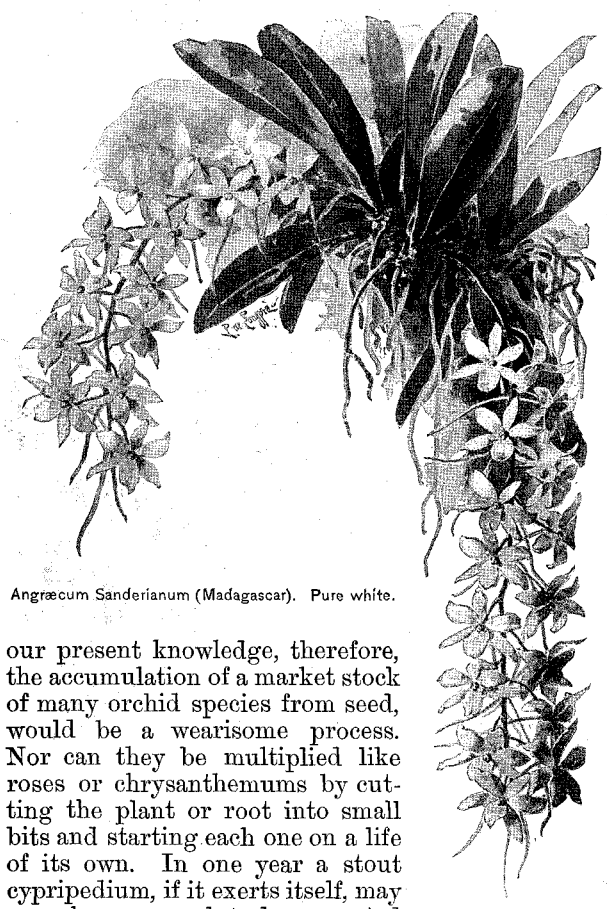
from one flower and deposits it carefully on the stigma of another, and the capsule resulting from this union may contain in time 100,000 seeds no larger than particles of dust. In six or eight months after the flower is fertilized, these seeds may mature, when, if skilfully sown and faithfully cared for, they will germinate nine months or a year later. In another year this seedling may reach flowering size, or it may accomplish this in two or three or seven years, or it may wait as Lælia callistoglossa did for nineteen years, or as Lælio-cattleya Veitchii did for twenty-one years before it shows a flower. With



Angræcum Sanderianum (Madagascar). Pure white.

our present knowledge, therefore, the accumulation of a market stock of many orchid species from seed, would be a wearisome process. Nor can they be multiplied like roses or chrysanthemums by cutting the plant or root into small bits and starting each one on a life of its own. In one year a stout cypripedium, if it exerts itself, may grow large enough to be separated into two or three plants, but this is as high a rate of increase as can be hoped for in this family of leisurely, aristocratic ways. Other orchids in common cultivation, like oncidiums, odontoglossums, and cattleyas, may require from four to six years to develop a single new plant, and others still have never shown any increase under cultivation. The only practical way, therefore, to secure a garden of orchids with our present knowledge and skill, is to send collectors into tropical forests where masses of them have been forming for generations, and bring them out alive. To carry them safely on the backs of coolies or mules, over mountain-trails and through malarious marshes, sometimes for weeks, until a stream is reached down which they can be floated to a seaport, is no light undertaking. And then the perils of the voyage, half-way round the globe perhaps, are still more serious. On deck the salt spray means death, and in the hold the close and heated air is often fatal, while every bruise is the beginning of active decay. It is small wonder, then, that in the days of long voyages by sailing vessels, when little was known of the needs and habits of these plants, and experience had not shown the necessity, in the case of many species, of fastening each one separately to cross-pieces of wood in large well-ventilated cases, that a small remnant only survived to reach the glass-houses of Europe. But now, when collectors have learned to take the plants in their resting season, while dormant and dry, and know how to humor their whims on the voyage, the losses are fewer. Indeed, the great proportion of the plants we see are direct importations, and it is more than probable that the flower which decorated your dinner-table yesterday was cut from a cattleya which came from Colombia, or a vanda from the East Indies, or an odontoglossum from the slopes of the Andes, or a cypripedium from the Himalayas.

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Miltonia (Odontoglossum) vexillaria.

The fact that nearly all the orchids we see have been torn from their homes, and carried away captive, helps to thicken the atmosphere of mystery which surrounds them; and this mystery is not mitigated by the thrilling narratives so often heard of hardships endured by the men who go in quest of them. Of late years, however, the orchid-hunter's life is not as hazardous or romantic as it once was, although a well-told adventure may be an effective advertisement for a new plant. The latest tragic story is connected with the new Eulophiella Elizabethæ, discovered in Madagascar and named for the Queen of Roumania. The collector in this case avers that he was compelled to face the dread alternative of death or matrimony, and the confiding editor of one of the great horticultural journals of Europe, "sees no reason to doubt the veraciousness" of the victim's narrative. It seems that Mayambassa, chief of that region, had despatched his sister's husband with a royal retinue to guide and protect Mr. Hamelin, the collector, on his journey to the orchid country. In these dense woods the dreaded *Protocryptoferox Madagascariensis* lies in wait for his prey upon the branches of the trees where the Eulophiella grows, crouching among the great tufts of the orchid with its tall, arching spikes of white and lurid-purple flowers. These carnivora are no respecters of rank, and one of them sprang upon, and rent to death, the husband of the princess. Mr. Hamelin was at once notified by the chief that he must appease the spirit of his relative by being greased and burned, or he must live to assume his position and responsibilities in the royal household. The collector promptly decided to brave the love of the princess and become brother-in-law of the chief. The narrator goes on to say, in the most natural way, that his truculent brother-in-law is protecting a few little plants of Eulophiella that remain, and that hesitating purchasers would do well to bear in mind that some years must elapse before they are large enough to gather. A well-known firm

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of orchid importers in Brussels throw additional light upon the tragedy by publishing part of the collector's letter offering his plants for sale, in which he explained that they had a special value, inasmuch as he had taken pains to destroy all that remained in their native woods.

This ingenuous avowal suggests a new danger to the orchid supply. It

Rodriguezia Lindeni.

has already been found necessary to pass laws in Switzerland to protect the edelweiss from tourists; there are societies in many European countries to rescue rare and native plants from extinction by amateur botanists and others; in our own country a few extremely local ferns and wild flowers are already in danger of extermination; and in the case of certain species of orchids of a limited range, each one of which has a money value regulated by the scarcity of the plants, the greed of man furnishes a motive for the wholesale destruction of all which cannot be carried away. The beautiful Disa grandiflora has already become scarce on Table Mountain, and the authorities at the Cape of Good Hope have found it necessary to forbid collecting it in order to prevent its total destruction. Rajah Sir Charles Brooke, of Sarawak, in Borneo, has issued an order to forbid the collection of plants in the country under his control, and if restrictions like this come to be enforced throughout the tropical regions tributary to the British Empire, it will cause consternation among importers, who are receiving more than half a million orchids every year.

Years ago, when the cultivation of these rarities was a luxury indulged in by the very wealthy alone, the aim of collectors was to secure a few choice plants rather than to make them cheap and common. The first importations naturally came from regions of excessive heat near the sea-ports, and it was therefore thought proper to grow such plants in a stifling atmosphere. But as collectors pushed inland, Vanda cœrulea, with its flowers of true, celestial blue, was found half-way up the Khassia Hills, with frost only a thousand feet above; odontoglossums, with their long racemes of splendid white and mauve and rich brown were encountered far up the flanks of the Andes; the vivid and grotesque masdevallias ranged higher still, some of them above the timber line, and a few ascending almost to the snow; while Oncidium ambiguum was discovered fourteen thousand feet above the sea in New Granada, exposed to the wild winds and sleet of that elevation. Shrewd collectors were not in the habit of giving aid and comfort to their rivals by proclaiming just where their prizes were hidden, and for a long time the conditions under which they grew were practically a secret. And when these inhabitants of the hills, accustomed to free, cool air, were imprisoned in hot, unventilated houses and drenched with moisture, they pined

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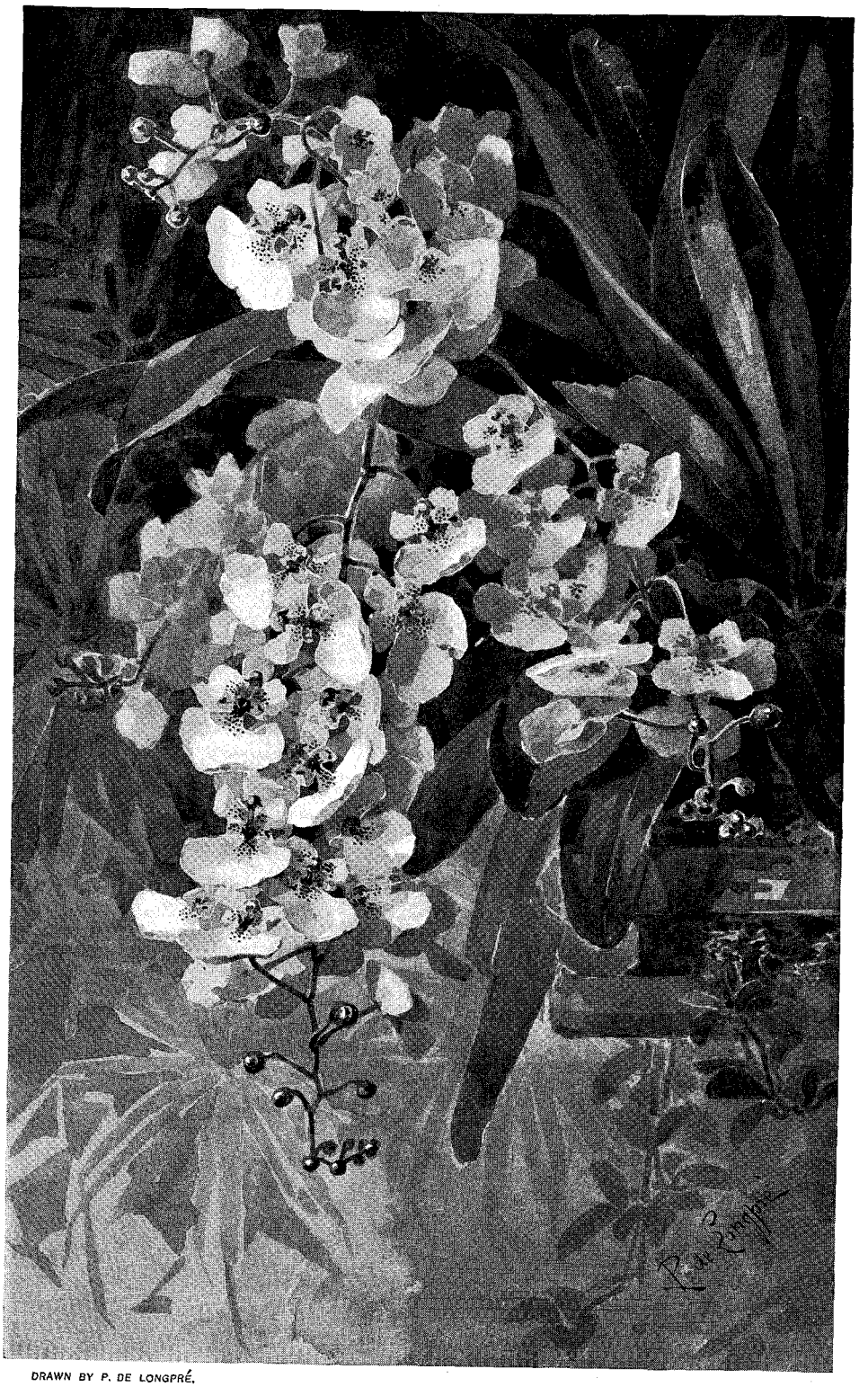

DRAWN BY P. DE LONGPRÉ.

Oncidium ampliatum majus (Costa Rica). Yellow and chestnut-brown.

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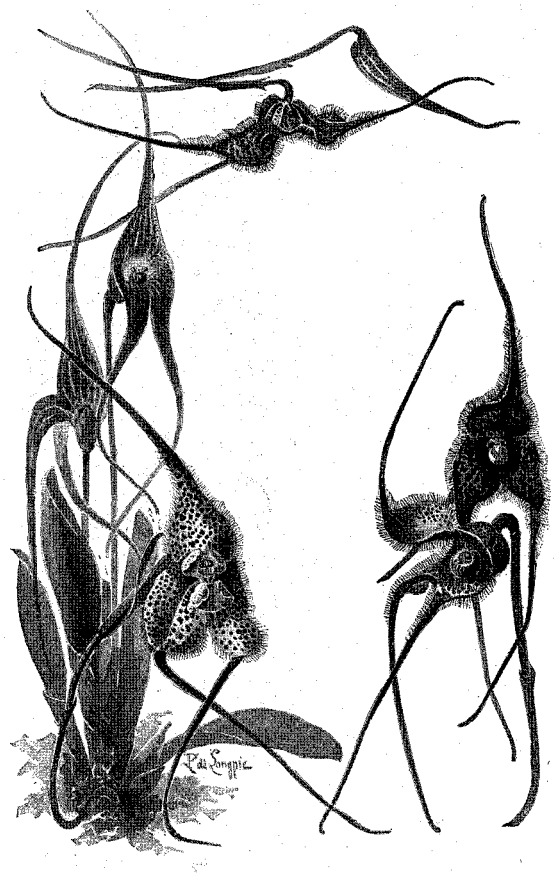
and perished by the thousand in a climate quite as deadly to them as a New England winter. Since growers have learned to give the so-called "cool orchids" abundant ventilation and a temperature like that under which they have naturally developed, their cultivation has proved easy; and as everyone can now grow them, the present demand is not for a few rare plants, but for great quantities of the more popular kinds, not only for the decoration of private green-houses, but to produce cut flowers in the market. Since the time of Rœzl, who began shipping them by the cargo from Mexico, many



A Group of Masdevallias: M. Macrura, M. Bella, M. Wallisii, M. Chimæra (Tropical America).

districts have been almost stripped of the species most in demand. Over the immense area where orchids are found in the old world and the new, it would seem difficult to make any serious inroads on the supply, but since they multiply very slowly, the collections are much larger in any region than the natural increase there. The collector does not harvest a crop which is to be renewed next year. He is really drawing on a fixed capital, which must in time become impaired. The most serious danger to the orchid supply, however, is the destruction of the forest before the advance of civilized man. In the old world and the new, the woods are falling to make room for coffee plantations and rice fields, and, when the trees perish, the plants whose roots are twined about their branches are left without a home, or hope.

Of course it is the well-known species which are gathered in such wasteful ways, but new ones are discovered every year. On one collecting tour in Borneo, Mr. Forstermann found sixty hitherto unknown species, and almost every year the orchid world is startled by such a discovery as the recent one of Cypripedium Charlesworthii, with its remarkable rosy-purple dorsal sepal; or the autumn-flowering Cattleya labiata is rediscovered forty years after the latest importations had been made; or Cattleya Rex, one of the noblest of its class, a plant which was seen fifty years ago, is found once more after long searching and brought alive to civilized gardens.

New forms, however, are produced by hybridizing, more rapidly than wild ones are detected. Since the publication of Darwin's classical work on the fertilizing of orchids, all the world is familiar with the facts which sounded more like romance than the cautious statements of a scientist when they were first published. After years of patient investigation, Mr. Darwin showed that the flowers of most orchids were equipped with many contrivances to prevent self-fertilization in any flower, with the deterioration

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DRAWN BY P. DE LONGPRÉ.

Stanhopea Martiana (Mexico). Cream-white and purplish-crimson.

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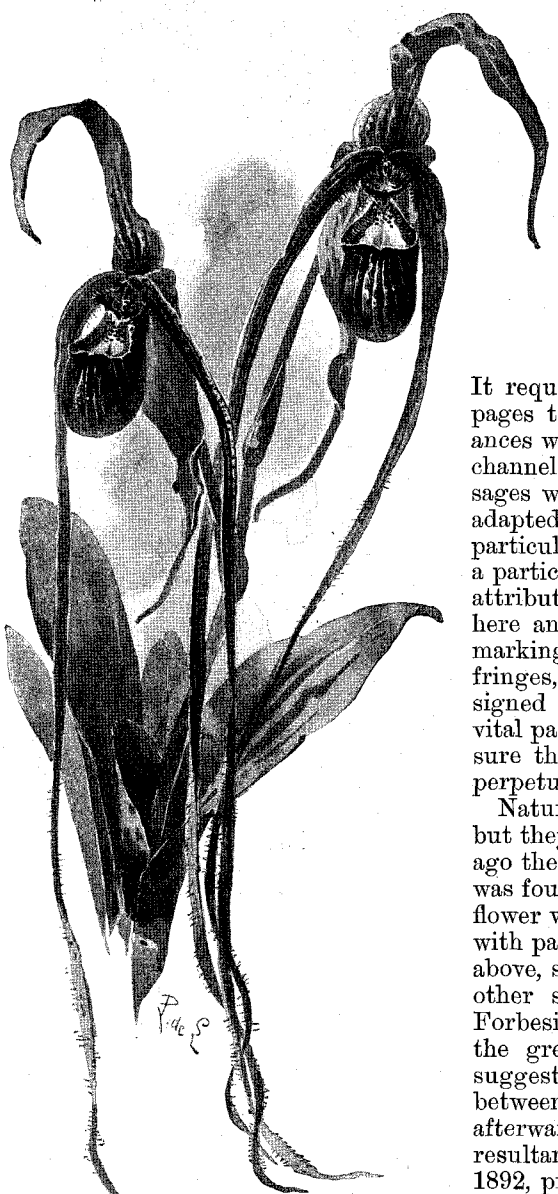
which follows close breeding. Wonderful devices have been developed, not only to keep the pollen of a flower from its own stigma, but at the same time to insure its transportation to the stigma of another. Lured by bright colors and grateful odors, the moth alights on the lip of an orchid, a fairy landing place indeed, and guided by a chain of spots, or along paths fenced in for its direction, it comes at last into the chamber within reach of the nectar. To sip this it is compelled to carry its proboscis to a point where the little masses of pollen are cemented to it by a sticky disk, and stand out from it like horns. In this position they might be brushed away by the fringes of the next flower, but, as if endowed with intelligence and the power of voluntary motion, they begin to flex at the base, and revolve through a full quarter of a circle while the insect is flying to the next flower. Lying close to the trunk, they pass every barrier safely as the insect makes his way to the second nectary, where they infallibly strike the adhesive surface of another stigma, and the miracle of new life is fairly begun.



Cypripedium caudatum.

It required a volume of five hundred pages to explain the complex contrivances with chambers, curtains, bridges, channels, trap-doors, and directing passages which have been developed and adapted to the form and habits of the particular insects which help to fructify a particular species. Every feature and attribute of the flower, its elasticity here and firmness there, its grotesque markings, its curves and grooves and fringes, which seem to have been designed by the wildest caprice, are all vital parts of a complex scheme to insure the production of seeds and the perpetuation of the species.

Natural hybrids are not unknown, but they are not common. Some years ago the cattleya known as Krameriana was found bearing a delicately colored flower whose pallid sepals and petals, with palest pink below and palest green above, showed a family likeness to two other species, C. intermedia and C. Forbesii. Professor Reichenbach, then the great authority in these matters, suggested that it was possibly a hybrid between them. The two plants were afterward crossed in England, and the resultant seedling, which flowered in 1892, proved to be absolutely identical with the wild plant, thus demonstrating that the suspected plants were its real

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parents. The same process has proved the hybrid origin of certain other phalænopses, masdevallias and odontoglossums which are found wild; but of course, such plants can only originate where two species closely allied grow sufficiently near together to receive visits from the same moth, and their structure must be such that the insect will deposit the pollen of one precisely on the stigmatic surface of the other. In cultivation, however, plants which naturally grow a thousand leagues apart can be brought under the same roof, and those which flower naturally at different seasons, can be made to bloom together, so that all that is required is skill on the part of the fertilizer to effect, on a much larger scale, what nature has been slowly doing for ages. And yet it was only in comparatively recent times, that a new plant was in this way added to the treasures of our gardens. It was in 1856 when Mr. James Veitch, one of the famous family of nurserymen who for four generations have enriched horticulture by their experiments and enterprise, brought to Dr. Lindley a Calanthe flower, which showed the forked and hairy spur and the deeply lobed lip of the white Calanthe furcata, with the violet color and the lip with the broad middle lobe peculiar to Calanthe Masuca. Two years before, the seed had been obtained by crossing these very species, and this was the first flower of the seedlings to open. The plant was named Calanthe Dominii after John Dominy, superintendent of the great establishment, who after years of patient trial at last won the distinction of producing and flowering the first artificial hybrid of this family in cultivation. A second one did not appear until three years later, this time a cattleya; then followed another calanthe, then a goodyeara, until twenty years later the beautiful Lælia Dominiana, with its wonderful depth of coloring, made the twenty-fifth of a series which entitled its producer to honorable remembrance as the pioneer in this field of garden art. Meanwhile other experts were not idle, new forms in rapidly swelling numbers were produced every year, until there is hardly a collection now where experiments in hybridizing are not in progress.

Oncidium Papilio Kramerianum (Ecuador). Yellow with bright-brown spots.

These hybrids are something more than new forms merely. While they usually show features of resemblance to both parents, they are often more attractive than either, and, owing perhaps to the infusion of new blood, they generally have more sturdy constitu-

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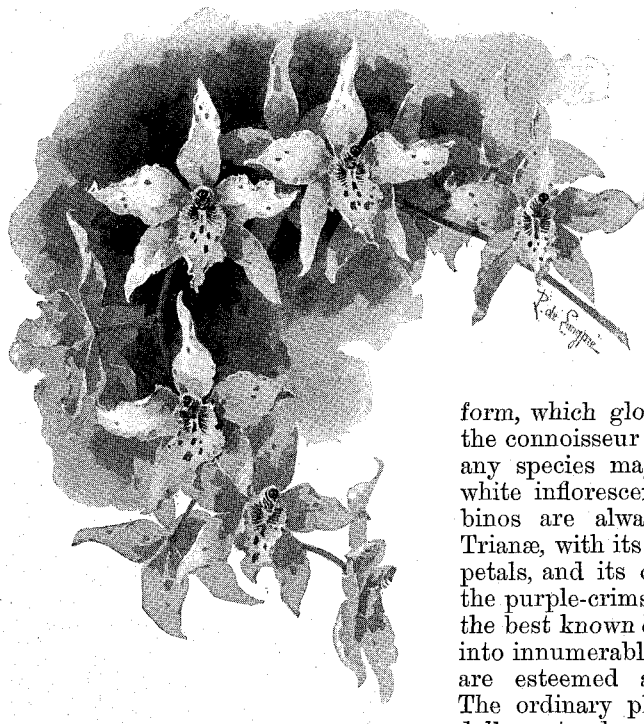

Odontoglossum crispum, Alexandræ, (New Granada). White and reddish-brown.

tions and make stronger growth. They are more floriferous, the flowers last longer, and altogether they have so many virtues and graces, that a fair percentage of the choice varieties in every considerable collection will be found to have originated by artificial crossing. It is a gross way of estimating the value of a flower to quote its market price, but plants like Cattleya Exoniensis, Miltonopsis Bleui, Cattleya callistoglossa, and many of the bigeneric hybrids, command hundreds of dollars each. One can hardly imagine a more fascinating pursuit than the crossing of orchid flowers. Sometimes, of course, the qualities of the parents are neutralized, but if these are selected with due regard to their strong qualities, we may expect that the offspring will be at least equal to either, and perhaps a prize coveted by all; and the grower is cheered by these alluring hopes for months and years, until the perfect flower appears.

The growing of imported orchids is accompanied by the same delightful uncertainty. Nearly all cultivated species vary, and there is always a chance of capturing some rarely beautiful plant, or one which, at least, is sufficiently distinct from the type to deserve the honor of a name. It may be essentially the same, and yet have a richness of marking, or a delicacy of tint, or a sprightly deviation from the regular form, which glorifies it in the eyes of the connoisseur; or, better still, almost any species may burst out in a pure white inflorescence, and these rare albinos are always precious. Cattleya Trianæ, with its rosy-mauve sepals and petals, and its orange-yellow disk, and the purple-crimson of its lip, is one of the best known orchids. But it sports into innumerable forms, some of which are esteemed almost beyond price. The ordinary plant can be had for a dollar — to descend once more to the commercial standard — some of its varieties are worth a hundred times as much, and there is a white-flowered plant in Trenton, N. J., for which a thousand dollars was paid. Cattleya Mendelii sells for two or three dollars, and a variety of it once commanded $2,000. The ordinary Cattleya Gigas is worth two or three dollars, and the white one brings a thousand. The growing of imported orchids, then, has all the excitement of a lottery in which there are no blanks, and it is small wonder that the buyer of a bunch of dry and shrivelled pseudo-bulbs should watch them with eagerness as they "plump up" under genial conditions, and estimate his chances of winning a capital prize.

The cultivation of orchids, however, would flourish without any adventitious attraction. They have such a high-bred air that no one thinks of questioning their rank as the true aristocracy among flowers. They are so distinct from the great mass of garden flowers, that they seem to belong to a nobler race. They possess refinement of form, grace of bearing, delicacy of texture, purity of color, and many of them deli-

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DRAWN BY P. DE LONGPRÉ.

Cattleya Gigas (New Granada). Pale rose and crimson-violet. Flowers eight inches across.

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Phalænopsis Stuartiana (Philippine Islands). White with brown spots.

cious fragrance—every attribute indeed which, in a flower, compels admiration. Besides this, their lasting qualities give them a practical superiority over other flowers. Many of them will hold their beauty undimmed for months together, and when cut they retain their original freshness from two to eight weeks. A spray of odontoglossum which will last six weeks, may cost many times as much as a cluster of roses, but the roses must be renewed every day or two. Travellers grow eloquent in praise of the beauty of these plants in their native haunts. Those who have seen masses of Cælogyne Sanderiana in Borneo, shining like snow-wreaths on branches forty feet high; or the great tufts of Vanda cœrulea on the Khassia Hills, describe them as among the most beautiful spectacles in nature. But individual flowers and sprays in cultivation, are often more perfect than any in tropical forests. This is especially true of the soft orchids like the phalænopses and odontoglossums. In their ordinary state, where they are torn by storms, whipped by winds, and ravaged by insects and birds, the flowers are broken and dishevelled, and they are often dwarfed by unpropitious seasons. The skilful grower, however, can furnish just the climate they most enjoy at every stage of their development, and he can feed them with a diet which is most acceptable and nourishing. To such intelligent and tender nurture, the flowers respond by expanding to splendid proportions and displaying the purest colors. In the absence of insects, too, they endure much longer, for as soon as fecundation is accomplished, the duty of the flower is done and it begins to fade and wither.

It is hardly as easy to flower an orchid well as it is to grow a hyacinth or

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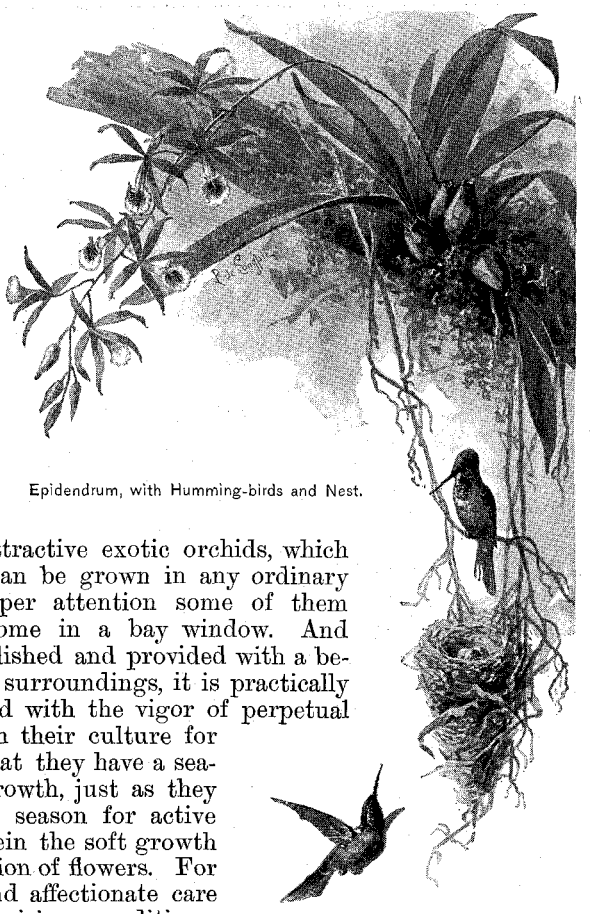
tulip, but since their natural conditions have been studied the cultivation of many species cannot be called difficult. Some secrets have not yet been revealed, and there is now and then a species which inevitably dwindles away and dies because of some unsuspected want which is not supplied, or of some condition which cannot be imitated; but this is true of many other plants. There are few gardeners who can manage some of the delicate little Alpines, and many of our native orchids are inclined to be disagreeable. It is a rare thing to find our little stemless Lady Slipper in cultivation as happy as it is in the woods. The same is true of that shy little nymph, Calypso borealis, which when left to herself will brave the storms of a Canadian winter as far north as the sixty-eighth parallel. But many most attractive exotic orchids, which can be bought for a trifle, can be grown in any ordinary green-house, and with proper attention some of them can be made to grow at home in a bay window. And when an orchid is once established and provided with a benign climate and wholesome surroundings, it is practically immortal and seems endowed with the vigor of perpetual youth. The cardinal point in their culture for beginners to remember, is that they have a season for rest, and one for growth, just as they have in the tropics a rainy season for active increase, and a dry one wherein the soft growth is ripened up for the production of flowers. For the rest, intelligence, skill, and affectionate care will overcome many unpromising conditions. The example of one well-known collector in New York City ought to be encouraging, for in a single house he is growing orchids from every climate, select and exquisite sorts from suffocating valleys and from cool and airy mountain heights, every one in splendid health, and making altogether one of the notable collections of the world.



Epidendrum, with Humming-birds and Nest.

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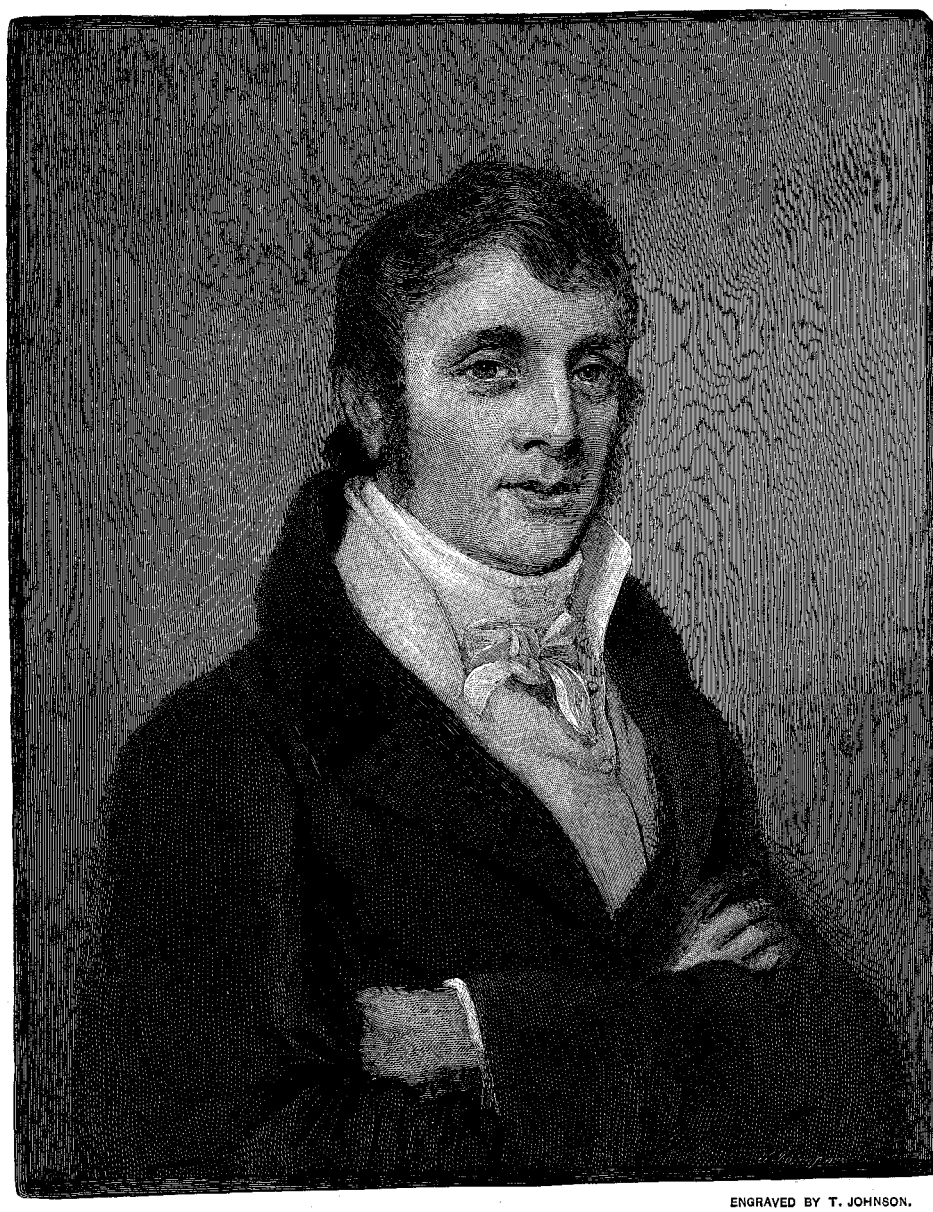

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Peter A. Grotjan.

(From a portrait in possession of his descendants.)

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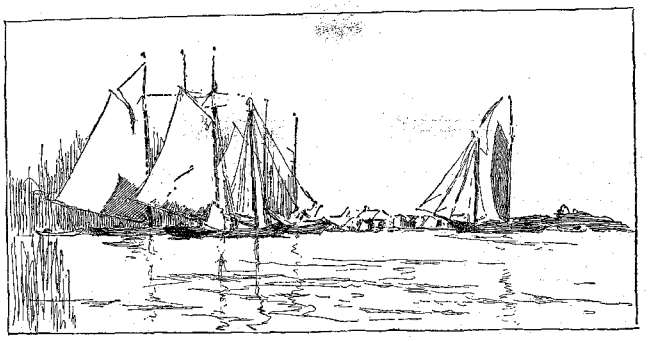

ON PIRATICAL SEAS.

A MERCHANT'S VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES IN 1805.

By Peter A. Grotjan.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THESE chapters of adventure, written nearly fifty years ago, have remained till now in manuscript in the care of my grandmother, the author's eldest daughter, Mrs. J. M. Sanders. They form a part of the unpublished memoirs of Peter Adolph Grotjan, who arrived in this country in 1796 from his native town, the Free City of Hamburg, in time to hear President Washington deliver his farewell message to Congress. His father, who had studied law at the University of Jena, and was afterward ambassador from Hamburg to the Empress Maria Theresa at Vienna, became for twenty-five years a judge of the Hamburg Criminal Court; but he himself received a commercial training in the counting-house of his uncle. Of the motives that impelled him to select this country for the seat of his career, he writes as follows in his memoirs: "The independence and dawning prosperity of the United States and its republican government was a subject of discussion in all the well-informed circles of Europe, but particularly in Hamburg, whose government on a diminished scale approached nearer to the democracy of the United States than any other government in Europe. Being well acquainted with the history of the American Revolution, the achievements of Washington, the characters of Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Samuel and John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and the intrepid Hancock as revolutionary leaders, while the fame of Rush and Rittenhouse as learned and scientific men had long reached our shores—these interesting subjects engaged our private conversations for hours, and became the cause of my determination to settle myself in business in Philadelphia, as soon as I became of age and had the disposition of my share of the inheritance from my grandmother." So, at twenty-two years of age this young German republican established himself as an importing merchant at Philadelphia, which was then not only the national capital and seat of Congress, but also the leading commercial city of the Union. There he prospered for seven years, finding time also to interest himself actively in American politics and to become an ardent supporter of Thomas Jefferson, until he suffered losses which were the indirect cause of his making the voyages to the West Indies chronicled in these chapters.

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

I.

FIRST VOYAGE TO CUBA.

CAPTAIN WOODBRIDGE GRAFTON, from Salem, Mass., was a middle-aged man apparently between forty and fifty, who had a wife and children at Salem, and

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appeared to be in Philadelphia on settlement of business. He seemed to be unhappy, but kept his business and troubles entirely to himself. He was a great politician and Democrat of the Jefferson school, and notwithstanding his eccentricities we formed by degrees a sort of political intimacy.

One afternoon, late in the fall of 1804, he visited me at my office, and without any further preliminary, said: "Grotjan, I want your assistance. Will you render it to me?" I told him that I would, if it lay in my power. He then stated that he had been in Philadelphia nearly one year, to close a settlement with a French house of the name of Foussatt Brothers, against whom he had a claim of upward of fifteen thousand dollars—a balance due him after five years' shipping transactions between them; that the want of this money had caused his ruin in Salem; that he was determined never to go home unless he could do so with honor. He stated that his claims had been left to arbitration, and that he was required to lay his accounts before arbitrators on the afternoon of the third day after his application to me. He further informed me that, although he had been very careful in preserving all papers, documents, and vouchers, he had never intrusted them to the care of any person, and was himself utterly incapable of putting them in such order that his claim might be supported and understood by arbitrators. He said, ultimately: "Will you and can you do this for me, in time to be ready for the arbitration? Otherwise I must entirely despair of my success."

He appeared greatly moved. I told him at once that I was willing to assist him night and day, but being totally unacquainted with the transactions, I was unable to form a judgment of the time it would require to prepare such a statement as would insure his success. He left me and returned with two bandanna handkerchiefs full of papers. In short, we fell to work about five o'clock that afternoon, and I never quitted my place, except to take food, for forty-six hours. The result of it was that, on the appointed evening, the arbitrators examined the accounts in the presence of the defendant, and after deducting some claims, properly explained and opposed by defendant, Grafton obtained an award of ten thousand seven hundred dollars, and in less than two months afterward fully adjusted himself with Foussatt Brothers.

It was during the course of this winter that Captain Grafton made the proposition to me to enter with him in the Santiago de Cuba trade. He had taken from Foussatt Brothers, in part payment, a schooner of about two hundred tons, called the Nancy. This vessel he would in part freight himself on his own account, if I would fill up the remainder, and he would act as captain and myself as supercargo. To this I agreed, and we were soon prepared for our first voyage to Santiago de Cuba.

With my own resources and the consignments I got from my friends, I had about sixteen thousand dollars, and Captain Grafton for his account about five thousand dollars worth of property on board, all of which and the vessel were duly insured. We left Philadelphia early in the spring of 1805. We had fifteen French passengers, both male and female. Our mate, Mr. Perrotoc, and cabin-boy, Leseure, were also of French origin. Among the passengers I only mention the names of Pierre Bougonnier and Mr. David, as they are connected with my future adventures. We had a tedious passage down the bay, and when we arrived at Cape Henlopen, the wind although fair blew such a gale that we could not land our pilot, but were obliged to retain him on board. Under such circumstances, the law and usage is that a pilot so carried to sea is entitled, as long as he remains on board, to mate's wages and rank. We kept him ten days on our voyage before we found an opportunity to send him home. The rest of our voyage was prosperous but tedious, as we lost much time in the calm latitudes, and the voyage lasted twenty-four days.

On arrival we were obliged to come to an anchor under the guns of the fort, the Morro, in the inner part of the mouth of the harbor and six miles from Santiago de Cuba. This large fortification is built on three terraces of a

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high mountain, from the water-level upward of five hundred feet high, and is so constructed that, at the most important places on the sea-coast and harbor, it can bring one hundred guns to bear upon one point. If the natural advantages of this fort were combined with skill and energy, it would be totally impregnable from the sea-side. It is, however, deemed sufficient by the Governor-General for it to be garrisoned by a corps of invalids only, with a commander and some officers.

A guard was placed on board of our vessel, and having been recommended to Prudence Casamayor, the most eminent merchant at Santiago, I despatched notice to him, as my consignee, to come and take charge of the goods and prepare such papers as were necessary in regard to the custom-house and the duties to be paid. I will here only observe that the measure of consigning your goods to the care of a merchant resident is indispensable. If any foreign merchant or supercargo should undertake to transact his own business, he would make a ruinous job of it. In the first place, the goods would be appraised at much higher than their cost, and on all the *ad valorem* duty goods an impost of twenty-eight per cent. would be exacted, and every possible delay in obtaining his goods and making his sales would besides be thrown in his way, in order to give his competitors, who consigned themselves to resident merchants, an opportunity to skim the cream of the market. In these Spanish West Indian ports the governors, collectors, and officers were so scantily paid by the mother country, that an understanding existed between them and the resident merchants, not directly but through the medium of the padres, by which they were enabled, with profits to the parties, to pass goods through the custom-house at little more than two-thirds of the legal duties.

During my stay at Santiago the yellow fever was very fatal to Americans and other new-comers, but having been seasoned in the United States during the years 1797, '98, and '99, and not being in any way alarmed, I escaped its baneful influence. A young gentleman from Philadelphia, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance, arrived at this time at Santiago as supercargo. As soon as he understood that the fever was prevalent, he got much alarmed and asked me what course I advised him to pursue. I told him, if possible, to divest his mind of all fear, to be moderately but constantly occupied with exercises not very laborious, to taste no ardent spirits or heating wines, to drink claret, lemonade, and other cooling drinks called *tisannes*, to eat moderately, take warm baths two or three times a week, go to bed early, and take a walk and a dish of coffee at sunrise; and if he could not divest himself of fear, to visit the highlands in the interior for a week or two. I have reason to believe that my advice, as is generally the case, was not followed, because it did not suit him; for in two days after this interview I learned that he had taken the malignant fever, and was very ill. I visited him instantly, but found his condition without hope. In one short day afterward he died in my arms, after a very severe, delirious struggle, during which it took all my strength to hold him. We were alone in the room, the colored servant, his only attendant, having gone for the doctor. When the struggle at last subsided, he sank exhausted upon the bed and asked for a glass of water. He died in the act of drinking it, and fell back a corpse.

I made many valuable acquaintances, and among the rest that of Mr. Maurice Rogers, a supercargo from Philadelphia, and subsequently American consul, as will appear in the sequel of my adventures. He was my room-mate at Madame Latapee's boarding-house, and although a great business man, was sufficiently fond of high life, frolic, and excitement. I myself abstained from all species of gambling, though the greatest variety of games of chance were openly practised every hour of the day and night, Sundays not excepted, and participated in by all ranks of society, from the grandee and priest to the common soldier and pirate. Still I was one evening for a few moments engaged in gambling. The circumstance occurred as follows: I wanted to retire

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for the night, but found my room door locked. Inquiring of Madame Latapee, she told me that Monsieur Rogers had probably locked the door, but that I was likely to find him at the gardens of Messrs. Davis & Parage, keepers of the famous American Hotel. There I found him engaged with many others around a large table in a game at dice. He was evidently in luck, for he had a large quantity of silver and gold before him. I asked him for the key, but he whispered, "Stop a minute, Grotjan, and take a chance on my side, for I am in luck." I of course declined, stating that I carried no money about me; but all my refusal was in vain. He pushed out ten dollars for my account and before I could say anything the dice decided in favor of our party. He would not let me draw the stakes, but suffered them to remain, and in two more trials the ten dollars had swelled up to eighty, and I loaded myself with seventy dollars in specie and went home with the key of my room. My friend Rogers, as I understood the next morning, had subsequently a run of ill-luck, but finally saved about one hundred and fifty dollars' profit out of fifteen hundred, which he had won when I left him.

I had much opportunity to make observations on the direful consequences of the propensity and rage for gaming, and will relate a few appalling instances to which I was a witness. A gentleman from Baltimore, by the name of Smith, had in charge as supercargo the sale of nearly forty thousand dollars worth of property. Being fond of good living and dissipated society, he soon became the favorite of the bravest, or rather the most notorious, captains of French privateers then tolerated and even courted in the Spanish West Indian ports, and also with such Spaniards and Americans as were fond of drinking and gaming. For several weeks there was nothing talked of except the lucky American supercargo, who had proved himself the gainer of more than fourteen thousand dollars by gaming. Being in the habit of daily intercourse with him, I obtruded on him some of my advice. I urged him to quit suddenly, let the consequences be what they would, and secure a handsome little fortune; but I found him so inflated with the idea of his superior skill and foresight, that he informed me he had discovered a method of managing his stakes and regulating his bets by which he could not fail of being the winner, and produced his great success in evidence of his assertions. After this he became so entirely engaged in gaming that I hardly ever saw or conversed with him. It took me nearly two months before I disposed of my cargo, but long before I was ready to sail the career of Mr. Smith was run. He had lost not alone all his ill-gotten gains, but dissipated the greater part of forty thousand dollars intrusted to his care. Debility, both of body and mind, made him an object of pity, and an American captain then in port gave him a free passage to the United States, which, however, he never reached, as the vessel totally disappeared and was never afterwards heard of. The cause of its disappearance was surmised from the following circumstances: Captain Gould, the master of this beautiful Baltimore clipper, was a man of great energy and skill, and had the most exalted opinion of the swiftness and performance of his vessel. Being a little too fond of boasting, I often heard him say at dinner, when in conversation with French captains of privateers, and especially with the notorious Captain Love, who frequently tantalized him by depreciating the virtues of his craft, "Give me one hour's start, and I do not care a —— for all the French privateers in the port." When Captain Gould started, he was shortly afterward followed by a privateer vessel, and was never afterward heard of.

The second circumstance that I remember, although not ending so tragically, will exhibit in a powerful manner the immoral consequences of gaming. One evening, about ten o'clock, when engaged in a game of whist in the American Club, near the water side at the gardens of Davis & Parage, several Americans, among whom were Mr. Church, from New York, and Mr. Smith, from Baltimore, came rushing in in great disorder, asking for assistance and stating they were being

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robbed of all the gold and silver they had on the gaming-table, by a general scramble during which the lights had been extinguished. Their table being within a short distance from our room, the intrepid Captain Gould, seizing a large bludgeon, sallied forth to the rescue. He returned in about ten minutes, considerably bruised, but with his pockets and a handkerchief full of gold and silver.

These gaming-tables, I should say, have a strong rim all around them, about four inches high, to prevent the money from falling from the table. It can, therefore, not be swept off, but must be picked up. Captain Gould briefly stated that he rushed in the dark headlong to the table, made room for himself to right and left with his bludgeon, threw himself on the large circular table, and with one hand raked under his body whatever he could find, and with the other, brandishing the club, guarded his head and back as well as he could. With as much indifference as if he had only been on a frolic, he placed his spoils on the table and told the persons concerned to divide it among themselves as far as it would go, according to their respective losses, refusing to take any part for himself. As soon as this tumult had subsided, I went in company with Captain Gould and others to the scene of action. We found everything silent and dark. The table was situated in the garden and under the shelter of a large tree. We observed several figures in cloaks gliding to and fro, but nobody spoke to us. The proprietors did not attempt to produce a light that night for fear of the interference of the police, and by this means the affair was gradually buried in oblivion. I understood the origin of this affray to have been as follows: Gaming had been carried on that night to an unusual extent, and the stakes frequently exceeded two and three thousand dollars, the fate of each stake being decided as usual in a few minutes. Some of the principal gamblers, Spaniards and French privateersmen, had lost large sums, and the most desperate of them joined in a scheme to retrieve their losses. At an unexpected moment the chandeliers were demolished with bludgeons and all other lights extinguished, and a general rush was made to grapple for the great amount of money on the tables. One Spaniard only was seriously wounded, but no other consequences arose from this affray.

On our arrival in port we had found a very large English merchant vessel at anchor, and alongside of it a small French privateer commanded by the notorious Captain Love, whose prize she was. It will be remembered that at the period I write of (1805) Great Britain was at war with Spain and France, and the two latter were allies. This British ship was laden with muscovado sugars and regularly condemned as a good prize. My consignee, Mr. Casamayor, had purchased the cargo at very easy prices, and was therefore able to let me have a great bargain in exchange for the goods he had sold for my account. We ultimately completed our return cargo, but I was forced to leave a considerable amount of goods behind unsold, as well as some unsettled accounts in my favor. However, the reputation of my debtors for integrity was good, and as we had a full cargo of sugar, tobacco, cigars, and other produce, and intended to return immediately, I did not attach much importance to the delay. We accordingly set sail for Philadelphia and took the leeward or western passage, doubling Cape Antonio opposite Yucatan.

I will here mention an opportunity I had for the first time in my life to witness the effects of a water-spout. One afternoon, about four o'clock, when we had passed the Isle of Pines, the sky gradually darkened all around us, with heavy and threatening clouds, although above the sky was clear and a dead calm prevailed. Every measure of precaution was taken by our old and experienced Captain Grafton. The dead-lights were fastened, sails shortened and secured, and in short, the vessel was put in such trim as to prepare her for the impending storm, from whatsoever quarter it might break upon us. Thus passed nearly an hour of ominous calm and uncertainty, when we were suddenly satisfied that the north had gained the victory. We

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perceived to the right of us the dark clouds in motion at a great distance, and under them a peculiarly formed pyramid which seemed to connect the clouds and the ocean. During the space of nearly half an hour it approached nearer and nearer toward us, in a direction precisely in a line across our vessel. This was a water-spout of the largest class, and caused much apprehension for our safety. I even heard our oldest sailor, Hugh, who was at the helm, make use of the following expression, while the tobacco-juice was trickling from the corners of his mouth: "I have seen many a water-spout, but I'll be —— if I ever saw one coming so straight on board as this."

During this half-hour we still remained in a perfect calm, the water-spout bringing the wind along with it. We did not spend our time in idle conjecture, but endeavored if possible to avert the impending calamity. It had been stated that a sudden concussion of the air would break the connection of water between the cloud and the sea, and so disperse the descending column before it reached a solid obstacle. I had a large fowling-piece on board, which I determined to load and discharge repeatedly in the direction of the water-spout at the proper time. Unfortunately, however, my powder was in my large trunk, stowed away between decks in such a manner that every effort to get at it failed, and I lost the opportunity to test the efficacy of this experiment. At length the moment of our trial drew near. The water-spout passed across us a few yards ahead of our bows, and was rent asunder by our jib-boom, so that the great weight of the water fell on the surface of the sea. Nevertheless, the concussion and turmoil created by the bursting so close upon us was so great, that our vessel went spinning around for some minutes like a block in a boiling kettle, and we were completely immersed in a spray of water and a blast of wind. As soon as the tumult subsided, we did not see a vestige of our flying or standing jibs, or jib-booms. All that was left was the broken tackle suspended from the bowsprit. This circumstance plainly indicated what our fate would have been if the water-spout had struck us amidships. However, such is the character of seafaring men that danger, as soon as past, is forgotten, and creates no other sensation than that arising from the additional labor or the loss of property sustained.

From this period the weather was pleasant until we came in the neighborhood of Havana, when early in the morning we descried a suspicious-looking vessel to windward standing toward us. It was in vain to try to avoid it, as its speed was at least three times swifter than ours. We, therefore, stood on our course until the firing of a small cannon admonished us to heave to. Several of our crew recognized the vessel to be an English privateer from Nassau, of the Bahama Islands, commanded by the famous old Johnson, said to be a terrible character. This circumstance made me feel rather unpleasant, particularly as we had part of the cargo of an English prize-ship on board. We were boarded by Captain Johnson, an officer, and six men, and our crew ordered on board the privateer. I laid before him our ship's papers and bills of lading, and he told me, plainly, that he thought he must take us into port. In appearance this formidable man was between sixty and seventy years of age, of a tall and gaunt figure, a grizzly white beard, and the remnants of his hair stood almost erect. He wore no uniform and his dress was slovenly, being bare-legged, without a waistcoat and wearing a woollen cap. Altogether he had the perfect appearance of Robinson Crusoe.

However unprepossessing his figure was, and whatever had been said of his sternness and cruelty, I soon found him to be a sensible, experienced man. He stayed with us all day, but before evening I succeeded in effecting our release and he concluded to let us go on our voyage. He accordingly departed and sent back our crew, to the no small delight of everyone, as it came rather unexpectedly. We accordingly stood that night toward Matanzas. The next morning at daybreak, to our great surprise and alarm, we again saw the privateer standing for us, firing a

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signal to heave to. Everyone thought that now our doom was fixed, that Johnson had repented over night for his lenity and was now determined to bring us in for adjudication. I freely confess that I was myself impressed with that opinion. Johnson came very near and sailed around us, during which time he requested the favor of sending a passenger on board for us to take to the United States. Being thus relieved the second time from our awful apprehensions, we politely consented and his boat brought one of his officers, an American by birth, who had been a considerable time in the British service. We learned from him that a difference had occurred between him and Johnson, that he had demanded his discharge, which was promptly granted, and this circumstance produced the second visit. Nothing of consequence occurred during the rest of our voyage, and we arrived safely in Philadelphia.

This being the month of August, it was rumored that the yellow fever had made its appearance in several parts of the city near the Delaware River. There may have been some cause for the report, but although the alarm and panic was not great, it had a rather disadvantageous influence on the sale of our cargo. Notwithstanding the prices obtained were below the market value, our purchase had been so advantageous that we had every reason to be satisfied with the result.

II.

SEIZED BY A BRITISH FRIGATE.

We lost no time in purchasing a suitable cargo for a second voyage, and the consignments I received this time were valuable. The property then in my hands, together with what I had left at Santiago, amounted to upward of twenty thousand dollars. We started again early in September, 1805, but the wind blowing a gale, we met with an accident which nearly frustrated our voyage. After leaving Newcastle, and in sight of Reedy Island Piers, we found a large fleet of outward bound vessels at anchor waiting for the abatement of the gale. Our pilot, however, thought his skill sufficient to steer us through the fleet and he accordingly stood on; but when about the middle of the fleet our yard-arms became entangled with those of a ship, and although no other damage was done except the loss of some rigging, he concluded to come to at one of the piers. To do this it was necessary to jibe, in order to bring the vessel's head to the wind to check her speed. At this critical moment the schooner, not obeying the helm, missed stays and ran headforemost into the stern of a large, black painted brig, which was moored alongside the pier. I was on deck and forward when the concussion happened. Our bowsprit went over the taffrail and our bows stove in the stern of the brig, making a hole nearly as large as a barn-door. Our catheads and upper works were carried away, clinging by the board. I luckily did not fall from the shock of the concussion, but had just time to retreat, precipitately, before the broken timbers and splinters came upon me. Even previous to the concussion a scene of swearing and ranting commenced, between the parties in danger, which beggars all description, and it continued for an hour after the accident. Our vessel, it appeared, had sustained no damage in her hull, but the upper works around her bow being entirely carried away, it became necessary to send her back for repairs, which it was believed would only take a day or two. In consequence of the fever in the city, I concluded to stay at Newcastle and await her return.

I had boarded for several days at the hotel, when a circumstance occurred which was very disagreeable to me in the commencement, but ended in my complete triumph. I occupied a small room separated from a larger one by a board partition. This larger room had hitherto been unoccupied. Opposite my bed and against the partition hung a small looking-glass before which I dressed and shaved myself, and immediately alongside of this glass was a large knot-hole about two inches in diameter, which afforded involuntarily a view of the interior of the adjoining

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room. One evening, or rather late at night, a number of travellers had arrived long after I had gone to rest, and without my knowing anything about it. On the next morning, while I was shaving and dressing before the glass, I suddenly saw a lady rising from a bed, who could not help instantly seeing the whole of my face. I immediately withdrew, placing the glass in the window and completing my toilet. When arrived at the breakfast-table, I found there a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Before breakfast was over, to my utter dismay I heard a very handsome married lady address apparently her husband in the following words: "I would give much to find out the name of an impudent fellow who looked into my room while I was dressing myself." And it appeared to me that while she said so, she cast an offended glance at me. Although taken by surprise and as it were a stranger among strangers, my resolution was instantly fixed. I got up, and with as much calmness as I could command, respectfully addressed the lady and told her that I was the person she had alluded to with so much severity, but that I was utterly incapable of committing a voluntary act of such unpardonable rudeness. I stated to her and the company minutely the circumstances before related, begged permission to call the landlord to confirm my ignorance of their arrival, and proposed, or rather insisted, on the appointment of a committee to visit my rooms, to justify my assertion that the circumstance was purely accidental and involuntary. As my appeal for justice was very earnest, my requests were complied with, and an entirely satisfactory report was made. I have never since seen any of the parties.

After having patiently waited almost a week for the return of the Nancy, I proceeded on board a packet to look for her. I had the pleasure to find her anchored in the stream, fully repaired, and we started the second time soon after my arrival. Nothing unpleasant occurred during this voyage. On the contrary, we were much diverted, when one morning, after a short but strong northern gale, we found our rigging covered with many hundreds of little yellow birds, blown off from the coast during the night, and so exhausted that the terror of men gave way before their helpless condition. We had them on board for two weeks. They became so domesticated as to sport about every part of the vessel, lighting upon our heads, shoulders, and hands, while reading, or eating, and drinking. But as soon as the eastern end of the Island of Cuba became visible, they left us in small parties until they all disappeared.

On our arrival we consigned ourselves to Mr. Broussard, and I had the pleasure to find that Mr. Maurice Rogers, my former room-mate, had returned from the United States as American consul resident at Santiago de Cuba. Of this circumstance I was particularly glad, as his friendship afforded me many advantages; and the result of this second voyage would have been very prosperous, if it had not been interrupted, as will shortly hereafter appear. In the meantime we disposed of our cargo by degrees, taking our own time to do so to the best advantage; and as the produce of the Islands did not at that time find a favorable market in the United States, we converted our receipts chiefly into gold dust and gold bars, to the amount of about thirty thousand dollars.

I also wanted to purchase a hundred boxes of Spanish cigars and on inquiry for the best of that article, received the direction of a French merchant who resided in the Spanish quarter of Santiago. When I came near the house as described to me, my ear was struck with the sweetest music I ever heard, proceeding from a female voice of great compass and sweetness accompanied by a harp. I arrested my progress and listened for a considerable time before I entered; but when I did so, I was taken by surprise on beholding one of the loveliest women, both in person and attire, sitting gracefully before the instrument and exercising her talents unconscious of any listener. We were both surprised and manifested a momentary confusion. I had almost forgotten the errand on which I came and she had arisen, apparently waiting to hear what I had to say. I excused my-

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self in the first place politely for the interruption, and then informed her of my errand by handing her the address of the gentleman I wanted to see. She informed me that that person, Mr. Chevallier, was in France, but had left with her directions relative to the sale of the cigars. I will merely observe that the purchase was made to mutual satisfaction, and that I had both the honor and the pleasure, for a long time afterward, to esteem this lady as a friend and acquaintance, and often shared the pleasure of hearing her delightful performance on the harp, of which she was so perfect a master that I have never heard her exceeded.

On getting ready for our return to Philadelphia I was, by the assistance of our consul, Maurice Rogers, enabled to have all our shipping papers adjusted in the most critical, mercantile order. Thus we started, beating to windward, endeavoring to make good an eastern route through one of the passages, which was by far the shortest and most secure voyage. After beating ineffectually for five days and finding that we lost ground instead of gaining on our way, Captain Grafton concluded to turn about and take the western passage around Cape Antonio.

On the following day, and when not far from the Isle of Pines, an English frigate hove in view, and we were brought to and boarded. After the examination and finding by the bills of lading that we had gold bars and gold dust on board, the report spread on board the British frigate that we were laden with the precious metal from stem to stern. We had, however, enough on board to awaken the cupidity of the commander and officers with the idea of a considerable share of prize-money, if the ingenuity of their marine court could find out some plausible means for condemnation. Accordingly we were taken possession of, our crew removed on board the frigate, a midshipman, William Young, as prize-master and four hands placed on board of us, and we were ordered to Kingston, Jamaica, for adjudication. After having stood for some hours on our course to the island, the frigate left us to pursue her cruise, and that night and the following day we had many opportunities to have retaken the vessel, had we felt so disposed or been placed in a different situation regarding the property. The midshipman was a young stripling without experience and of a timid disposition. Two of the seamen were old and feeble, and the other two over-fond of drink. We, however, declined any attempt of this kind as entirely uncalled for, as our half of the cargo was duly insured, and as the other half belonged to merchants in Philadelphia and was, we had every reason to believe, also covered with insurance. We arrived at Port Royal on December 24, 1805, where we remained at anchor for nearly a week before we were ordered to proceed to Kingston, where we ultimately arrived on the 31st, still in charge of our prize-master and his crew.

Before relating subsequent events, it will be necessary here to state that, in consequence of the frequent piracies committed on these coasts, Captain Grafton and myself, on leaving Santiago, concluded effectually to hide our valuable property unbeknown to any other person on board. This we effected in the following manner: Late on the evening of our departure we locked ourselves in the cabin and carefully removed some boards from the counter near the stern-post and back of the head of Captain Grafton's berth. The place thus obtained between the timbers was small, but large enough to hold ten times the bulk of our treasure. In it I closely stowed the leather and canvas packages containing the gold dust, bullion, and coin, and skilfully re-secured the panels so that not a trace of their removal could be observed, and that none but ourselves could have found or suspected the place of concealment, unless the vessel had been taken to pieces.

After mooring in the roadstead opposite Kingston, we were permitted to go ashore accompanied by the prize-master, in order to enter our protest and abandon the vessel and cargo to the underwriters, for whose account I now began to act. On this occasion I became acquainted with Mr. Kraft and his family, a German gentleman who some years previously had married the

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Widow Frazier, from Barbadoes, with a considerable fortune, and who now owned or had on lease a long strip of land called the Palisadoes, separating the sea from the roadstead, from Port Royal to a point several miles above Kingston, where it united with the main island and thus formed a splendid harbor at least ten or twelve miles long. From this place he sold sand and stone ballast to vessels departing without a cargo, raised an immense quantity of goats for the market, and in short carried on a profitable business. To this gentleman I confided our secret. I concluded that, acting now for underwriters and others concerned, I would if possible hold on to the property until the case was decided in the Court of Adjudication, which I had no doubt would be favorable to us. With this view I obtained the promise from Mr. Kraft, that if I could bring the property on shore unobserved, he would keep it concealed until the case was decided or such circumstances should occur as to induce me to give it up.

Captain Grafton and myself lost no time in executing our plan, and on the next afternoon, when Midshipman Young had gone on shore, I released our precious prisoners and temporarily secreted them at the bottom of our berths. Young was intimately acquainted with Kraft and family, and it was so contrived between Kraft and myself that he should come on board in the evening with Young and invite us three to his house to take supper with him. They accordingly arrived soon after dark and the invitation was cheerfully accepted by Young, Grafton, and myself. Shortly before our departure our steward, under the pretence of taking some orders relative to the vessel, called Mr. Young on deck. During this interval, the gold having been divided in three parcels, we loaded ourselves therewith as well as possible, and had as much to carry—upward of thirty pounds each—as we could stagger under without betraying ourselves. We were favored by the darkness of the night, and the total want of suspicion on the part of Young. The most difficult part I experienced was getting over the side and into the boat. I carried two heavy lumps of bullion under my hat, and being obliged to use both my hands, what with the heaviness attached to my body, I experienced during that brief time great difficulty in keeping my head so erect and steady as not to shift the balance of my upper cargo, which otherwise would inevitably have found the centre of gravity in the deep. However, all went well and we arrived safely at my friend's house. Young was assigned over to the company of the ladies and we retired to finish our project, which was soon done, as a receipt explaining the motives and conditions had been previously prepared by me. We spent the evening in high good-humor, and gave Young plenty to drink.

Having so completely succeeded, my inclination for sport and innocent mischief was on the alert. The gold and the money having vanished from on board, I contrived a plan which should provoke a search without leading to the suspicion of the truth. I had among my writing materials a box containing fancy sand of a pale blue color and strongly mixed with small particles of gold tinsel. To awaken the suspicions of Young, who was a simple but good-natured fellow, and had probably never seen gold dust, I strewed small quantities of this tinselled sand on the cabin floor and a little on the benches in front of our berths, just sufficient to leave the shining particles visible. The stratagem took admirably. Young, who conceived that he had on all occasions been very vigilant to discover the place of deposit, no sooner saw by the light of the lamps some of these glittering particles, than he immediately conceived the idea that some stir had been making about the gold dust, and that now was the time to discover its whereabouts and prevent its secret landing. I watched all his motions narrowly and could almost read his thoughts. His first endeavor was to keep this discovery a profound secret from us until he had taken some effective measures. He therefore appeared to the common observer not to have taken much notice of the circumstances beyond his first examination, but I saw him, when he thought himself

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unobserved, wet his fingers and occasionally take up a few of the particles and look at them with much attention. He also grew thoughtful and silent, and I have reason to believe watched us all night. In the morning, immediately after breakfast, he was dressed in uniform and went on shore, leaving word with the guard not to suffer any person to go on shore until his return. About noon he returned accompanied by two officers and a private gentleman I did not know, and it was intimated to us that they had some private business to transact in the cabin, which of course induced us to stay on deck. What passed below I did not know at that time, but after a lapse of a short time they returned on deck with an ironical smile on their countenances, which I interpreted, "Midshipman Young has made a fool of himself and of us!" Subsequently I had an opportunity to joke Young on the subject, and he confessed that after they had entered the cabin and examined the particles shown them, they instantly discovered his mistake. The presence of the tinselled sand they believed to be accidental, and the event served for a long time among the officers as a standing jest against poor Young.

However, soon afterward a formal demand was made of Grafton and me, through the judge advocate, for the surrender of the property on board according to the bills of lading. To this we responded, that, as they had taken and kept possession both of the vessel and cargo, and we had protested and abandoned, we had nothing further to say at present, except that I was ready to defend the property for account of the concerned. Thus matters remained for several weeks. In the meantime I had taken advice of a counsellor and his attorney, to whom I disclosed the whole affair. He said that he did not believe that I would be permitted to keep possession of the property until after the trial; and that on refusal of another demand to disclose the whereabouts or surrender the property, we would both endanger our liberty and prejudice our cause. He, however, advised me to hold on until a second demand was made, of which he would give me due notice and thereby endeavor to turn that circumstance in our favor.

I defended this property through all the various stages of a British West Indian court of adjudication for more than one hundred days, at an expense exceeding sixteen hundred dollars, and the result was that the vessel was liberated but the cargo condemned, under pretence that it was Spanish property covered under American claims. It is only necessary to say that I entered an appeal from the decision of the court below, and upon reaching Philadelphia busied myself industriously to render to the underwriters and parties concerned a clear and correct account of all our proceedings, capture, protest, and appeal, which resulted in the offer of the insurance company to pay us eighty per cent., and surrender to our use the appeal papers for the balance. This we accepted and settled with them claims to the amount of about ten thousand dollars. As we were not in actual partnership, I concluded it would be best for our interests to make Captain Grafton the appeal claimant in England, and in order to avail ourselves of the most influential assistance I applied to Messrs. Savage & Dugan, to be our agents for the appeal, whose correspondents in London I knew to be Baring Brothers & Company. They accepted the charge on condition that one thousand dollars were paid to them in hand to defray the expenses. As this was deemed reasonable, we made a contract in which they acknowledged the receipt of the money and engaged to use all vigilance in the prosecution of our claim.

During the process of the trial at Kingston our vessel, though under adjudication, remained in our possession, and we lived on board to avoid the enormous expense of boarding on shore at the rate of from twelve to sixteen dollars a week for each. We made, however, many valuable acquaintances, of which the family of Mr. Kraft and the Fraziers were the most intimate. With them we spent the greater part of our time, and their kindness and friendship were not bestowed on us alone, but were experienced by many American captains and supercargoes

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who either traded at that port or were there under similar circumstances to ourselves. As an instance of the greatest kindness of Mrs. Kraft, I will mention the case of Captain Wallington, of Philadelphia. On our first visit to the house Mrs. Kraft took Captain Grafton and me aside, and inquired whether we were afraid of the yellow fever. On assuring her that we were not, and that we had both, in the United States and Cuba, visited our countrymen under that affliction, she seemed greatly relieved. She told us that she asked that question for our own sake, as she had then in her own house and under her immediate care an American captain of the name of Wallington, with whom the family had been for some time acquainted, and in whose fate she took so deep an interest that she could not bear to abandon him to the mercy of others in this extremity. But she added, "I fear that it will soon be all over with him, as he is given up by the doctors, and his coffin is now standing under the shed." I asked to see him, and we visited the patient, but found him so low that no conversation could take place between us. Notwithstanding all the unfavorable symptoms he recovered, and the doctor bore testimony that it was chiefly owing to the unremitting care and nursing of Mrs. Kraft. This lady was a matron somewhat above fifty, and her family consisted of her husband, two daughters and two sons by her first husband, Mr. Frazier, and one daughter by her second husband, Mr. Kraft. They formed a most interesting and agreeable family, and I have spent many a happy hour in their society. As it was the will of fate to bring us together at several subsequent periods, I shall soon have occasion to introduce them again.

Our business was at length terminated, and we sailed in ballast for Philadelphia. Our present voyage was likely to have proved a very short one, as on the thirteenth day we entered the Gulf Stream and were not very far from Cape Hatteras; but my fate had not yet ceased tormenting and thwarting me, and I was once more to be put in imminent danger and protracted hopes. On the night of the change of the moon the weather became stormy and it blew hard from the north. On the following morning the gale increased with such violence from the coast that we were obliged to bear away before the wind under double-reefed jib, and our course was directly opposite to the one we should have taken. In this situation we remained for nearly two days, during which our dead-lights had been fastened and our galley and cabin tightly shut. We all remained on deck, and as it was very difficult to keep the vessel before the wind in consequence of cross seas, I volunteered my services to assist the helmsman to pull the tiller-rope whenever the word was given to bring the vessel's head to sea. As I had to take my station on the weather side and the vessel was constantly careening to leeward, I had to lash myself around the breast and under the armpits, to enable me to pull the rope when required. This duty I performed for six hours, when I was exhausted and relieved. The gale appeared constantly to increase, and at last blew our sails into ribbons and we scudded for a while under bare poles. It became indispensably necessary to heave the vessel to, which under our present circumstances was extremely perilous; for if she missed stays, the next mountain wave would strike her broadside and bury her in the deep before she could rise. A council was held upon the subject, and it was agreed not to jibe her, but to watch for the approach of a long sea and veer her. This at length succeeded and we brought her head to windward. She rode the sea like a duck and we felt for a while comparatively relieved. We could again, amidst the tumult of the elements, enter the cabin and take some rest, of which we stood greatly in need.

While thus lying to in this tremendous gale, Captain Grafton having the watch on deck, we were suddenly aroused at midnight by the report that the vessel had sprung a leak and that the water was rushing into her hold in large volumes. On awaking I felt great pain and swelling on the outer part of my breast, occasioned by the pressure of the rope with which I had been lashed. It was with the utmost

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difficulty I could arouse the cabin-boy to procure a light, which consumed several minutes. During this interval, which appeared to me probably much longer than it really was, I plainly heard at brief and momentary intervals the gushing of water into the hold. As soon as light was procured I found our mate, Mr. Leo, a pious, devout Roman Catholic and very clever man, lying on his knees and fervently praying for his wife and children. My first object was to ascertain the cause and extent of our alarm. With this view, lantern in hand, I removed the sliding panel back of our cabin stairs and introduced a light into the hold, when, to my momentary relief, I found that the vessel had not sprung a leak, but that the rushing of waters proceeded from the large square holes of our water-casks, which had started from their moorings between the cable tiers during a heavy lurch and unrestrained rolled about the ballast at every heave of the vessel, fast discharging all our fresh water. This loss I considered almost as serious as a leak in the vessel. On a rapid consultation with Captain Grafton, it was resolved that he and two men should take care of the vessel on deck, and that the mate, myself, two men, and the boy should endeavor to secure the casks if possible and save as much fresh water as we could. During this interval the wind blew so hard that no human voice, even through a speaking-trumpet, could reach the ear at one yard's distance to windward. Our minds were, however, so perfectly absorbed in the difficult and dangerous task before us, that during the succeeding hour I, at least, was entirely unconscious of the state of the weather. After a labor of several hours we succeeded at last, at the most imminent danger of being crushed and mangled between the rolling casks, in securing them, but saved only about sixty gallons of water, which obliged us to be put on short allowance during the remainder of our passage. We were compelled for two days more to ride the stormy waves without making any progress, and unable to take any observations of the sun to ascertain our latitude. We were, however, lucky enough to weather the storm, and on the seventh day after the gale had subsided, reached Philadelphia in safety.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT SONG.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Dost thou remember, Dear, the day
We met in those bare woods of May?
Each bud a secret unconfessed,
Each sound a promise, in each nest
Young wings a-tremble for the air?
How we joined hands?—not knowing where
The springs that touch set free
Should find their sea;
Speechless, so sure we were to share
The unknown good to be.

The woods are bare again. There are
No secrets now—the bud's a scar;
No promises—this is the end!
Ah, Dearest, I have seen thee bend
Above thy flowers as one who knew
The dying wood should bloom anew.
Come, let us sleep. Perchance
God's countenance,
Like thine above thy flowers, smiles through
The night upon us two.

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DEEP AS FIRST LOVE.

By Mary Tappan Wright.

IT was an old road, long fallen into disuse, winding up and down along the edge of a wild moorland that spread to the right over miles of treeless, bowlder-strewn hills. Mrs. Hathaway was climbing one of its grass-grown slopes talking to herself.

"'We're neither of us so spry as we once was, Mrs. Hathaway!'" she said, in angry imitation of another voice. "An' I a good ten year an' more younger 'n she! 'I may not be so spry,' says I, 'but I'm goin' to walk home over the Dogtown road—good-by to ye!' an' I left her standin' there. Perhaps it wa'n't jest right, bein' as we'd started out together, but between her an' that 'lectric car I'd 'a' went about crazy by the time I'd got to Ad'line's. There's one of the pesky things now, wailin' through the country like a soul in torment." She stopped to listen and then, after a moment's hesitation, seated herself on one of the broad ledges of granite that cropped out in the middle of the highway. "'Taint late, I guess," she said, turning her face toward the sun, "not more'n five, anyhow. My, but it's a pritty day! Kind o' misty round the aidge, an' the sky's as full o' yaller as a big light topaz. I s'pose 'tain't reely so pritty as if 'twas clear, but somehow or nuther I have always liked it better so. There wa'n't any foot-high o' witch-grass in the wagon-ruts the last time I came along here; but 'xcept for that there's mighty little change. Forty-two year! 'T don't seem so long ago after all."

She was looking back over the road she had come. The green lines of grass, following the curve of the stone walls on either side, wound through a meadow below and rounded the foot of an opposite hill. "We came along there," she murmured, pausing dreamily between the sentences. "I had on an old pink gown an' a white dimity sun-bonnet. I can see it now.—An' I ain't forgot a step o' the way.—There's other things that I ain't forgot neither. So long as husband was living I kind o' felt as if I hadn't any right to come. But land! *he's* dead, an' husband's dead, an' as for me—well, I might as well enjoy myself for once in my own way. It can't be very wrong, for 'tain't so very cheerful!" With a half-whimsical smile, she rose, and continued her walk up the hill.

"It's awful queer how we're made," she went on. "I wouldn't 'a' married *him* for no money, not for pounds o' gold, counted out, an' I told him so that day. 'Twas jest about here he began a-talkin'. I kind o' think sometimes I was guided. 'Taint given to young things in their teens to know what's best. An' 'twas best, I s'pose. 'T any rate I haven't wasted much thought repentin' over it since. 'Twa'n't easy though at the time. 'Ye like me,' he kep' sayin'. 'Ye know ye like me!' 'Yes,' says I, 'I'll not deceive ye. I like ye, I like ye more'n enough; an' you like me.' 'Love!' says he, kind o' fierce. 'That's not the way to talk,' says I; 'but even if it was, love o' me ain't goin' to work no miracles in you, Joe Trumbull. What ye are now, ye'll keep on bein' till the end o' the chapter.' 'An' what am I now?' says he. 'Ye're *cake*,' says I. 'Ye ain't good solid bread an' meat, an' I'm not a-goin' to take ye for a lifetime.'"

She strolled on a while in a brown study, using her umbrella as a walking-

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stick, her heavy gray shawl over her arm and a small leather satchel in her hand. The yellow haze of the September day lay low in the sky, and the road ran up into it. Mrs. Hathaway stopped to break some branches from the bay bushes that all along encroached upon the grass-grown wheel-tracks. "That's the first bay I've handled since," she said, raising it to her face and breathing in its pleasant fragrance. "An' I hope I haven't lied, when I've said I couldn't bear it. 'Tain't always the things you hate you can't bear. 'Twas out there, in the Common, Joe cut me an armful of it."

She watched the shadows of the clouds over the moors for a moment, and then went on her way, continuing steadily until she came to the top of the hill, whence the road sloped gently to end a few rods below in one more travelled that crossed it at right angles.

"Now what shall I do?" she murmured. "If I go home—" looking at the sun—"I'll git there about a quarter to six. Ad'line 'll give me the baby to tend while she sets the table. The other four children 'll be rampin' into everything. 'Bial 'll come in to hurry up tea, glowerin' round the kitchen as if he'd cook the supper with his eyes. The knives 'll clatter on the dishes, and the lids 'll rattle on the stove, and the hull o' the air 'll be full of the smell of fried fish. Times have been when I liked it—when I liked the little red speck in the damper o' the grate, an' when the smell o' fish meant hunger, and the clatter meant home — but to-night — I don't want to go back to it, at least not yit. It seems to me sometimes 's if I'd lived in a mill-race for forty year. I ain't never had time to be alone with my thoughts since the day I married husband. It's been drive, drive, drive, from then to now, an' sometimes I can't help thinkin' that if I'd taken more time to myself I'd 'a' been better off—even if I hadn't 'a' been so well to do! I've had bread an' meat enough, in all conscience, but — mighty little cake! And yit—" with a stifled sigh —"I can't truly say as I regret it. If I'd the same thing to do over, I'd—yis—I'd do it agin! An' it's not many women can say that after forty year, an'—mean it too!"

Still she looked down the hill undecided. A little to the right she could see the roof of a barn belonging to one of the houses on the cross-road. "If I go into the Common at all," she said, "I am not a-goin' by the Pollards'. Sure as I pass there some o' them 'll sing out to know where I'm bound for, an' if I tell 'em I'm goin' on to Dogtown it 'll fly like wildfire. Ad'line 'll be at me to know why I didn't come straight home, an' 'Bial 'll be askin' if I've taken leave o' my senses. No, Sir! I ain't lived sixty year in this world to be called to account by Ad'line Hathaway and 'Bial Bunker! An' what's more I'm not goin' home till I'm a-mind to!"

With a resolute swing she wheeled about and walked back, until on looking over her shoulder she found the roof of the barn no longer in sight.

"It's jest about here that we turned in," she said, and crossing the wall on the side of the road next the moors, she tried the lower stones with her foot. They shook; she put her hand on the top and gave a vigorous push, springing away in alarm as two or three of the heavier bowlders tottered toward her and rolled downward. "It's about as much as my life's worth," she muttered. All at once, as if to leave herself no option, she took her shawl and bag and flung them over the wall with a swing that landed them three or four feet on the other side. For a moment she eyed them grimly. "A woman's got a right to be alone with her thoughts for once in her lifetime," she declared, "if no more." Cautiously she mounted, and at the top, carefully noting that her skirts were free, turned slowly about and went down the other side as if descending a ladder. "There!" she exclaimed, as she reached firm ground; "now, who ain't so spry as she once was?"

She had entered a narrow upland meadow, and gathering up her shawl and satchel began to cross it diagonally in the direction of the Common. At the corner toward which she was walking stood an old shingled house battered and gray from the weather; the

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roof was torn in jagged rents, and the decaying glass in the shutterless windows reflected the westering sun in a glare of pale green. Below the house the meadow sloped abruptly to the narrowest portion of a great marsh that broadened out on either side in acres of rich color; for already the early frosts had begun to bronze its thick green bushes, and to streak it with flaming sumach, while long stretches of dead bay wove brittle branches in light traceries of amethyst above the splendid blue of the shadows. Beyond the marsh the Common swept eastward, one ridge after the other, a threatening, silent, far-reaching wilderness of half-parched grass, strewn with gigantic bowlders and dark tufts of bristling stunted pines.

Mrs. Hathaway slackened her pace a little: the windows in the old gray house quivered in the radiant heat of the afternoon like malignant eyes. "My, but it does look witchy!" she said. "I'll jest go down to the marsh, an' if it don't seem any better from there I'll turn home again."

A few stepping-stones, green with slime, made it possible to cross the thick ooze through the middle of which a silent stream was crawling as if reluctant to reach its destination. Mrs. Hathaway picked her way carefully, trying each stone before she trusted it with her weight. Toward the middle one of them splashed viciously, sending a little shower of inky mud into her face. "There!" she said, impatiently, "if it hasn't gone an' done it agin, an' I lookin' out for it every step. It's been moved, it's been throwed forty feet into the marsh in my day, but it gets back every time. How it does it beats me. If ye took it and broke it into flinders to mend the road with, I'd be bound ye'd find it ag'in waitin' to spoil your clothes the next time ye came along. It acts as if 'twas set here to warn ye off." Nevertheless she went on, following upward the zigzag lines of the cattle-track.

In front of her and on either side undulating lines of stone wall ran out for miles over the moors, crossing each other at right angles, and in the smaller enclosures thus formed sunken grass-grown squares and heaps of broken brick and granite showed where long ago houses had stood of which only these outlines of cellars and ruins of chimneys remained. Mrs. Hathaway went up to one of these cellars and leaned over. "Here they are," she said, in a low voice. "It's wuss'n a grave. There's a peace about places where people 've gone to rest in due time, but out here 't seems as if they'd lived in desolation an' died in horror. No man knows where they came from, an' they left no kin to tell where they lie. The place was well named Dogtown; they must 'a' been a rough lot to choose it. Joe—he said they pressed the hull o' the men for sailors on board the ship Constitution, an' that they never none o' 'em came back. My mother remembered some o' the women that was left. There wa'n't but two livin' when she was a gal. The rest'd all gone crazy an' died o' starvation. They used to come down to Gloyshter sellin' yarn, real gypsy-lookin' creeters, dressed in sheepskins an' rags, their eyes shinin' with madness an' hunger. My sakes, I'd 'a' gone mad myself if I'd 'a' had to live here alone through the winter." She turned, crossing the road, to reach the next enclosure. The walls were low, many of them broken, and the old woman climbed them one after the other with increasing ease, keeping along the brow of a hill that rose almost precipitously above the marsh.

"An' they all went crazy, an' died!" she muttered. "Deary me! I used to tell Joe he must 'a' belonged to 'em somewheres back there—he was so keen to find out all he could about 'em. He was black-eyed an' dark! My, but he was dark! An' tall. Mighty handsome Joe was. He looked like a king—but," she hastily concluded, looking up as if in answer to an accusation, "I ain't sorry I didn't have him!"

Suddenly she took a step forward with a quick exclamation of pleasure. Not far from where she stood a huge mass of rock jutted out over the marsh from the side of the hill; it was split horizontally like a yawning mouth. Mrs. Hathaway went toward it. "Well, now, if it isn't the Whale's Jaw," she said. "Now how'd we get up? Must

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'a' been round behind." The rock was near the top of the hill and after a little gentle climbing Mrs. Hathaway found herself on the other side, but here the bowlder was twenty-five or thirty feet high and quite perpendicular. With compressed lips and puzzled brows she returned. The great lower stone projected three or four feet beyond the upper one that rose like a roof above it; the crevice that had split them ran back to within nearly four feet of the ground, but it was so narrow that it was almost impossible to gain a foothold. It was a long step; Mrs. Hathaway tried it and then desisted. Even if she had succeeded, there was not a ledge nor a crack on the face of the upper rock to which she could cling. "It's no use," she said, disappointedly. "It 'd take the legs o' a fly to get up there. Joe must 'a' helped me."

She sat down in the dry grass at a short distance and looked at the rock wistfully. "I'd like to get up agin, first-rate," she said. "I remember how we sat an' looked out over the marsh that day, an' I laughed at Joe for sayin' you could find every color under the sun in it—it's true, though," she muttered, looking downward. "An' it's not the only thing my eyes was opened to because of Joe. Not as I thought o' *him!*" defensively; "but there wa'n't a blue shadow on the hills nor a glint o' sunshine on the grass that Joe missed in passing. The very stone walls was as good as a rainbow to him. An' the pink shroud that wraps things in the evenin's; an' the steel blue in the sands after sundown; an' the deep green-brown in the shadows o' moonlight nights; an' the oily wobble the moonshine makes in movin' waters—all o' them I learned from Joe. An' it's made a lot o' difference in my life; not as I saw any cause to talk about it, for there's no use tellin' folks things you see unless they're goin' to see 'em too. As for Ad'line an' 'Bial, they're so stuck in their ways that, if they thought they hadn't ought to be there, they wouldn't see the noses on each other's faces. Talk about old folks gettin' set! You don't know what set is till ye find a man o' forty who thinks he's got all the good out o' the old an' sifted all the chaff out o' the new."

For a while longer she sat silent; then drawing a little sigh she rose somewhat stiffly to her feet. "Well," she said, "that 'd ought to be pritty enough to last me the rest o' my life! But I ain't satisfied yit." Turning to the ascent behind her she began to climb through the short grass that covered the hill-side; in the low light of the sun it took on a faint shade of pink that was shared by all the scattered bowlders; even the blue sky seemed veiled with it. "When you look hard, it ain't there; an' yit you know it is," said Mrs. Hathaway, reflectively. "That's like lots o' things. —Why, if there ain't a new barn!"

A bare sloping roof seemed to rise from the midst of a little clump of evergreen a short distance beyond the top of the hill. "Now, who's fool enough to build out here on the Common?" she said, walking hastily toward it. All at once she stopped and laughed. "If it ain't the same stone as fooled me an' Joe forty-two year ago! It does seem as if the critters knew what they was about! They'll play the same old pranks on you every chance you give 'em. You think you'll know better next time, but the very first turn you're caught ag'in. It was here that those three steps was. I remember how Joe an' I poked about 'em. I said they led up into the meetin'-house, an' he said they led down into the grog-shop. We found that chain under a stone to one side o' 'em."

She went to the front of the barn-like bowlder and seated herself near the corner of it, on the top of the three stone steps she found there. "It does look more as if it had been the grog-shop," she said. "These steps must 'a' led down from the road, for there's the cellar an' what's left o' the chimbly right over by the wall. The side o' the house must 'a' been built next the big rock, an' the front door most likely was lower than the road. There's that old stone." She began to dig in the ground about the stone with the ferrule of her umbrella. It was a flat slab, not very large, leaning somewhat

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insecurely against the edge of the step below her. "It's queer," she went on reflectively, "how you're more sorry over some small things than ye ever make out to be about most big ones. Now that chain Joe an' I found here, he gave me the half on it; there was a medal hung to it with a sort o' figger of an Indian on it, and I gave him a little brass cross to hang on his end because he'd let me have the medal. 'Twas kind o' curious, but 'twa'n't worth ten cents, an' yit when Ad'line's Jimmy lost that thing, a load come down on my heart that sometimes seems to me ain't lifted yit. I remember jest how I came to do it. 'Twas the day after Joe's row with the sheriff. It was in all the papers, an' I felt kind o' disgusted at a man o' his time o' life gittin' into a fuss like that. So the next mornin', as luck would have it, before I'd cooled down, I came across that chain, an' I threw it out o' the window to Jimmy. It kind o' cut me when he began playin' horse with it; I most took it back;—if I had, it 'd been the only thing I ever took back in my life! But that evenin' Jimmy came in without it, and when his father asked him where it was he said he sold it to a man for a quarter. 'He asked me how I come by it,' says Jimmy, 'an' I told him my gran'mother threw it away that mornin'.' That was a year ago next month. Joe was drowned that week. An' then it came out how he was all right in that row with the sheriff!"

A long pause followed.

"I ain't never been the same woman since," she said, sighing heavily. "An' yit Joe Trumbull wa'n't nothin' to me!—I wonder what he thought about when that wave come at him. The men said that when he saw 'twan't no use tryin' to row over it, he jest shipped his oars, and stood up in the dory, and faced it, with his arms folded and his head up. The green water arched over him an' broke like a thousand white arms stretched down for him! Not a year ago! He was an old man then, Joe was."

Mechanically she pushed harder at the stone below her; a final lunge sent it rolling to the bottom of the cellar, drawing something like a rusty chain out after it. Mrs. Hathaway made an inarticulate startled sound and picked up the chain. Her fingers trembled until the links rattled in her hand. It was a series of little carved wooden cylinders connected by wire loops. From one portion of it, which was broken, hung a curious copper coin, and fastened to the other end was a small cross tarnished almost to blackness.

Mrs. Hathaway dropped the broken chain in her lap, and sat staring at the sky. "O, Joe! O, my poor Joe!" she cried. "'Twas he that bought it from Jimmy, and brought it here to bury it in the old spot. O, my poor Joe!" She stretched her arms out before her as if in appeal, and then hid her face in her hands.

She did not sob, nor cry; she did not even move. The outer world had withdrawn from her and left her, heedless of passing time, in the midst of silence.

At last, gathering up her burdens, with the face of one whose thoughts are elsewhere, she staggered to her feet and began to climb the hill. Once at the top, she turned her back on the rocky waste, and looked out to the west, where white summits of gleaming sand rose above a pale blue sea. With an abrupt indrawing of the breath she stood still.

On the far edge of the horizon, formed by some artifice of light and of color, lay an impossible land of enchantment. Long hazy lines of rose-flushed shore and pale green hills like tinted shadows slowly grew under the broad downward-reaching beams of a hidden sun, which dazzled in unbearable radiance along the borders of the thick black cloud that hung before it. Great tears rolled over the old woman's cheeks. She put her heavy wraps down at her feet, and with trembling hands drew off her thick gloves.

It was a sacrament.

"I was young, but now I am old," she murmured; and her language was that in which she had always embodied her deepest emotions; "but O, my God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me to see my youth again before I go hence and be no more. For my youth was lost ere I knew its worth, and age came upon my spirit before my time!"

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For a while she stood and watched. The sun went down in a glowing suffusion of light that changed from flame to rose and lingered long in the sky. To those old eyes it carried a rapturous meaning like the passing of a Grail.

When the last tint had faded she turned from the sight of the dwellings of men to deeper solitudes. "I must be alone with my thoughts," she murmured, but it was an inner voice: the chattering impulse of friendly self-communion had passed.

The day had been unusually warm, and the twilight lingered on the western slopes of the land before her. She was going toward the heart of the waste, taking no heed whither she turned, observing no land-marks. Occasionally she looked back, but it was merely to note whether the ridge behind had shut out all signs of human habitations.

The hills decoyed her onward, and in spite of the fatigue of unwonted emotion, as she began to feel the freedom of perfect solitude, a spirit of keen receptivity possessed her. She saw as she had never seen before, and in some inner corner of consciousness registered strange impressions. For now as the tender light faded, the repulsive shapes of that scowling landscape began to fix themselves on her brain. Long, lonely stretches of rock-covered moor spread vast and terrible all about her, and gray, towering masses of ragged granite reared their formless heads along the dim horizon: huge, wide-jawed creatures, like abhorrent reptiles of forgotten seas, yawned on the lower levels; and, where some primeval fury of fire had fused their inner surfaces, the red smooth stones formed themselves in livid ridges, like toothless gums.

Turning the corner of a little knoll she sprang aside as a tall bush-crowned wedge of rock, like a plumed Indian, seemed to start toward her. Behind it rose another bowlder, which from the midst of a thicket of green towered over all the country. Remembering it in other days, Mrs. Hathaway skirted a little tract of marshy ground near its base, and climbing an easy ascent to the top, seated herself some fifteen or twenty feet above the ground.

She was alone with her thoughts.

Broad slopes of trackless waste shut her in on every side, and behind them she knew that there were other broad slopes where the monsters lay prone, motionless, heavy, yet endued with a horrible under-life and evil power. That she had invented it all herself, as she came through the twilight, gave her a feeling of amusement and pleasure. The strong grip she held upon her firm old mind never yet had loosened; she could do things with her imagination that other women would not have dared. And now with her chin in her hand she communed with herself. Birds flew chirping in the air above her; a squirrel scolded bravely from the foot of the rock; and across the hills came the distressful bleating of some wretched creature abandoned to die, or lost in the wilderness. From afar sounded the long caw of a circling crow answered from side to side by its unclean followers, as they gathered in crowding rings above the distant spot whence the pitiful cries grew frequent.

Mrs. Hathaway sat as motionless as the stone beneath her. The full moon rose behind the hill, and the tall rock with its rigid burden showed for a time black against the broad orange disk and then passed below it. The silver light fell on the old woman's shoulders, on her hands, but she did not heed. Totally unconscious of the slow darkening of the land at lower levels she was gazing steadfastly to the north and west where the pale light lingered latest, held by the counter-reflections of sea and sky. From a pasture to the left some cow-bells jangling intermittently roused her for a moment. "Some one is driving his cattle home off the Common," she murmured; "I'll wait till he gets by." The bells rang on, neither approaching nor receding. Deceived by the continuance of the sound she fell back into thought again, while the darkness encroached from one coign of vantage to another, and the meeting shadows blended into night. Suddenly a bat brushed by her, and as her eyes followed it downward she saw the blackness of the valleys and gave a little exclamation of dismay.

"My John!" she said, with something

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of laughter in her voice, "'Bial Bunker an' Ad'line 'll have enough to keep their minds busy for one while. Well, I guess I'll know how to stop their talkin', an' as fer thinkin'—they're welcome to think what they please an' keep on thinkin'."

She climbed carefully down the sloping back of the rock and retraced her steps leisurely, with a certain assurance as to the general direction she was taking, inwardly amused at the commotion her late return would cause at home.

The moon was still low, and the huge bowlders cast long inky shadows through which she picked her way with the sensation of one walking in a strong current of silently flowing water. The ground gradually became more and more encumbered with smaller rocks; stumbling over one of these she withdrew her hand with an exclamation of pain. It felt as if stung by a thousand nettles, for in the long ages of weary wear the shallow, cuplike surface at the top had fallen into decay and was filled with crumbling, gritty fragments of stone, sharp at the edges, like formless shells.

"I do believe I've come across one o' them pesky cellars!" she said, as she slipped on the edge of a low terrace of turf. "What possessed those people to settle out here? My John, if here isn't another! Seems as if I didn't remember 'em as far out as this. Well, here 's an old fool for ye!" She had caught her foot on a rolling stone, and had fallen heavily to the ground. It was only a slight wrench, but as she sat rubbing the aching ankle she reflected severely on the bad judgment that had brought her to her present pass.

"How'd I look lyin' out here on the Common with all the crows in creation circlin' an' cawin' overhead? Well, there 's jest one thing to do, an' that's to wait till the moon gets high enough to shorten these pesky shadders, an' so long 's I'm goin' to wait, I might as well wait in a dry place." She ascended the hill, crossed a little ridge, and climbing to the top of the highest rock in sight sat down. "If I didn't *know* I'd gone toward home," she said, "I'd think I'd turned back again to the place I started from;" but there was no uneasiness in her tones.

"I s'pose 'twas a night like this when they swooped off all the men in Dogtown," she said. "It beats me how they did it. If they'd made off with one or with two—but to take the hull kit an' bilin' o' 'em 's more'n I can sense. Say they wa'n't over twelve on 'em, they'd got their wimmen to back 'em, an' they was fightin' on their own ground, an' so long's they'd 'a' had their sober senses—Humph!—" she made a little pause to let in a new idea. "Humph! 'Twouldn't surprise me if they was drunk. Like's not the wimmen were off some'ers, an' the Constitution sailors crep' up an' kind o' overpowered the men, an' carried them off before they knew it. My, but ain't it lonesome!"

Making a short calculation as to the length of time it would take the moon to reach a given point, Mrs. Hathaway moved a little lower, and spreading her shawl on the ledge behind her leaned back against it, and waited.

The pale light crept from stone to stone, and the lingering shadows of the bowlders drew inward. A transparent film began to blur all the outlines of the rocks, and the feathery heads of ripened grass lay soft on the hillsides like a mantle of rough fur. A thin low mist was rising from the bottoms of the ruined cellars, lurking in the corners, clinging and climbing slowly. The night had become so still that in the pointed tops of the little cedar-trees growing near her she could hear the wind whisper, stealing from bush to bush, as if carrying some secret summons.

"Well," she said, politely, speaking in the tone with which she concluded her country calls, "It's about time to start. —It's lucky I know where I am," she added, as she climbed from the rock, "for if I didn't I'd be lost.—What's that?"

She bent to pick something from the ground. Her face hardened as she took it; for even in that solitude the hereditary instinct of concealing what she felt asserted itself. "Now that's kind o' lucky," she said, cheerfully, although her knees shook under her. "I

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must 'a' been goin' round in a circle, an' dropped Ad'line's umbrella when I started home the time I was here before. It's good I found it—Ad'line's that fussy. An' yit it can't be the same place! For one thing 'tain't marshy, an' 'tain't so high. But then, if it isn't that place, what place is it? I don't remember nothin' about that umbrella since I was by the three steps, an' yit I'm almost certain I haven't walked far enough over to be near them. Besides, I don't see them, at least I think I don't. It's so gray you can't tell what you do see."

She stood a moment revising her ideas as to her whereabouts. At last, somewhat in disregard of her better judgment, she took a direction exactly the reverse of that in which she had been proceeding. She was moving as she thought toward home. "If I folly right along the ridge o' the hill," she reasoned, "I'll come out on the aidge o' the marsh, an' then I'll know where I be —*am*—I mean. I wish to goodness Ad'line hadn't never taught school!" She closed her mouth suddenly on the last words with a little snap of the jaws. The telltale outburst of irritable anxiety had betrayed too much. Keeping as far as possible on high ground she walked on in worried silence as rapidly as she dared.

The whole hushed country had taken on a uniform gray almost as bewildering in its indistinctness as the shadows, and the treacherous light made it so necessary that she should fix her eyes on the way before her, that she hardly noticed the faint puffs of air that were blowing in mist from every side. Coming at last to a stone wall she stopped to look about her before she climbed it.

"Seems to me it's beginnin' to thicken considerable," she said, after a thoughtful pause, looking far to the left into a deep velvet blackness of space that was spreading by imperceptible degrees toward the nearer gray. Suddenly on its outer edge a light flashed and was gone. "I'm all right," she said, and there was great relief in her tones. "That's the Ipswich light." She waited to see it again, but it did not come; only the black pall widened and mounted.

Facing about Mrs. Hathaway gradually hastened her steps until her usually deliberate gait had quickened almost to a run. Behind her she could still see the colorless outlines of the hills, and as the transparent veils of moisture passed between them, the shadowy creatures of her early evening's imaginations stirred sluggishly in their places, and a soft intermittent bellowing sounded from among them, as if they were calling to each other in some fearful, inarticulate language. Mrs. Hathaway ran on. "I always said, an' I always believed," she panted to herself, "that the Devil invented fog-horns!"

Suddenly she stopped: the ground fell away abruptly, and all below her was a white sea of fog. "That's the marsh now; it's lucky I hurried for it's gettin' so thick that I can't find my way. Here's the wall," she said. "Now I go down hill a piece, an' then go up a piece, an' I see the big rock below the old shingled house. Down hill a piece, down hill a piece——" She kept murmuring it mechanically as she descended. "Seems to me I hadn't ought to be facin' the moon ag'in," she muttered uneasily, "but I know the wall goes here to the left. 'T must be later 'n I thought. It's good I hurried. Down hill a piece—— What a moon!"

Great curtains of dull yellowish fog were opening and closing in the sky; and encircling the moon was a pale rainbow halo that contracted before the old woman's straining eyes until the round disk showed a sickly green and then went out. She stumbled a moment in the darkness, but finally sank to the ground on a flat rock near the wall she had been following. "I'm beat!" she panted. "I've jest got to wait till that there moon comes out ag'in."

The air was soft and quiet, and the thick damp, warm and lifeless; but overhead the black cloud-racks were sailing as if driven by a gale, while the mist-curtains gathered and withdrew incessantly. "It'll be all right when she comes to that clear spot," said Mrs. Hathaway, watching the moon.

Leaning back she closed her eyes, and suddenly a heavy sleep overpowered her. Sly creatures moved in and out among the wet bushes, slipping stealth-

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ily on the other side of the wall, and skurrying away with a rattle of small stones as the moon came to the clear space and shone down on the stern set face of the sleeper. The moon crossed to a fretted rack of black cloudlets, and passing among them tinted all their edges with pink. The heavy mist began to close again. Something brushed across the old woman's hand. With a choked cry she rose to her feet and hurried on.

"Up a piece," she muttered, "and then I strike the road. Up a piece!—My good God!" For from out of the mist a tall plumed figure seemed to start upon her, and while she knew what it was, even in the act of telling herself "'Twan't nothin' but a pesky little evergreen on top o' a big rock," terror overcame her and she ran blindly. In her panic the lowing monsters met her at every turn, grinning evilly, wry-necked, glancing over a hunched shoulder, with formless lips that curved at the corners in smiles of sly meaning.

There was treachery too in the air, for even her own senses, so long her slaves, were playing her false. She rushed from rock to rock in a terror of terror, until with a sudden gasp her reason seemed to return to her. Far ahead and a little above her she saw a green light shining like an evil eye. It seemed to come from windows in the front of a house. "Up a piece," she repeated. "There, I knew it! Now it won't be half an hour till I'm home." She began to approach steadily, straightening her disordered dress and mentally rehearsing the little speeches with which she meant to excuse her lateness and explain her condition. There was something unfamiliar in the spot, however, that made her hesitate. It seemed to be a low hut or cabin, and the light she saw came from a small pane of glass let into the upper part of the narrow door. Three rough stone steps led down to the threshold, for the house was sunken below the level of the surrounding ground. Mrs. Hathaway stepped down one step, and leaning her arm against the door-jamb bent forward and looked in. The room was full of men—ten or twelve of them—lolling around a rough table, smoking and drinking. "Why, I don't know a single one on 'em!" she said to herself in amazement. "Land o' muzzey, they do beat the Dutch!" She watched some time in painful indecision. The strange clothing they wore impressed her as something unnatural. Long thick stockings, breeches to the knees, shoes with great pewter buckles, waistcoats reaching half-way down the thighs, with long flaps in front, and odd felt hats bent into the shape of a triangle. "Well, if they're artists," Mrs. Hathaway murmured, "they're about the artis'iest I ever seen! Look 's if they'd come out o' an old hist'ry. Somehow I don't like to knock. If there was a woman or two in there——!" Nevertheless she raised her knuckles and struck smartly on the panel, but no sound came. She might as well have knocked upon a stone. For a moment she was puzzled; then a startled look came over her face. "Nonsense," she said aloud, "they're as real as I be. Hallo, in there!" But not a head turned. Mrs. Hathaway shrank back, though she still kept her hand on the post.

Something prompted her to look over her shoulder. In the mist and gloom long shadowy figures seemed to be gathering; one, stooping, was stealing in on the right; to the left, from around the corner, a dark head and shoulders projected, hazy and black with the shrouded moon behind. They all closed in silently about her on the steps, and one slipping below her put his shoulders to the door. She was not frightened now, only incredulous, and yet filled with an astounding conviction. "Men!" she shouted. "Men! They are coming to take you. It's the Press Gang! Rouse up!" But her voice came back into her face as from a dead wall. "Men! Men!" she screamed, pounding on the glass; her hands felt as if stung by a thousand nettles. Suddenly the light went out.

The old woman stood firm in the narrow doorway, but the whole shadowy company passed in as if she were but air! She heard the struggle, the hoarse breathing, the short shouts, and then they surged out again, rushing their prisoners into the blackness of the

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night—and Mrs. Hathaway still blocked the narrow way!

"They went through me," she murmured. "It's as if I didn't be—for them!" And again terror took hold of her and swept her a prisoner with the rest.

How she came there she could never say, but that wild run ended in her finding herself on the dry level platform under the overhanging jaw of the Whale—finding herself, her burdens, and her cool clear mind intact.

"Well—I saw it," she said, conclusively, "an' I know I saw it. But nobody else will ever be the wiser, an' as for me I'm not goin' to be any the worse. I'm a-goin' to smooth my hair an' go to rest; an' I'm a-goin' to sleep. If there's any ghost in the whole affair it's me, myself; and I ain't afraid o' Dorcas Hathaway yit!"

She untied her bonnet, and after laying it in a crevice far under the rock, took from her satchel a heavy silk handkerchief which she threw over her head and knotted loosely under her chin. This done she rolled a small cape into a pillow, and wrapped herself closely in her large gray shawl.

The moon had cleared a space in the clouds and shone upon the broad bed of white tossing mist that filled the valley below her. "It's like the sea out there," she said, calmly. "I wonder how I got up. It seems as if Joe had taken me by the hand an' helped me. I guess I'll say my prayers." A look of rigid austerity came over her face. With wide open eyes, bolt upright, she communed with her far-off God, framing her thoughts silently in language that cost her an effort.

With the sigh of broken tension she came back to her every-day modes of expression. "An' now I'm a-goin' to sleep," she said, "an' if I choose to think Joe Trumbull came to help me when I sorely needed it, who's hurt? It's out o' all reason, an' 'tain't common sense, but there's lots o' things in this world—yis, an' in 'tother world too—that ain't been found out yit."

She stretched herself upon the level bed of rock, and, rolling as far under the overhanging roof as she could, in a few moments was asleep.

The shadowy monsters of the mist-swept fields bellowed to each other softly, as an undercurrent to her dream. Translucent seas, with rosy shores, and fairy green-crowned hills came up before her, while the living glory of the after-glow thrilled through her heart like a draught from the cup of youth.

But afar in the distant hollows of the hills a low cry began that caught some waking corner of her drowsy senses, and she stirred uneasily. It gathered in volume imperceptibly; at no moment did the sound seem stronger than it had been a moment before; at times it was lost, and the old woman's breathing grew more profound, but the breeze was increasing, and bore the sound forward, wailing nearer.

Mrs. Hathaway moved, raised her head to listen, and then turning on her side rested her elbow on the rock and supported her chin in her hand. The kerchief tied about her head had pushed forward like a cowl; under it her eyes, with deep hollows of fatigue, seemed to rule over the rest of her face. Motionless and intent she waited in the moonlight, with the attitude and stern beauty of a sibyl. Nearer the sound came, crying clearly, sobbing and groaning with long-drawn notes of anguish—the plaint of hopeless misery, the misery that neither reasons nor struggles, that only suffers. Closer it swept along the face of the rock, where the mist was drifting by in wreaths.

Bending over, the old woman looked down upon the surging billows beneath; out of them rose and sank, like rolling flotsam in a driving stream, gaunt women's faces with dark maddened eyes, starving eyes, burning in deep sockets. Tattered raiment floated in dark streamers of terrible rags; hollow breasts came above the flow, half-covered in the skins of sheep, and long bare arms with claw-like hands tossed despairingly aloft over wild dishevelled heads lashed by elfin locks of strong black hair. Wailing they passed over the marsh, far down the valley in among the hills, until the sound of their crying grew so faint that even in ceasing it seemed to go on.

And the sibyl on the great rock lay

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motionless, wide-eyed and wakeful for hours, while the moon sank and the light of the approaching day slowly diffused through the sky above her.

"I have seen strange things," she said at last, "strange things."

She dressed carefully, and creeping along the ledge of the face of the rock managed to let herself down unhurt. Strong and erect she walked over the hills to the place where she had lingered at moonrise the night before. Climbing the bowlder she faced the east. "I will wait for God's sun," she said.

Rosy lights began to play through the wet grasses. Below her a deep pasture sloped down to a little stream, and up again to a distant rock-strewn summit. The mist had all blown away except here and there a curling wreath delicately colored in the dawn. As the edge of the sun crept above the ridge of the opposite hill she became aware of two figures descending toward the brook: they were a young man and a girl, the latter in a gown of faded pink. "I used to have a frock like that, myself," she murmured.

They came down the hill, walking slowly. At the stream the man took the girl's hands and lightly swung her over. "Joe did that for me," said the old woman. "He looks like Joe. They're comin' up. *It is Joe!*"

She watched them with charmed eyes. The sun overtook them. The girl had thrown back the flapping bonnet that hung from her neck by the strings, and the level light gilded the edges of her dark hair. With one hand she was lifting her dress daintily from the dew. All at once she laid the other detainingly on her companion's arm. He stopped, and looked down at her inquiringly. Putting her finger upon the middle of her cheek, she turned toward him, delightful and imperious. The man's face flashed brilliantly with tender amusement; he threw his arm about her waist and stooped to kiss her.

With a little cry half laughter and half tears Mrs. Hathaway hid her face in her hands. "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him!" she sobbed. "It's the only thing that lasts."

THE GLASS.

By M. L. van Vorst.

WHEN I am old! oh Love, who well can say
Whether within a year, a month, a day,
Or six times ten years that dead time shall come
When Hope is pale and wan Desire stands dumb,
And Love, though living, clasps with fingers cold
When we are old.

I think, perhaps, that Boundary's dim outline
Will not be crossed by these swift steps of mine.
But while Desire is warm, and Hope still thrills,
I shall go hence and look from unseen hills
On mighty scrolls of centuries unrolled,
I still not old.

To Be: unpierced by Vision. Break the Glass!
But if fourscore and ten my years should pass,
Witness, dear eyes! Mine, looking back, shall see,
Towers of Strength, and Peaceful Seas, and Thee,
And Love, a fragrant cerement, my heart shall fold-
When I am old.

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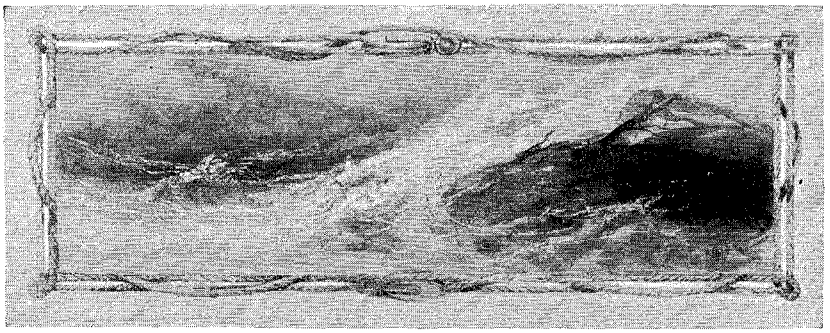

THE SEA ISLAND HURRICANES.

THE DEVASTATION.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL SMITH.

I.

THE year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three will long be remembered as the year of storms. Inland gales rose and blew furiously southward. Cyclones rushed out of the tropics and raged northward. Hurricanes plunged through the Mexican Gulf and shook the southern region. Tornadoes crashed along the Atlantic coast, carrying death and destruction with them. The memory of the oldest inhabitant fails him when he tries to recall such another year of storms. The records show no parallel to it. And the storms themselves have wrought unprecedented destruction to life and property.

A storm in the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts is no new experience to the people who live near the danger line of the sea, nor even to the people who live far inland. It is a part of the climate. It belongs to expectation. These elemental disturbances are confined to no particular area, as the oldest inhabitant will tell you. Their feeding-grounds are in the tropical seas—the treacherous West Indian waters—but when they gather strength and gain bulk, they rush madly forth, describing vast circles, or tearing straight ahead until they exhaust themselves. They sweep along the coasts, or go raging inland, sometimes in the shape of a whirling cyclone, and sometimes in the shape of a roaring hurricane. And the effects of them are felt hundreds of miles in all directions, even when they fail to break across the coast-line barriers ; for the inland winds that are roguishly playing rock-a-bye baby in the tree-tops are keen for a frolic, and no sooner do they feel that preparations for one are going forward in the tropics than they hurry to join and feed the monstrous riot of the ele-

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A Primitive Industry—Grinding Corn.

ments. And so wildly do they rush and tear along in their haste to become part of the whirl and swirl in the tropics, that trees and houses fall before them. This sweep of the inland winds to the central disturbance, or to the mad vacuum behind it, is usually described as a storm, but the frolicsome gales that form it are merely feeders of the real storm.

On the morning of the 28th of last August, a heavy gale arose in Atlanta, coming out of the northwest. It increased steadily until its velocity reached fifty miles an hour. With less steadiness this gale would have been dangerous to life and property, but it rose slowly, maintained its greatest velocity for some hours, and then gradually subsided. The heel of the weather-vane, veering slowly from the southeast to the east, pointed in the direction of the great disturbance, central in the Bahamas, and heading for the Atlantic coast. The gale that passed over Atlanta was rushing to that centre and feeding the tremendous hurricane that swept up the South Atlantic coast during the night and fell upon the Sea Islands.

II.

A YEAR of storms! The August hurricane—the October tornado that followed in the hurricane's track—the Oc-

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DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

An Island Home.

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tober cyclone that swept down upon the Gulf coast! It is a record full of the horror of death and devastation!

Of the Gulf cyclone not much need be said. It may be disposed of as it disposed of its hundreds of victims, briefly. It was the intention of this investigating expedition to treat of the great Gulf whirlwind at some length—to unravel some of the storm-twisted details—but little was left to treat of. The record of the cyclone is as brief as it is awful. It swept down upon the Louisiana and Mississippi coasts and the island homes of the fishermen, wiped out the population, swallowed the boats and the luggers, stripped the land bare, and so disappeared. That is the whole story shorn of its ghastly particulars. Scarcely a bush or a tree was left for charity to hang her gray hood upon, and it is said of those who were swift to carry succor there, that they wandered about aimlessly in the waste places, finding only a few lonely and heart-broken young men to call upon them for aid. The Chandeliers, Cheniere Caminada, and Grand Island were struck with the force and fury of a Titanic explosion, and when all was over the few cripples that crawled from the dire wreck, and the fewer who

Undisturbed Survivors.

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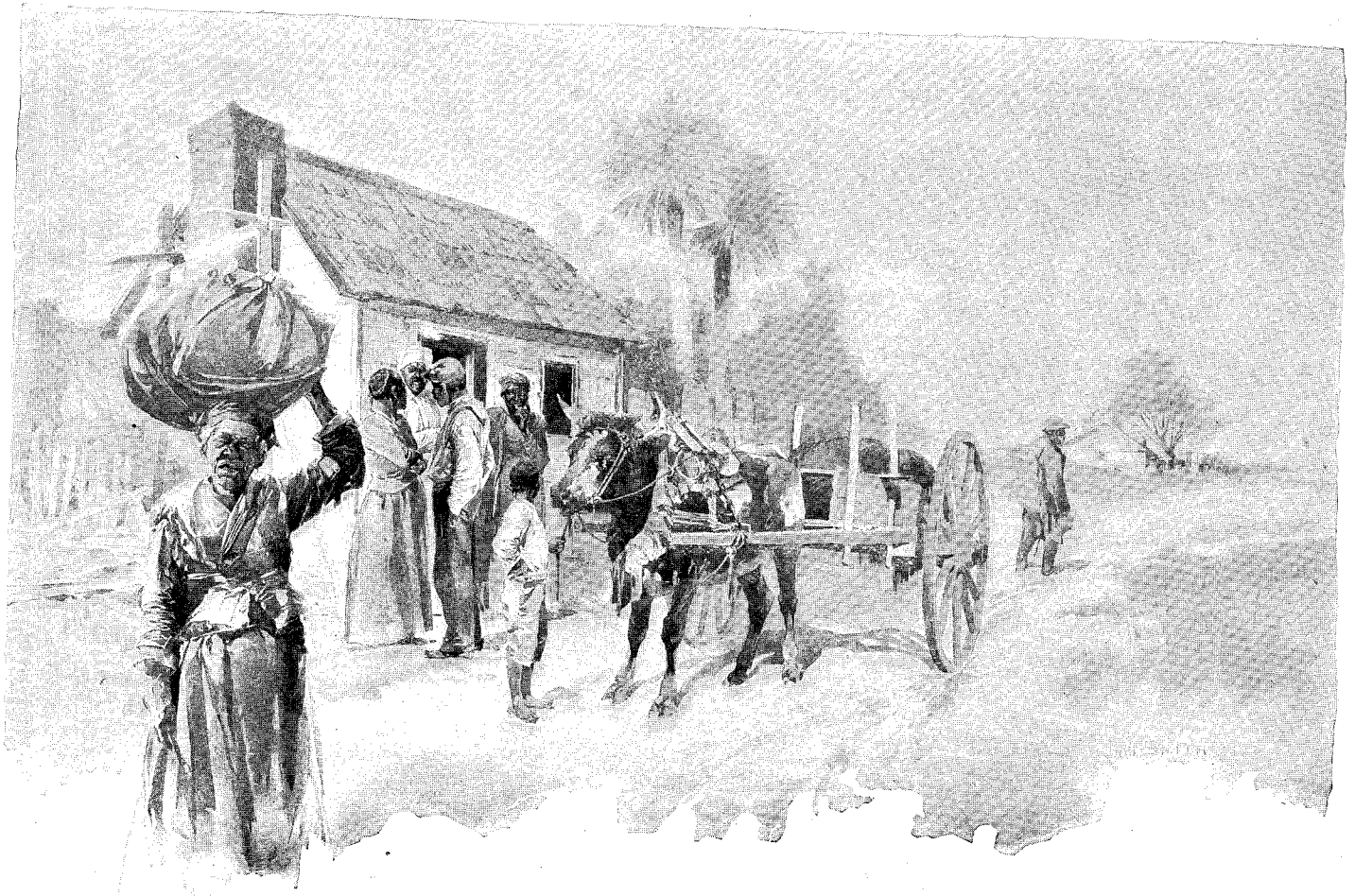

DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Talking about the Storm.

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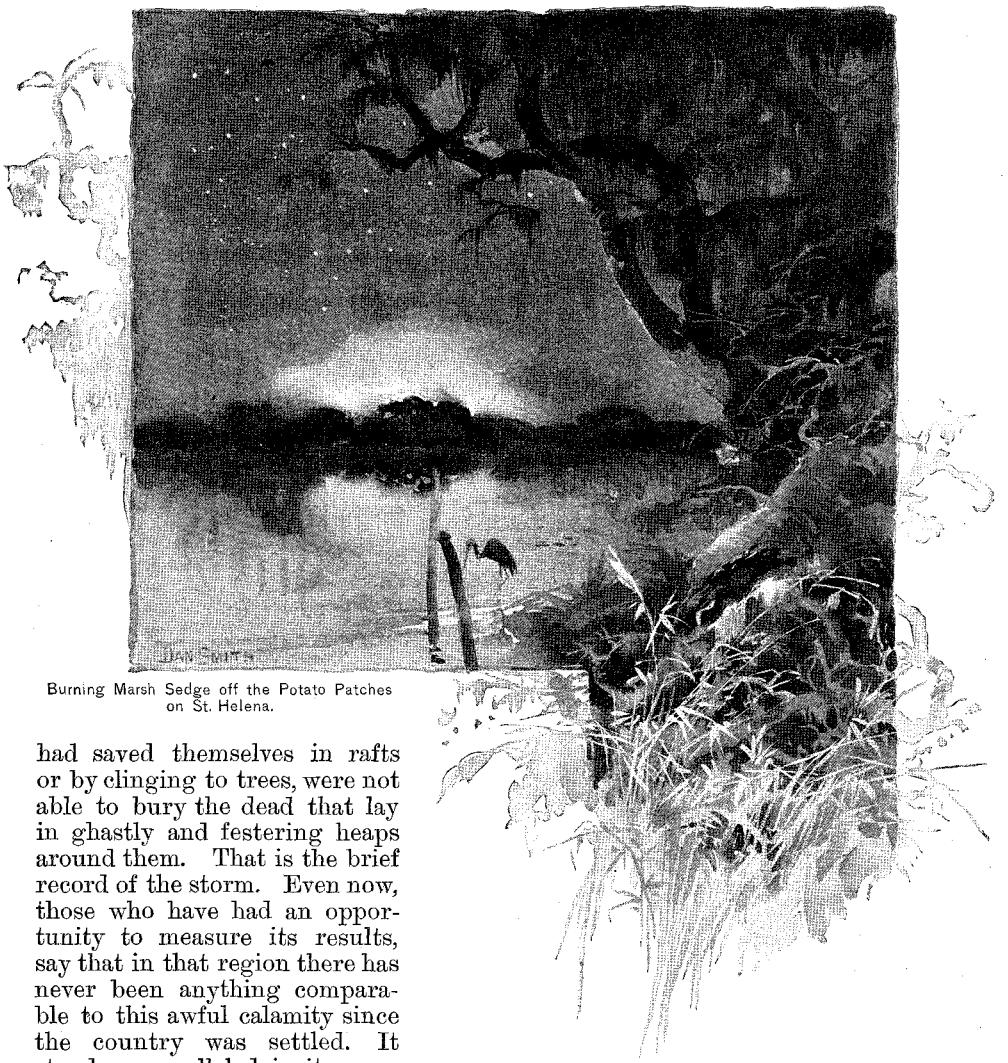

Burning Marsh Sedge off the Potato Patches on St. Helena.

had saved themselves in rafts or by clinging to trees, were not able to bury the dead that lay in ghastly and festering heaps around them. That is the brief record of the storm. Even now, those who have had an opportunity to measure its results, say that in that region there has never been anything comparable to this awful calamity since the country was settled. It stands unparalleled in its completeness. In the track of the cyclone everything was wrecked. Nearly two thousand people were killed and five million dollars worth of property blown as it were from the face of the earth. A similar disaster on the Gulf coast—the one that gave Mr. Lafcadio Hearn the basis of his beautiful sketch of "Lost Island"—caused the death of 286 persons, and six years ago 220 lives were lost in the storm that struck Johnston's Bayou. But in the October storm that fell on the coast and islands of the region that lies between Lake Borgne and the Gulf, 1,972 lives were lost.

One peculiarity of this storm was that the aged, the very young, and the infirm were all killed. The survivors were young men in the vigor of manhood. Very few were seriously wounded, and hundreds were found without a bruise on their bodies. They were killed by the sheer pressure and fury of the wind. In the settlements where the storm was worst, not a single child survived, and very few women. At Cheniere Caminada, opposite Grand Island, 822 people perished. Of these 496 were children. From this one settlement 240 fishermen were lost at sea in their boats—more than one thousand dead out of a community of 1,640

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souls. There were 310 houses in the settlement, and 3 were left standing. At the Chandeliers, and in the centre of the storm—where 200 fishermen dwelt—not a soul escaped.

The dead were buried in trenches, where they were buried at all. In many instances, the young men who survived the shock of the storm were compelled to bury the rest of their families. The wind blew at the rate of 125 miles an hour, and those who were exposed to its fury needed to be robust indeed to survive. Many died from the peculiar nervous collapse that is the most vivid experience of those who are caught in a cyclone. One hundred and twenty schooners and barges and 265 luggers were sunk.

Safe on Shore.

Fortunately for the survivors, they were in reach of immediate aid. They lived near New Orleans, one of the richest and most charitable communities in the country, a community in which the organization of benevolence has reached the highest point of efficiency. Relief was instantly forthcoming; there was not a moment's delay. Before the violence of the sea had subsided the work of charity had begun, and it was forwarded by the enterprise of the newspapers—the *Picayune* and the *Times Democrat*—which sent relief boats to the suffering survivors. Relief was as complete as it was prompt. The fishermen

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Left by the Tide.

are a hardy race that do not depend on agriculture, and all they asked was a few days' grace to enable them to set their tackle together.

III.

And so, hearkening to the clamors in behalf of the distressed, and following the tide of relief that was beginning to flow tardily in, investigation turned its attention to the Sea Islands on the South Atlantic coast; and it found there, after painstaking exploration, a situation that has probably never had a counterpart at any previous time or in any other region on this continent. But, to be appreciated it must be described, and to be described it must be approached as the Sea Islands themselves are approached, by sinuous channels that turn upon themselves and wind in and out, and lead in unexpected directions. The facts of the situation do not lie upon the surface.

The details that stand out most sharply, and that form the basis of the fragmentary information current along the coast and among the Sea Islands, are the extraordinary freaks of wind and wave. All are curious, and some are even humorous. It seems to be a relief to those who are asked to tell about the storm, to turn from the horrible story of death, and wreck, and devastation, and recall some of the queer incidents of that dismal night. All the

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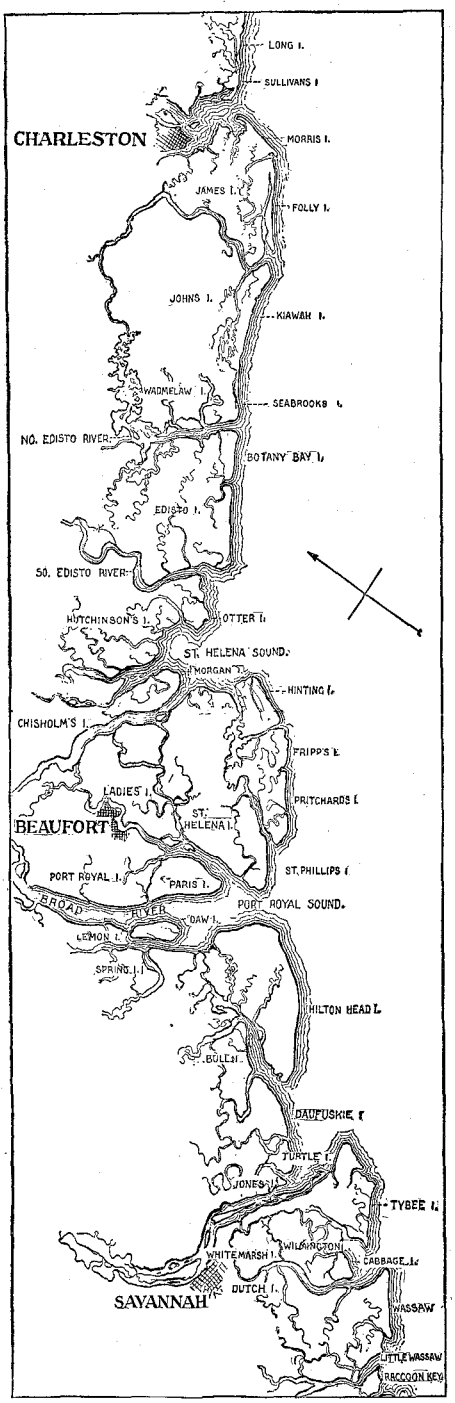
reports of the great storm are of a fragmentary character—almost as commonplace as taking a census, or as a sum in subtraction. This report will not be an exception. In order to present the situation, it will have to conform to the requirements of that situation. It will have to jump from one fact to another, and return along a devious way, and take up the thread of such a narrative as can be woven out of the tremendous jumble left by the storm.

But it should be said here, that the SCRIBNER expedition had every means of getting at the true condition of affairs on the islands. It had advantages for investigation that were not of the ordinary. Tug-boats and steam-launches were placed at its disposal, and the people, as well as current events, seemed to combine to forward its purpose.

IV.

A GLANCE at a map of the Gulf coast will show that the Chandeliers, curving outward, present a sort of barrier between the Gulf and Lake Borgne. The fishermen on the Chandeliers perished—there were two hundred perched on that lonely and insecure foothold—but it is natural to presume that the reef, owing to its position and formation, had some influence in mitigating the force of the inflowing tide. There was no such barrier between the August storm and the Sea Islands on the South Atlantic coast. These islands lie open to the sea, and the wind struck the richest and most thickly populated with full force and fury. The islands that suffered most lie between Port Royal and Charleston, and it is on these that the eye of the public has been turned since the first intimations of the results of the August storm.

The formation—the contour—of the Sea Islands is peculiar. The sea has crept in between them and the mainland in the most wonderful way—sometimes in the shape of a large river that is called a creek, or in the shape of a sound that is called a river; sometimes only a wide and level marsh intervenes through which are sinuous water-ways, known only to the native boatmen. What the lapping tide takes away from one shore it gives to another, so that the islands



Sketch-map of the Sea Islands and Coast from Charleston to Savannah.

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bear about the same relation toward each other from age to age.

At the ancient town of Beaufort, one is nearer to the group of islands devastated by the storm than at any other point. The autumn days pass pleasantly at this old place. The midday sun throws the shadows far northward, but there is no sign of winter. The summer foliage is still fresh and green, and June seems to have taken the place of November. But the lonely and far-reaching marshes, with their rank and waving sedge, yellow as if waiting for the sickle, give a sombre touch to the scene that does not belong to spring, nor yet to summer. And the long gray moss, streaming from the trees like ghostly signals long hung out for succor unavailing, is another element that subdues the mind and imparts a sense of solemnity. The birds may sing never so blithely, the flowers bloom never so gayly, and the sun shine never so brightly, but they are all overshadowed by the brown marshes, and by the gray beards of these immemorial oaks.

All day long, the negroes go by in their queer little two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a diminutive steer or a more diminutive donkey. All day long the negro pedestrians tramp back and forth. All day long the negro boatmen shoot out from, or disappear in, the tall marsh grass. There is not much noise of vehicles; the sand prevents that. There is not much noise from the passers-by or from the boats that flit in and out the marsh grass. There is no loud laughter on the streets; there are no melodious songs wafted back from the water.

The streets swarm with negroes, on the sidewalks, in the middle way, and on the corners. At the headquarters of the Red Cross Society, which has in hand the work of relief, they are huddled together until they block the way. And yet there is no loud talking, no loud laughter, no singing. The mind resents this as unnatural. Where there are negroes there ought to be noise, surely there ought to be laughter and song. What is the trouble? You look into these black faces and see it is not sullenness. You note these quick smiles and discover that it is not depression. If the puzzle brings a frown to your face, as it did to mine, an old Auntie will look at you steadily until she catches your eye, and then, dropping a courtesy, will exclaim:

"You look worry, suh!" And then, when you turn to her for an explanation, "I bin worry myse'f, suh. Many time."

Whereupon you will be no longer puzzled, for here is a type of negro different from that of the upland regions—a type that knows how to be good-humored without being boisterous, and that has the rare gift of patience. Coming or going, men, women, and children will pause to salute you, and their courtesy is neither familiar nor affected. Their pensiveness fits in with the sombre marshes and the gray moss that swings solemnly from the trees.

"It is a great pity," says the oldest inhabitant, waving his shining cane in the air, "that you could not have come here before the storm struck this grove. You see how the trees are stripped and twisted."

At last your companion has hit upon the matter that is uppermost in your mind, and so, gently—very gently and cautiously, for fear of a relapse—you lead the genial old gentleman to forget about the antiquity of the old fort and the practical utility of Port Royal harbor—"the most magnificent that the flag can claim, sir—" and tell you some of the experiences of the August tornado; to give you some idea of the horror and confusion of that vast elemental disturbance; and to present to your mind a clear outline of results.

But this seems to be out of the question. The memory of the oldest inhabitant is more to be depended on in the recital of events that have become matters of tradition. He gives you details that bear no definite relation to the large results. The storm blasted hundreds of landmarks that were a part of his daily associations. Curious incidents occur to his mind. A lad clinging to an overturned dredge for thirty-six hours, finally gave up all hope and sank back into the water. The tide brought him twenty miles to Beaufort and landed him in a pile of driftwood near his mother's door, where he was found and, strange

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to say, restored to life. Immense lighters employed in the phosphate business were lifted out of the water and driven far on shore. The barometer on the tug Weymouth dropped to 27.60 and stood there quivering like the hammer of an alarm-clock. Yes! and a great many negroes were drowned—hundreds of them, poor things!

The impression left seems to be as vague and as shapeless as the tempest was. Nevertheless, the more active and alert representatives of the younger generation have no advantage over the oldest inhabitant in the matter of definite information. Nor have the newspaper correspondents, nor has any living soul, so far as I have been able to discover. There are those who know what was and who know what is; but between what was and what is lies the awful cataclysm of the storm. The curtains of the night flapped over it; the cavernous clouds enveloped it; the raging tempest drowned it; the thundering tide covered it. The leaf from the tree, the ship from the sea, and man that was set to rule over all, became companion atoms, and all were caught by the storm and hurled into chaos. And when the morning dawned, and the tide fell, and the sun shone serenely over the scene of wreck and devastation, there was none left to tell the definite story of the hurricane on the Sea Islands. There is none to tell it to-day.

V.

THE oldest inhabitant is able to remember some very severe storms, but not such another year of storms. He is able to measure the intervals that have elapsed between these disturbances, and from this measurement he has constructed the comfortable theory that after every severe storm there must be a peaceful interlude of ten or fifteen years. But to-day, as he stands in the bright sunshine, the solemn mystery of the marshes stretching away before him as far as the eye can reach, he shakes his head sadly, and digs his cane feebly into the sand. His theory has been blown northeastward into the sea, and it is no wonder he sighs as he walks by your side and points to signs of the storm's devastation that might otherwise escape the eye of a stranger. A house was here or a cabin. Near by a shoal of dead bodies had been seen drifting along, or were washed ashore. Here was where a magnificent dock and warehouse stood, but there is nothing now to mark its site except a few scattered piles which, at low tide, are important only as showing the architectural ability of the teredo, the insect that eats them away. But the oldest inhabitant has no appreciation of the ability of the teredo. He lifts his shaggy brows when you ask about it, and dismisses the wonderful little worker in wood with a wave of the hand.

All around, and for miles and miles, farther than the eye can reach, as far as a shore bird can fly, the results of the storm lie scattered. Here a house has staggered upon its end, there a boat has been flung into the arms of a live oak, and yonder a phosphate dredge, weighing hundreds of tons, has been lifted from the water and turned completely over; here a magnificent grove of live oaks has been uprooted; there a broad-beamed lighter has been lifted across the marshes; and yonder hundreds of tons of marsh sedge have been spread over arable land.

The old man casts his eyes seaward across the long stretch of marshes that lead to the inland shore of St. Helena. A small column of smoke stands out against the sky, and seems to be fixed there. "The poor things!" he sighs. "They are trying to burn the marsh sedge off their potato patches."

Then he grows reminiscent. He has heard his father tell of the great storm of 1804, which began on the morning of the 8th of September and raged until ten o'clock at night. Hundreds of negroes in the islands were drowned. Eighteen vessels were destroyed in the harbor of Savannah, and several large boats were wrecked. The devastation on the Sea Islands and all along the South Atlantic coast was terrible, but the story of the storm lost something of its horror because there were no lines of communication by which the details could be gathered. They became known little by little, and so lost something of their force and effect.

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In 1830 a storm curved in from the sea, striking the coast above Cape Hatteras and doing great damage to shipping. On September 10, 1854, a storm of great violence passed over Savannah and the Sea Islands, devastating the whole coast region. The yellow fever was raging in Savannah at the time, and the storm was accompanied by a tidal wave that carried destruction with it and left pestilence in its wake.

In 1873, a violent storm passed between Cape Hatteras and the Bermudas, striking the northern coast in the neighborhood of Nova Scotia and seriously crippling the fishing industries of the United States and Canada. Twelve hundred and twenty-three vessels were lost in this storm. In 1881 a storm passed over the Sea Island region and northwestward into Minnesota, pursuing a very unusual course. A tidal wave accompanied the storm, and more than four hundred persons lost their lives.

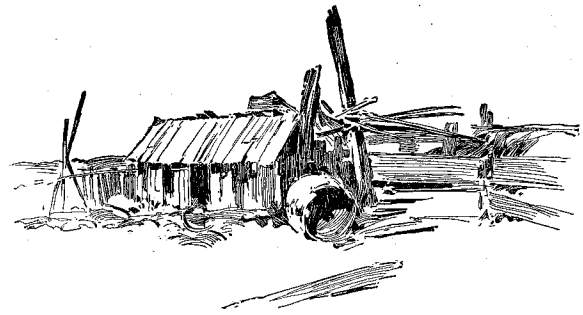
On these dates, the oldest inhabitant had formulated his storm-period theory. Every tenth year he expected a storm. If it failed then it was sure to come on the twentieth year. And the theory has had full confirmation in experience until 1893, when the storm period was reduced to a few brief weeks. There is nothing for the oldest inhabitant to do but to shake his head sadly, as much as to say the times are out of joint, and tell you of the more eccentric features of the storm that is newest in his experience, the storm that has caused more suffering and loss of life than any that has preceded it.

VI.

THE August hurricane was not unexpected. In fact it had been heralded, and for at least three days before it made its appearance warnings had been given. The Weather Bureau, sensitive to such disturbances, had found it in West Indian waters, and so the announcement went forth that a storm was forming in the neighborhood of St. Thomas. Next day the bulletins stated that the disturbance near St. Thomas had moved slowly westward. The day after came the announcement that the West Indian storm, after moving to the west and then to the south, had turned and was heading directly for the South Atlantic coast.

How aptly these announcements would fit the mad antics of some wild and terrible monster! It is found roaring and wallowing in its tropical pasture. It runs westward, and then southward, feeding and gathering strength as it goes. Then turning about, it rushes furiously northwestward, carrying terror before it, and leaving death and destruction in its path. One of its wings touched Brunswick, a city already stricken with the yellow plague, but the touch was light. Savannah was more directly in the path of the storm, and the Sea Islands, that lie between that city and Charleston, were exposed to the full fury of the tempest. And the winds fell upon them as if trying to tear the earth asunder, and the rains beat upon them as if to wash them away, and the tide rose and swept over them twelve feet above high-water mark. Pitiable as the story is, it may be condensed into a few words: near three thousand people drowned, between twenty and thirty thousand human beings without means of subsistence, their homes destroyed, their little crops ruined, and their boats blown away.

The tangled thunders of chaos shook



the foundation of things. The bellowing waters of the sea leapt up and mingled with the shrieking spirits of the air. Out of the seething depths disaster

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sprung, and out of the roaring heavens calamity fell. No just and reasonable estimate of the loss of life on these islands has been made. The adjacent coast was prompt to tell of its losses over the long tongue of the telegraph. Its dead were known and identified. Its searching-parties found them out. Its tugs and launches brought them ashore.

But the Sea Islands were dumb, and they are dumb to this day. When the tide was friendly, it carried their dead ashore, or lodged them in the rank marsh sedge, but when the tide was careless it drifted the bodies seaward. In one little corner of St. Helena, the coroner inspected eighty bodies that had been thrown ashore, and then went on about his business. Some were known, but a great many were not identified and never will be. All about the channels and through the boatways in the waving marsh-grass, the bodies of the unknown drifted, and some floated miles away. Some had their clothes torn from them, mute witnesses of the fury of the tornado. All this is to be heard away from the islands. The islands themselves have not spoken, and they will not speak. Gentle, patient, smiling, and good-humored, the negroes have no complaints to make. They discuss the storm among themselves, but not in a way to impart much information to a white listener. They speak in monosyllables. They strip phrases to the bone and get to the core of words. Their shyness is pathetic, and their smiling patience is in the nature of a perpetual appeal to those who come in contact with them.

"Were many lives lost around here?" an old man was asked. He stood with his hands folded in front of him and his eyes seeking the ground. If he had held his faded and flabby hat in his hands his attitude would have been that of the peasant in Millet's picture of the Angelus. He stood stock-still, his bare feet placed close together.

"He gone deaf, suh," said a woman standing near.

She touched him gently on the arm, and instantly he was alert. The question was repeated.

"Were many lives lost around here?"

"Oh, yes, suh; 'bunnunce!" His

voice sounded as if it came from far away.

"How many?"

"One, two, t'ree—" he held up the fingers of one thin hand. "Mebby se'm. Mebby l'em. Enty?" He turned to the woman to confirm his figures, but she merely smiled. "We no count dem," he went on, shaking his head and shutting his eyes. "Dee gone!"

Then the old man relapsed into his former attitude. His eyes sought the ground, his hands clasped in front of him, his bare feet close together.

The woman who had spoken for him formed part of a little group standing near. She was rubbing the head of a four-year-old pickaninny.

"How many children have you?" she was asked.

"T'ree, suh. Two boy; one lil' gal."

"Were any of them drowned?"

"How dee gwan drown, suh?" she answered, laughing. The intonation of her voice was indescribable. "I up'd de tree," she said, after a pause, with a

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gesture that explained how she saved them. "Dee choke — dee strankle — I up'd de tree!" The woman turned and pointed to another woman who was standing apart by the water's edge, looking out over the lonely marshes. "She los' dem chillun, suh. She have trouble."

And so it turned out. This woman, standing apart, as lonely as the never-ending marshes, had lost three children. She had five. In the fury and confusion of the storm, she had managed to get them all in a tree. The foundations of this place of refuge were sapped, and the tree gave way before the gale, plunging the woman and her children into the whirling flood. Three were swept from under her hands out into the marsh, into the estuary, and so into the sea. They were never seen any more. She had nothing to add to this story as brief as it is tragic. One moment she had five children clinging to her, in another moment there were only two. The angry winds and the hungry waters had torn them from her and swept them out of hearing before they could utter a cry. But what this woman said did not run in the direction of grief. "I glad to God I got two lil' one lef'." After all, the woman had reason to be glad. Pathetic as her own story was, it was not as touching as another that she told of a neighboring family. She showed where the house had stood, but there was nothing to mark its site, save a blackened stone that had lain in the fireplace. Every other vestige of the cabin, and of the other cabins that had clustered near, was swept away.

"T'irteen in de house, suh," the woman said, "I call dem w'en I run. I call dem an' run. If dee make answer, I no yeddy dem. Dee gone!"

An entire family swept away, and their friends and neighbors too busy with their own troubles to grieve after them, unless, indeed, a keen ear might catch a note of sorrow in the plaintive voice that told the story.

VII.

But this is not even the beginning. It hardly gives an intimation of the worst. The great trouble about these islands is the lack of communication. On the 30th of August, two days after the storm, not a word had come from the Sea Islands, and it was only through the adventurous energy of a newspaper reporter from Atlanta, that the public knew of the condition of Beaufort and Port Royal on that day. On the first of September, four days after the storm, there were vague hints of the condition of the islands. Beaufort and Port Royal, while engaged in rescuing their own dead from the tide, found the bodies of strangers among the rest. Two of these were identified as negroes living on the farther side of Ladies' Island, and another was thought to be the body of a woman from Coosaw. Still there was no definite information.

But on September 2d, Charleston heard a part of the dismal story, and on the same day the people of Beaufort and Port Royal awoke to the fact that, severe as their own trouble was, the trouble on the Sea Islands was greater. A demand for instant relief came from these settlements, and the demand was the more imperative because of its plaintiveness. It was the more urgent because of the knowledge of the whites of the exposed situation of the islands that faced the open sea. Prompt measures were taken, but, in the very nature of the case, they could bear no proportionate relation to the demand that was made on the zeal, energy, and benevolence of those who, before slavery was abolished, held themselves responsible for the safety and well-being of the negroes on the islands, and who, in some sort, still feel the pressure of the old habit of responsibility.

Relief would have been inadequate if it had been on a much larger scale than the adjacent communities could afford. It would have been tardy if it had been undertaken the day after the storm. But the work was undertaken as soon as possible and went as far as it could go. At the very best, the lack of communication is remarkable. No other portion of the continent is more secure in its isolation. Doubtless the tax-collector visits the islands—he goes everywhere; perhaps a pension agent is to be found there occasionally, for there are pensioners on the Sea Islands; but, practi-

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cally, the people are isolated. They come to market in their little boats, but they have no regular channels of communication. Their coming and going is intermittent. If a stranger wants to visit the islands he must depend on a happy chance, and if he is in a hurry he will go away without seeing them. This was so before the August storm, and it will be so when the storm has become a tradition.

But on the day after the hurricane, and for days that must have seemed an age to the negroes on the wind-torn and tide-swept islands, there were no possible means of communication. The little boats of the negroes had been blown away; the tugs and launches in and around Charleston, Beaufort, and Port Royal were driven ashore or temporarily disabled; a clean sweep had been made of all the craft that are available on ordinary occasions. It is said that the first information of the real condition of the islands was brought to Beaufort by two negroes in a boat, one rowing and the other bailing; and only men impelled by dire necessity would have dared to venture across from one island to another in such a disabled canoe.

Relief, as eager as it was meagre, had few means of reaching the islands, and when it reached them, it found itself in a dismal swamp where the dead lay about the shores unburied, where the living were either starving or dying from the pestilence generated by the decaying bodies, or by the stagnant ponds of sea-water left by the receding tide.

VIII.

It has been said of the Gulf storm that it is unparalleled in its terrible completeness. It should be said of this South Atlantic hurricane that it is the most disastrous that ever visited this coast. It struck helplessness where it was weak. It is not to be measured by the destruction to life which it caused, though that was something terrible, but by the suffering which has followed.

It is estimated—and the estimate is not in the nature of a rough guess—that two thousand five hundred lives were lost in the islands and on the adjacent coast. The truth would not be missed very far if the number were placed at three thousand. Not all of those were lost in the storm. Two thousand persons, the great majority of them negroes, were drowned or killed on the night of the storm. The others died from exposure, from a lack of food, or from the malarial fever that was epidemic on the islands during the hot September days that succeeded the disturbance.

This epidemic originated from two causes—from the stench of bodies buried hastily in shallow graves where the tide could uncover them—and from the stagnant pools of water left when the high tide receded. The wells on the islands were filled with sea-water. The first reports of the dead left unburied were exaggerated. The negroes were quick to bury their dead, but the work was necessarily hurried, for there was a great deal of it to be done. But they have a superstition or belief—these island negroes—that is tersely expressed in one of their childish rhymes—

> "Die by water,
> Lie by water."

That is to say, those who are drowned should be buried as near to the water as possible. In their haste they buried many where the tide could uncover them, and the exposure of these added to the epidemic.

Surgeon Magruder, of the Marine Hospital, who inspected the sanitary condition of the largest of the islands during the first weeks after the storm, reports that three thousand seven hundred and nine cases of sickness were treated, of which two thousand five hundred and forty-two were malarial fever. This report covers only eight of the islands. The same condition existed on all the islands.

There was a windfall for St. Helena. The storm brought close to its shores the wreck of the City of Savannah. When the passengers and crew were rescued, the negroes seized upon the stores that had been left, and surely Providence never poured timelier gifts

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into the laps of the needy. Almost out of reach of relief, many of these negroes must have perished but for this succor, sent them on the wings of the storm that had stripped them of their small possessions. But the wreck was a bone that was soon picked. Its stores were but a mouthful as compared with the needs of the population.

It has been estimated that at least thirty thousand people were left practically homeless and in need of relief by the storm. I cannot vouch for this estimate, but it has not been challenged. It is made by those who have made a thorough canvass of all the islands exposed to the storm. But let us give cold doubt the benefit of its prudence—a prudence that is frequently untimely; let us say that there are twenty thousand negroes on the Sea Islands whose possessions were destroyed by the hurricane—twenty thousand who stand in need of relief; is not this something for the benevolent to think about, even now?

Bear in mind that relief in this instance means not a momentary ebullition of benevolence, but the actual means of subsistence for a period covering several months. The negroes have lost not their possessions alone, but their growing crops. When the storm swooped down upon them they were just getting ready to market their cotton—the famous Sea Island cotton that enters into the manufacture of the finer grades of goods—they were just getting ready to dig their sweet potatoes. But the wind whipped their cotton out of the bolls and off the stalks, the salt sea-water rose and ruined their potatoes, and wind and sea carried away their boats; so that relief, in order to be at all effective, must carry these practically helpless negroes over the period that lies between two crops. And there comes into the calculation this additional problem—to what extent has the deluge of salt-water destroyed the productive capacity of the land? All these things are to be considered, and the Red Cross Society is engaged in considering them.

To provide for the pressing and immediate wants of twenty or thirty thousand people from the first of September to the end of February, a period of six months; to give them subsistence without making beggars or drones of them; that is the task to which the Red Cross Society has set itself. It is a task so noble in its conception and purpose that it ought to attract the sympathetic attention of the American people; for its success depends wholly on those who have the will and the means to fill the hands of the little band which, marching under the flag of the Red Cross, is devoting itself with an unselfishness that involves the sacrifice of all personal comfort, and with a zeal that is beyond all praise, to the work of relieving the victims of the storm.

Until now I have not mentioned, except incidentally, the Red Cross Society, of which Miss Clara Barton is president. The work of that organization, the methods it has employed, and the results it has wrought out of resources the most slender, will be fully set forth in another article. But meanwhile, before that article can appear—even before this can be printed—it is to be feared that the apathy of the public will have cut down the means of the Society to a limit too pitiful to think about. These means were pitifully narrow in November, and at that time the flood-tide of public benevolence was flowing in to aid Miss Barton's Society. The newspapers were devoting columns to the necessities of the storm sufferers, and one enterprising journal, the New York *World*, had chartered a railway train to convey supplies to the coast. From every quarter came food, clothing, tools. The sympathy of the public had been thoroughly aroused.

But there were from twenty to thirty thousand people to be tided over the winter months and into the spring. Recognizing this fact, Miss Barton and her assistants adopted from the very first the most rigid system of economy—a system far more efficacious in the end than any lavish dispensation of charity could have been. A peck of grits and a pound of pork—these are the rations for a family of six. They seem at first thought to be a poor excuse for charity, and the negro who goes after them in his little ox-cart most likely takes them away with a disappointed

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DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

A Windfall for St. Helena.

(Wreck of the City of Savannah.)

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A peck of grits and a pound of pork.—Page 244.

look on his face, glancing back at the little bundles as he drives along, or shaking his head doubtfully as he measures their weight by lifting them in his hand. "Mockin' bud been eat mo' dun dat!" He remembered the days when the Government poured out its bounty through the Freedman's Bureau.

But a peck of grits and a pound of pork mean something more than momentary relief — something more than mere charity. They mean that the head of a family which has to depend on them for a week's subsistence must bestir himself; that he must catch fish to go with the rations; that, in short, he is not to eat the bread of idleness. This rigid economy on the part of the Red Cross Society grows out of the necessities of the situation, and is not intended primarily to spur the needy ones to provide for themselves. It is a pinching policy that does not, I imagine, commend itself very heartily to the approval of Miss Barton, except as a measure of absolute necessity that looks carefully to the future. But those who have seen measures of relief misdirected and private bounty mismanaged, will recognize in this economy of the Red Cross Society, a wise administration of the resources that benevolent people have placed at the disposal of those who were despoiled by the storm. For surely that measure of relief is wise (whether dictated by necessity or by experience) that prevents those whom it succors from sitting in idleness to be maintained by charity, public or private.

In November the Red Cross Society had barely completed its work of organizing relief for the suffering and destitute on the Sea Islands. Compared with the demands made upon it, the Society's resources were small, and the fear—which may have developed into absolute certainty by the time these pages go to the public—was that they would grow smaller and smaller as the cold weather came on. Miss Barton's last word to me was to ask that an appeal be made to benevolent people throughout the country, to the end that the resources at the command of the Red Cross Society may not be sensibly diminished by reason of the increased demands made upon them in the winter months, and to the end that, at least by the first of April, these unfortunate negroes, despoiled by wind and tide, may

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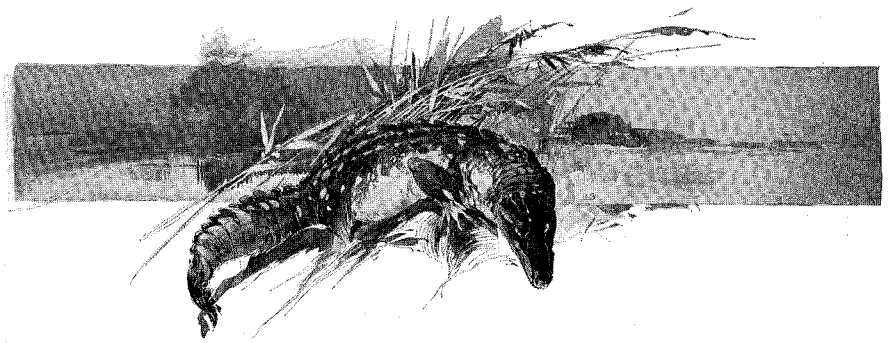
be placed securely on their feet, as nearly independent as they were the day before the storm.

I went to the Sea Islands with no prejudice against the Red Cross Society, but certainly with no prepossession in its favor. I had pictured it in my mind as a sort of fussy and contentious affair, running about with a tremendous amount of chatter and flourishing a great deal of red tape—a sort of circumlocution office, situated in the air between individual officiousness and newspaper notoriety.

As a matter of fact, the Red Cross Society as I saw it at Beaufort is something entirely different from any other relief organization that has come under my observation. Its strongest and most admirable feature is its extreme simplicity. The perfection of its machinery is shown by the apparent absence of all machinery. There are no exhibitions of self-importance. There is no display—no torturous cross-examination of applicants—no needless delay. And yet nothing is done blindly, or hastily, or indifferently.

This poor little tribute to Miss Clara Barton I want to pay in heartily seconding her appeal to the benevolence of the whole country to aid her in carrying out her work on the Sea Islands. Such aid will be more important in the last days of her mission than it was when the sympathies of the public had been touched by the awful story of the disaster that went tingling over the wires on the last day of August.

(To be followed in the March number by a second article—"The Relief.")



GUNDRYGGIA.

No sorrow knowing, laughter hath thy heart
For all eternity since that one day
Thou sawst the Saviour fainting by the way
And lookedst down from thy light life apart
Upon His sorrow and the bitter smart
Of thorns that hedged His path from thine away,
And thy heart found no other thing to say
Than laughter—to the Saviour of thy heart.

So now, thou laughest throughout all the years,
Kundry—thy soul runs wild from sin to shame,
From woe to death, from death to life thereafter;
And laughter holds thine eyes, while still the tears
Well from thy soul in anguish at His name
To press behind thine eyeballs strained in laughter.

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THE PRAYER OF THE HUMBLE.

PAINTED BY JEAN GEOFFROY.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

M. Geoffroy is a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and therefore exhibits at the Salon in the Champs-Elysées. The work we here reproduce appeared in the Salon of 1893, and was purchased by the French Government.

The reader will see at once that M. Geoffroy does not despise the help that may be got from a favorable subject, in which he differs from the new school that looks to technical qualities only and abhors "subject" as an unworthy concession to the popular demand.

The new criticism (which, as I showed in the article on Manet, is not so very new, since Zola expressed all its doctrines in 1867) would, I suppose, look upon M. Geoffroy's choice of subjects with the utmost contempt and aversion, since every one of his pictures has reference to something in human nature that lies outside of the technical craft of painting. That accusation, which, according to the new criticism, is equivalent to an accusation of heterodoxy, might be directed against him. It might be said of his pictures that they possessed "literary interest," and it is impossible, in these days, to utter anything more damnatory.

It may easily be shown, however, that M. Geoffroy looks for a kind of interest in his subjects which belongs quite as much to painting as it does to literature, an interest that is common to both, and which painting has the fullest right to enlist in its own favor, as it is visible in the attitudes of the body and the expression of the face, so that the picture does not require any literary explanation. It does not even require a title; M. Geoffroy's pictures never require titles, the best proof that they keep well within the limits of pictorial art.

There is surely no reason in the nature of pictorial art for the renunciation of human interest and the sacrifice of it to technical interest alone. The two may very well go together, and they sometimes do so, even in works produced by the very chiefs of the new school itself. Mr. Whistler has been quoted, with reference to the portrait of his mother, as saying that it was only a study of blacks—"that is what it is, and that is all that it is," he is reported to have said. The best answer is that if this criticism were exact in its limitation, a negro shovelling coals would have afforded an equally good opportunity for the study of blacks, whereas the portrait in question wins our attention by the gravity and pathos that belong to advancing age, and by the simple dignity of a figure with decent but most unpretending surroundings. So with M. Geoffroy's picture: it is a study, if you will, of grays and browns,

* See Frontispiece.

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for the presence of some human interest is by no means exclusive of technical purposes and problems, but, from the human point of view, it is a study of the religious sentiment as it manifests itself in attitude and expression, while the humble social position of the people in the church is pictorially indicated by the poverty and plainness of their dress. These interests are quite as much within the proper scope of pictorial art as "arrangements" and "symphonies" of color.

In this, as in all his pictures, M. Geoffroy's personages are acting in absolute sincerity, and not as if they were "posing" to be looked at. Nothing can be more unconscious than the devotion of these humble ones. The kneeling woman has been tried by some kind of adversity, certainly by poverty; perhaps, too, by other troubles and sorrows. She has come to the open and quiet church to seek relief and consolation, to lay down for an hour the weary burden that she has to bear. Perhaps it will be a little lighter when she takes it up again on returning to the noisy streets outside.

This is the kind of religious art most satisfying in our time, because it may be absolutely true, and we have become too critical for the unquestioning acceptance of religious personages who never sat to any painter and of whose physical appearance we have no authentic record. It is not a sign of decadence in religious art that it should abandon the attempt to represent events no artist ever witnessed and take to painting, instead of them, the expression of the religious sentiment as one observes it in his own contemporaries. Still, though such a choice of the observable does not imply any decadence, it marks a striking change—it marks the advance of the modern spirit with its love of what can be seen in reality, its sympathy with genuine feelings, and its renunciation of attempts to recover that which is irrevocably lost.

When M. Geoffroy represents children, as he has done in many of his pictures, it is always with lively human sympathy, sometimes humorous and sometimes profoundly pathetic. A good example of the first is "Le Quart-d'heure de Rabelais," which I may explain for readers not familiar with the allusion as the disagreeable moment when one has to pay. A little boy has placed himself in that position by eating roasted chestnuts in the street, and his hand is far down in an empty pocket while the roaster stretches out his hand with a menacing expression, and a heartless little eye-witness laughs at the debtor in his difficulties. This picture was exhibited in 1881, and being very well composed and full of expression, it won an "honorable mention" for its author. The most representative picture of the other or pathetic class was exhibited in 1883, under the title "Les Infortunés," an expression which cannot well be translated into English. A plate from it appeared in the *Portfolio*, and we called it "Chill Penury" as a sort of equivalent. It represented an indigent family waiting for relief and showing all the dreadful effects of hereditary poverty, yet the painter's tender sympathy overcame whatever might have been repulsive in such a subject and left us only commiseration. Surely this human sympathy may be compatible with such artistic merits as a right interpretation of "values" and the arrangement which we call "composition." If these artistic merits had been absent it is hardly likely that the jury of 1883 would have given the painter a third-class medal, or that the picture would have been bought for the gallery of the Luxembourg. The new criticism boasts of these distinctions when accorded to Mr. Whistler, who won a third-class medal in the same year and whose picture of that year was also purchased, though much later, for the Luxembourg. Another very sympathetic picture by M. Geoffroy—"Visiting-day at the Hospital"—was exhibited in 1889, and is now in the same national collection. One of the prettiest and most interesting of M. Geoffroy's pictures of children had nothing to do with poverty or disease, but only with health and cleanliness. It was called "Le Lavabo à la Classe Maternelle," and represented a number of bright and active little children washing themselves by turns. Here again artistic interests did not suffer, as the work was composed

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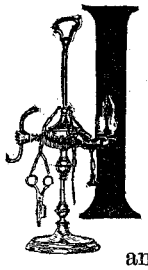
with a skill that reminded us of the old Dutchmen.

The moral of M. Geoffroy's success is that the human or popular and the artistic interests are perfectly compatible, and that there is not the slightest real necessity, in the nature of things, why one should be sacrificed to the other. Besides this, M. Geoffroy's pictures, such as the "Itinerant Basket-maker," for example, exhibited in 1884, prove conclusively, if any proof were needed, that the art of composition which is disliked and depreciated by the new criticism, may be exercised and cultivated without detracting in the least from the other artistic qualities or from the human interests of a picture.

AN UNSIGNED PORTRAIT.

By Robert Howard Russell.



IT was a very disagreeable night outside. The few men who had found their way to the club had lingered long over their coffee after dinner, and had evidently made up their minds not to venture out again until they were obliged to, and so, when I happened in, I found a little group in one of the cosiest corners. Their cigars were lighted, and the little row of empty glasses gave evidence that the customary *chasse* had not been omitted.

Van Wagener, whose "Portrait of a Lady" had lately been awarded the first prize at the Academy, was discussing the recent Exhibition with Gannett and Hamilton, two of our best illustrators, while Effingham the young editor, and Granville who wrote stories, were dividing their attention between listening to the discussion, and blowing rings of smoke in the air. Through the smoke rings I discovered Lawson, the artist, lounging in the corner. I have never liked Lawson, although he is a handsome fellow with a face that would attract attention anywhere. Four or five years ago he went to Paris, and during his two years' residence there he acquired a pessimistic philosophy which I cannot endure. And besides, I always have an instinctive distrust of the man who can see no good in anything.

I accepted an invitation to join the group, and their conversation went on.

"I say, Granville," said Lawson, "you and Effingham ought to get up a 'Literary Retrospective.' It strikes me that about all the good stories have been told, and that there is no new or fresh note in the literature of the day. Why don't you get all the latest stories of the men who are writing to-day, and paste them up alongside of some of their earlier efforts, sort of 'deadly parallel column' business, don't you know, and see how they have all tapered off?"

Granville stopped blowing smoke-rings and leaned forward.

"I don't agree with you, Lawson, that they have all tapered off, as you put it. In fact, I think that some of our men to-day are coming nearer than ever before to the true field of literature, in taking the stories from every-day life about us, and making concise, well-worded and exact pictures of them that cannot fail to interest from their very truthfulness."

"A good theory," sneered Lawson, "but where do you find stories in every-day life? I tell you they are not to be found; everything is humdrum and commonplace, until you fellows gloss it over by supplying the sentiment, the motives, and the language, which were lacking in the incident itself, and then palming it off as a true picture of our modern life."

"I don't suppose, for an instant, that an example to the contrary would convince you," rejoined Granville, "but I have only the other day come to the end of a true story, which to me, at least, has not been humdrum. If it will not bore these other fellows I will relate it for your benefit, and for the hope of your

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reformation." There was a general nod of encouragement and assent from the group, and after all had disposed themselves comfortably, Granville began his story.

If at any time during the last three years when the approach of winter has driven people back to town, and filled the avenues with promenaders, any of you have walked up on the east side of Fifth Avenue on Sunday afternoon between four and five, you must have met a mysterious personage who invariably appears at that time, and whose face had grown familiar to me in my walks. It was useless to search the streets for him in summer; he was never to be seen until the season fairly opened, and the Avenue given over to the parade of fashion. Then you would meet my young friend.

He had worn the same clothes ever since I first saw him, some three years ago. His silk hat, no longer in style, was carefully brushed, and the places where the binding was frayed were neatly inked so that you hardly noticed them. Beneath a long dark coat, much too small for him, and drawn at every button, showed snuff-colored trousers of a curious cut, tight and wrinkled at the knee, loose, stained, and frayed at the bottom. His face had interested me with its unchangeable melancholy. The dark eyes were deep set. The cheeks, somewhat sunken, had their pallor intensified by the dark, closely trimmed French beard. Always alone, —in the crowd but not of it—he walked, with his body bent slightly forward, but with a swing which carried him faster than the average pedestrian, and enabled him to thread his way through the throng with a rapidity which made his appearance and disappearance almost simultaneous. You never saw him coming, but suddenly he would appear, his restless eyes would look searchingly into your face, and before you could turn in the crowd he would be half a block away, lost in the stream of southbound promenaders. Some months ago I made up my mind to follow him and take the chances of something turning up which would lead to my better acquaintance with the mysterious stranger, and so, the next time I met him I wheeled shortly on my heel and followed his lead down the Avenue.

The pace was fast, and as we went I noticed the somewhat annoyed look of the men that passed him into whose faces he had peered. I also noticed for the first time, that he looked only at the men. Women whose beauty should have commanded at least a quick glance, passed him, but his eye ranged over their heads in search for the faces of the men behind them.

Swiftly we went down the Avenue, crossing at Thirty-fourth Street to the west side. As we passed the Waldorf he gave a scrutinizing and comprehensive look at the tables behind the yellow curtains, then his eye returned once more to the street, and we pursued our way. Past Delmonico's and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and then on, with quickened pace as it grew dusk, until we reached Washington Square. Then under the marble arch and across the square to one of the streets leading away to the south, where the signs and shops denote a French colony.

At last he stopped and entered the door of a little frame building on the front of which was painted, in large letters, MAISON DUBUSIER, the lower part of which was occupied by a French pastry-cook's shop. A scrap of paper pasted by the side door announced, *Furnished Rooms to Rent.* The building had but two stories and an attic with dormer windows. The roof was patched in many places with various coverings of tin, slate, and shingle, and the whole establishment had the appearance of being ready to fall down on the slightest provocation. Determined, if possible, to satisfy my curiosity, I entered the shop and asked to see the rooms that were for rent.

The little Frenchman who presided over the pastry counter was sorry his best, which he was sure would suit Monsieur, were all taken. He had but one room to offer, and that was in the attic; probably Monsieur would not care to look at it even, although a young countryman of his who occupied a similar room in the back of the house did not complain, and the price was very low—only five dollars a month.

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I mounted the creaking stairs to inspect the attic apartment, and was ushered into a dark little cave under the roof, lighted by the dormer window at the end, and barely high enough to stand erect in, except in the centre under the ridge pole.

The landlord had just begun to expatiate on the merits of the room when a distinct groan from the room in the rear stopped his speech. It was followed by the sound and jar of a body falling to the floor. Dubusier went to the door and knocked; as there was no response he opened it, and as we went in I saw my mysterious friend lying on the floor in a dead faint. I unloosed his collar and chafed his hands, and despatched the landlord for some cognac and water. In a few moments he was better, but still so weak and pale that I insisted upon his getting into bed, and after the brandy arrived I ordered a bowl of strong bouillon made to warm and strengthen him.

In the absence of the landlord I had a chance to look around the room. It was a cheerless place, without fire or light, and the only piece of furniture in it, besides the bed and a rickety chair, was an easel, which stood where the light which struggled through the one dingy dormer window, could fall full upon the canvas which it supported. I stepped back where I could get a view of the picture, and could scarcely restrain an exclamation of surprise. Before me was a wonderfully painted head of a girl, illuminating the corner of the poor room, the dark eyes shining from the canvas, and the perfect lips just parting in a smile.

It was the masterpiece of some artist, and I could feel that the man who had painted it had put his whole soul in this portrait. When my eyes left the picture and turned toward the bed, I saw my friend raised on his elbow regarding me intently.

"It is beautiful," I said.

"Yes," he sighed, and sank back on his pillow.

I did not wish to disturb him further so left him in charge of M. Dubusier, instructing him to look after him, and telling him that I would stop in the next day and see how he was getting along.

To make a long story short, I stopped in the next day and found from Dubusier that the poor fellow's weakness was the result of starvation. He had gone without food for two days rather than beg his bread.

Well, I helped him a trifle by giving him a little money under pretence of a loan until he should be able to work again, and arranged with Dubusier to see that he had plenty to eat until he was strong enough to get about.

He seemed very grateful for the little kindness that I had been able to show him, and insisted upon having my address, saying that as soon as he could get some work he should call upon me to thank me and to repay the small sum which I had loaned him. And sure enough, one night about a month ago, as I was sitting alone in my rooms smoking a reflective pipe, there came a knock at the door, and when I opened it there stood my Frenchman.

I placed him in front of the fire, and made him as comfortable as I could with a pipe and a glass, and he told me his story, which was this:

Born in Paris, he had lived there all his life. His family were well-to-do, and his boyhood had been a pleasant one. Then came Cècile! Ah, Cècile! He had loved her as long as he could remember, and when he received his commission as a lieutenant in the French Chasseurs and was on the eve of starting for the war in China, they had walked out in the garden together while the old people were lingering over their coffee. He had told her how hard it was to part with her, and had seen the tears stand in her eyes till he held her in his arms, and then they had promised always to be true to each other, and had stood before the old people to receive their blessing.

Those were hard days in China—the heat, the fever, the fierce battles in the wet rice-fields and the bamboo thickets—but ever the thought of Cècile kept him up. The fever had nearly burned his soul from his body, but he would not die. He must live for Cècile. At last his regiment was ordered home, and he boarded the troop-ship with a light heart. The voyage was long and the

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discomfort great; weak men died between decks from the heat, and were shrouded in canvas and dropped over the side of the vessel to their resting-place at the bottom of the sea; but his heart grew lighter as each sun went down, and in his sleep he murmured to himself, "Cècile! Cècile!" Their boat arrived a full day before it had been expected, and with joy he thought of the glad surprise it would be for her to have him back one day sooner than she had thought to.

He hurried to his home and greeted his mother, and then, impatient to be off, opened a letter that had just been left for him. It was from her. It read:

"You will be home to-morrow. I shall not see you, for I go to-day. I love another better than I have loved you. I sail to-night from Havre for America. Forgive me if you can, and think of me as one who let her heart rule where her duty should have governed. CÈCILE."

To-night! There was yet time. The steamer-train would leave in a few minutes and he might catch it and save her.

Jumping into a cab he had driven to the station in utmost speed only to see the train going out. A desperate effort to force open the door of a compartment on the moving train resulted in his being caught and held in the strong arms of two guards on the platform while the train passed out, but not until he had seen a white and frightened face looking at him from a window, and behind it another face which lived in his memory ever after, the face of the man who had stolen his Cècile.

At first he had but one thought—to follow them to America and to bring her back; but then came the thought of his duty to his country, and the blood rushed to his cheeks as he realized that he was contemplating desertion from his regiment. A deserter! No, he must wait until he could obtain leave of absence for a few months, and then go.

So with a sad heart he sought her parents, and found them broken-hearted and dazed, weeping over the note which she had left for them.

In her letter she had asked that her picture, which had been painted by the man she loved, should be given to him. They would find it in her room. With trembling hands the old couple brought the package to him, they loosed the wrappings, and then all three gazed for the first time upon the counterfeit presentment of her face, created by the man who had taken her in its place. It was unsigned. Before he could secure any information which would identify the unknown artist, his regiment was ordered away again, this time for an African campaign. Upon his return at the end of a year he resigned his commission, and with what little money he had, came to America to find Cècile. By so doing he incurred the displeasure of his family, and could no longer look for any help from them.

At last he had found her, deserted and alone, struggling hard, as best she could, to obtain the bare necessaries of life. Weary and ill, she mustered courage each day to go to the great shop where she worked, fearing starvation if she failed, but yet no word of complaint ever passed her lips, nor could she be led to speak of the man who had wrecked her life. She loved him still, in spite of the bitter cruelty of his desertion.

From that day commenced his tireless search for the face which had burned itself into his memory in that terrible moment when the train passed out of the Paris station, bearing with it all the happiness of his lifetime. As long as she lived he should continue that search, and should he ever come face to face with the man who had deserted her, then her wrongs would be righted, or there would be a day of reckoning.

At first she had refused help of any kind from him; but the day soon came when she was unable to go to her work any more, and then he had found a home for her with a little French family, where she could have a room that the sunshine sometimes found, and where he could send to her each day a few flowers to speak the tenderness that he had in his heart for her. But she grew worse. His alarm at her condition was increased by the knowledge that his little store of money was almost exhausted. With the last dollar of it he paid for her admission to the hospital, and then he had tried to find work, that

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he might support himself, and be able to send her the fruit and flowers each day, so that she should not know that he also was in want.

He had had a hard time. He knew no one to appeal to, and had experienced the greatest difficulty in getting anything to do, until a kind-hearted artist had interested himself in him, and had paid him to pose for him, and had recommended him to other artists. But there were many days when no one wanted him, and then he had gone without food in order to send the little handful of flowers to the hospital. Cècile was much touched by his devotion to her, and looked forward to the hour that he spent with her each week on the visiting day. On other days she would ask to be placed by the window, and each afternoon he walked by that he might see her sitting there. For the last week she had not been well enough to sit up, but could reach the window-still from her bed, and every afternoon placed the flowers there so that he should know, as he walked by, that she was thinking of him.

Before leaving he repaid me the small sum I had loaned him. The artists had been kind, he had had many sittings, and had even saved up a small sum of money against a rainy day.

A week afterward as I was walking uptown one afternoon, he overtook me, and said:

"Monsieur was interested in the picture, perhaps if he would care to walk a few blocks farther he might see the original. Possibly she might be well enough to-day to sit in the window. At least we should see the flowers which she had placed there."

As we walked on I could see his eyes brighten with the hope of seeing Cècile. When we reached the block on which the hospital was situated he commenced to speak excitedly:

"If Monsieur will look at the window in the second story — the third from the end—when we shall reach there, he will see the flowers—they will be there, she has never yet failed in all these months to place them there."

I looked up at the window indicated, but there were no flowers there, and when I turned to speak to my companion he had disappeared. I waited for some time for him to reappear, and then went to the door of the hospital and inquired.

"Yes, a man had just been there and had asked for Cècile, the little French girl who died that morning, and when told that she was dead he had gone away without a word. His eyes had a wild look, and he staggered as he went; perhaps he had been drinking."

I stopped at Dubusier's the next day, and was told that his tenant had not been seen since the day before. A week later a note came to me, in which he asked me to get the picture from his room and keep it in remembrance of him, as it was all he had to offer me in return for the kindness I had shown him.

I brought the picture to my rooms and have it there now; and if you care to we will go over and take a look at it. It is a fine bit of work, and perhaps some of you fellows who know each other's technique, could tell who painted it.

I looked around for Lawson, but he had disappeared. After we had got our coats and hats we started across the square in the driving storm. Arrived at Granville's rooms, we were told by George, his colored servant, that a gentleman had just called to see Mr. Granville, and had said that he would wait for him, but on being alone for a moment, evidently had changed his mind and departed in haste.

We laid aside our hats and coats while George brought out the "Old Cheshire Cheese" jug, and then Granville prepared to astonish us by drawing aside the curtain which veiled the picture on the easel in the corner. The astonishment was his. The canvas had been cut from the frame close to the edge. Evidently the muffled visitor who had departed in such haste was a sneak thief of artistic tastes, who perceiving that this was the most valuable of Granville's movable property had appropriated it.

The day following Lawson went back to Paris—so suddenly that Granville never had the opportunity of asking him if he found his story interesting.

I shall not miss him much, for I have never liked him.

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A LADY OF THE LINE.

By George I. Putnam.

I HAVE heard good officers of the army say solemnly: "If it were not for the women we should get along very well in the service." This when discussing garrison troubles. There is something in this, but not the thing they think. For to be forever free of dissension, then, they have only to refrain from marrying and giving in marriage. How simple a thing to do that is!

If the officers went below the surface and got at the causes of events they would not say such things.

I don't mean to imply that all army women can get along well together; whatever this tale may lack, it at least has truth. The women have as many differences as the men—some say more. And when these differences ripen and become garrison property, the men, because they are married to the women or hope to be, are often led to take a hand. There was the time when Mrs. Major McLaughlin was put off the post by the colonel's order; there was harmony for you! There were as many factions as there were sides to the story; and there were as many sides as there were officers. And there was the duel between Captain Blake and Lieutenant Canlee, because their wives hadn't spoken to each other for six months. And there was the campaign between Mrs. Captain Robb and the wife of Doctor Volante—a pretty bit of feminine strategy. It was the outcome of their simple antipathy. That is the story I am going to tell.

The instinctive dislike, in this case, was reinforced by professional jealousy. The Line has always its shoulder turned toward the Staff; and the Staff has no idea of reconciliation. These two women were shut into that little frontier garrison and had to see each other every day, whether or no; but they were women of wide army experience, and of good sense, measurably so, and would have found a way to get along had they both been in the Line or the Staff, just as other women did. But, of course, they shared the sentiments of their husbands; and hence the war. Clearly, this time, the fault was with the men.

The Doctor's wife was said to have once been a belle, and there were those who laid special stress on the *once*. But Mrs. Volante cared nothing for these; her motto was: "Once a belle, always a belle." There were stories of her conquests at every post from Puget Sound to Corpus Christi. Wherever she was, she always essayed the leading social rôle; and it was seldom that a woman said to her: "Mrs. Volante, you are talking out of turn." She rather encouraged the single men in coming up on her porch to lounge and chat; and she seldom depended on the Doctor's escort for the post festivities.

Mrs. Robb was no rival of hers in these matters. She did not care a hairpin for any man's words or presence, except Robb's; but she did not propose to be dictated to by any woman of the Staff, and particularly by the Doctor's gay wife. She was a fearless little woman. Not even the Colonel's wife had any terrors for her, and that was why Robb's company was always shelved at some villainous station, away from the regimental band and headquarters. But no interloping Staff woman could step in and take precedence over the ladies of the regiment while she was at the post.

Each, then, recognized the antagonistic element in the other. And they bowed acidly as they met on the walk in front of quarters, and dealt each other ceremonious calls at long intervals.

So it was, when a vacancy occurred among the second lieutenancies at the post. Death was the cause—it always is. Any of those old lieutenants of the Line would tell you how it goes in the service: shattered hopes, old age, death; plenty of room for all in a couple of

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grades. They shake their heads sadly over it; but it isn't so very different in civil life.

Now, the vacancy did not occasion so much interest as the certainty that it would be speedily filled. So much depended on the new-comer, socially. And it was discussed whether he would be a promotion from the ranks. . . .

"I hope not, for my daughter's sake," said Mrs. Robb. Miss Robb was old enough to be in society twice over, and was being pushed forward by her mother as a counter-irritant to Mrs. Volante.

"So impressionable! She would be certain to marry him!" said Mrs. Volante, with ironical sympathy. . . .

Or would he be a civilian appointment? . . .

"Passable, with good looks and money," said the Doctor's wife. . . .

"How funny! We of the Line think only of soldierly qualities," said the Captain's wife, smiling back at her. . . .

Or would he be a West Pointer? . . .

"I understand it is a large class this year, and vacancies are few," said Mrs. Volante.

"Our regiment ranks next to the artillery as a choice," said Mrs. Robb, with great pride in her voice. And this was one to her account, for no graduate had applied for the Nth Infantry in five years, and those lucklessly assigned to it had done their best to effect a transfer. In fact, one man had paid a big bonus for his escape, and his name had been tabooed in the regiment ever since.

But while the ladies were getting an edge on their swords preparatory to the social contest over the new sub, the class at West Point graduated, and Lallyman, who stood seven, applied for the vacancy, and got it without opposition. The young engineers and artillerymen around him marvelled at his preference, but he said: "You wait. That regiment is going to have rapid promotion and good stations some day, and I'll be in clover while you fellows are snuffing alkali." He ignored the fact that engineers and artillerymen never see plains service; and he did not know what alkali was, except as a disagreeable something pertaining to the arid region. But it made an effective climax to his defence, and he went out to the regiment preceded by a reputation for uncommon discernment and long-headedness. And the officers welcomed him as a man, and the ladies as a being still more desirable.

As a fact, he was neither a little god nor a man. He was a good-hearted, green, unformed boy, with extensive views of his own importance. It was his nature to think fairly well of himself; and this element had been fostered by high standing in his class, and high chevrons in the Corps of Cadets. The heights of power to which the First Captain of the Corps at West Point rises are sublime. Jove hands over the thunderbolts to him at command. And it is a terrible drop from First Captain at West Point to an every-day Second Lieutenant at a plains station. Some strike on their feet all right. But some come down whirling, and find themselves in a sad mess. That was the way with Lallyman.

He started out with the assumption that he was an officer and a gentleman. The first, his commission assured him of; the second, the Articles of War. Proceeding then, he determined to do all the things that a combination of officer and gentleman should or could do. He found shortly that many of the other officers and gentlemen played a good deal of poker to pass away the time; this information was almost forced upon him. He had sat in a small game in cadet barracks—blankets at the windows, betting in whispers—and thought he knew all about it. And although he now lost as steadily as a laggard clock, his faith remained unchanged. They said it was luck, and laughed, and dealt around again. He made an excellent feeder.

Then some of the other officers and gentlemen drank; and Lallyman did the same. He was not used to this, and consequently he cut a pitiably ridiculous figure on divers occasions. Waking the day after such an event, he reflected that he was glad his mother and the Girl did not know of it. They both believed in him, and the Girl was going to be his wife. Then he hated himself for his foolishness, pitied himself for his parched tongue and woolly throat, and vowed he would drop the convivial

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business for good and all. But when he had made a sorry attempt at a breakfast and had crawled out into the public view, the officers poked such delicate fun at him, and the ladies in cool wrappers on the porches laughed so knowingly and indulgently, that he concluded it was wrong to think seriously of so inconsequential a matter. And then he tipped his forage cap the least bit to the left and back—he noticed the other officers and gentlemen had each a peculiarly individual way of wearing his cap—and he swaggered the smallest trifle in his walk. And thus, feeling himself very much indeed a man, he went up on the Doctor's porch, the Doctor not being there, and sat down to talk with Mrs. Volante. Which was the last thing in the world he ought to have done.

The officers' quarters were built on such a straight line that when you sat on the Doctor's porch—the last house in the row—you had a clear shot up to the Colonel's, at the upper end. It was so impossible to be otherwise than like a great family, that no one thought of putting up end-screens. And this morning, everyone was much interested in Lallyman's conduct; for the officers had given their wives some interesting details of his last night's escapade. Mrs. Robb sat on her porch, rocking and sewing. She pretended not to see Lallyman drop into the Doctor's wicker rocker; but Mrs. Volante knew she did see, and she laughed a pleasant welcome at Lallyman, while she mischievously asked him how he felt.

Learning that his head was like a big balloon filled with whirling dust, she laughed again, and murmured, sympathetically: "You poor thing." Then she went within, and presently returned with a glass, from which she bade Lallyman drink.

Lallyman drank, and looked up admiringly.

"That's soothing truck! Mrs. Volante, you are an angel!" said he.

"Oh, you silly boy! But you shouldn't say such things," she laughed, shaking her finger at him in a way he liked. From the tail of her eye she saw that Mrs. Robb was a witness to Lallyman's devotion, so she threw this moderate obstacle in his path, knowing that he would at once prance over it. Which he did. And he went on at so brave a pace that Mrs. Robb retreated to her inner citadel and told the Captain, who was ignorant of the whole occurrence, that "it" was shameful; wherein he assented without question.

When Lallyman had a touch of homesickness, as every young sub does upon finding the army so different from what he has imagined, Mrs. Volante nursed him through. As a delicate acknowledgment, he inflicted upon her a full account of the Girl, under promise of secrecy. He was proud enough that the Girl loved him, and it did him good to make a confidante of one so sympathetically interested as Mrs. Volante proved she could be. He showed her the photographs, and Mrs. Volante said the pleasantest things about the Girl's appearance. All this was balm and fatness to Lallyman.

Mrs. Volante had nothing against the Girl; she did not know her. And as Lallyman maundered on, she found herself harking back to her own girlhood quite sentimentally. But she could not live long in the past; its atmosphere was very different from that to which she was accustomed. So she shook it off, and remembered that it was her business to forget it. She was not ordinarily credited with much principle; yet there may have been a spice of honesty in her words when, a few days later, she referred to the unpleasant condition of army women, especially in a foot regiment; and she sighed gently as reminiscent fates of such sisters pressed upon her. This made Lallyman think that the jollity and cheerfulness he had already witnessed were nothing but veneering. And she spoke rather slightingly of youthful love, as being evanescent and not at all the grand passion; this at first startled Lallyman, for he had been in the habit of spelling it with capital Y and L. But before she finished he nodded in acquiescence.

Finally, she referred him to the happy and independent condition of bachelor officers, who could take the field without family tears and heartbreak; who could move at a day's notice, and never exceed their baggage allowance;

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whose wants were all provided for by the Q. M. D., the S. D., and the M. D.; who had no "women-folks" to come out there peachy-cheeked and laughing, only to grow mottled and sallow from the hot sun and the bad water. . . . "Look along up the line and see them now," said Mrs. Volante. And Lallyman glanced up and saw Mrs. Robb on the second porch; and he knew that Mrs. Robb's early dimples had deepened and widened into hollows devoid of beauty. And Lallyman laughed. He was very young, and judged only by exteriors.

When Lallyman's gloves ripped, Mrs. Volante took a neat needle to them, and said she was glad to do so. And when they talked about himself, as they generally did, she condoned his faults as being not so much faults as rather attractive failings. And she occupied his time so fully that his letters to the Girl became shorter and less frequent; and he was Mrs. Volante's devoted cavalier. Which was just what Mrs. Volante wanted.

But there came a day when Lallyman drew his month's pay, and found it covered but a vulgar fraction of his month's expenses. He put his hands in his pockets, and shook them to show they were empty, and declared he would really have to pipe down. He did not half mean it, and other officers laughed in a way to show that they understood him, and that they often came out bad at the end of the month themselves. This assured Lallyman that he was on the right track. One of the officers pleasantly warned him not to hypothecate his pay accounts, at which they laughed again; they seemed to know what it meant, and Lallyman made a mental note of its being a good way out of a poor business. But Robb did not laugh. He did not laugh much at any time, and never at a time like this. He went home and told his wife that Lallyman was near the end of his string.

"Then it is time for me to begin," said Mrs. Robb.

"Begin what?" asked the guileless soldier.

It was not worth while to explain. "I want you to ask him in to dinner this very night," she continued. "Have him come in right after parade, and stay the evening."

Robb obeyed his orders—he was a good soldier—and Lallyman accepted politely enough. He had been asked to dinner already by every married officer in the post, from the Colonel down, in regular sequence, and each had made some little extra spread for him. But this second bid from Captain Robb, quite out of turn, and to the family table, bore to Lallyman a special significance. So he slapped his leg when alone in his quarters, and murmured something about being forewarned. He had Mrs. Volante to thank for it, and he felt like running into her house and thanking her then, knowing that she would understand. For she had discussed Mrs. Robb with him. She had not in so many words said that Mrs. Robb was designing, or that she was afraid of not being able to marry off that sallow daughter of hers. But what she did say, with effective pauses and significant glances—it was artistically done—conveyed the same idea. So Lallyman went to dinner at the Robb's, forewarned.

Lallyman thought Mrs. Robb knew nothing about the Girl. He was mistaken. Mrs. Volante had not, in so many words, violated his confidence; but by the same system of dashes and eyebrow inflections she had imparted the sweet news to several friends; and everyone in garrison who cared to, knew it. That Lallyman had not discovered this proves what I said—that he was an unformed, a conceited, boy. Mrs. Robb did know of the engagement, though not at first hands; it came to her from a second party. She did not know the Girl, but she took an interest in her. And the task she set herself was to save the Girl the worst possible heartache. What she said to the Captain, as she saw her guest coming up the line, was: "Mr. Lallyman is worth saving; he shall be saved. And as to that Girl—remember, she is a girl. You knew a Girl once—years before you became a captain—" this with a pleasing touch on his shoulder—"and this Girl shall have Mr. Lallyman, Mrs. Volante to the contrary notwithstanding."

Lallyman was surprised that Captain

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Robb did not ask him to have an appetizer before the meal; he was persuaded he could not eat without one. But the Captain did not seem to think of it at all; and Lallyman thought he carried it off very well. So they went to table and the dinner proceeded as pleasantly as an unceremonious family dinner should. And then Lallyman thought for a moment of the Girl—in contrast to Miss Robb sitting opposite—and asked, in a deprecating sort of way, that was part of his inexperience, if housekeeping was not very difficult so far from fresh supplies. Mrs. Robb smiled in the kindest way and said No; that he would hardly believe it, but really everything on the table came out of the commissary stores. He did find it hard to believe, but he was at last convinced. And he said, with a happy second thought of the Girl, that army living wasn't half as bad as they'd have you believe. And they all agreed with him.

Then, the dinner being through, they went into the parlor, where some music was in order. Lallyman had thought of making his adieux and escaping soon after dinner, until he remembered that he had rarely seen Robb at the sutler's of an evening. Perhaps Robb could kill time at home; he couldn't, but he would like to see it done. So he stayed, and they sat down to a game of whist, at which Lallyman held successful cards, and got in a high good-humor over his skill. And he gladly accepted Mrs. Robb's cordial invitation to drop in at any time.

From that day Mrs. Volante's power waned. She had been in the habit of having young officers hover about her, and Lallyman had served her turn delightfully. She strove to retain him, but the string she played was frayed out, and gave an untrue note.

And Mrs. Robb displayed unwonted finesse. She wanted Lallyman for a girl she had never seen, and had never mentioned to him. All she did was to show him that an army home could easily be made to possess all the elements of happiness; and Robb himself sustained the teachings of her object-lesson in the most substantial way.

Still, the battle was in doubt, until one day Mrs. Volante, putting too much faith in her position, hazarded a *coup* that settled it so far as she was concerned. But she was harassed by a growing fear of defeat, and by the suspense, and doubtless, too, suffered from the continued hot weather — fourteen consecutive days with the mercury above 108°. Thus, one breathless day, when they were in her darkened parlor and all the rest of the garrison was off guard, she accused him of having forgotten the Girl, and having fallen victim to Mrs. Robb's matrimonial plans.

"I hoped better things of you," said she. "I thought you had more stability of character. I am sorry to find I was mistaken."

"But it isn't so!" he stoutly declared.

"I hope not," said she "I have not been told—I have only observed."

"I believe you only dreamed," said he, with loss of dignity. Then he got his cap out of the corner where he had tossed it as he came in, and went home.

Mrs. Volante could not have offended him more deeply, and that of itself showed the progress Mrs. Robb had made. He had been forewarned, and he had his own powers of observation; and yet he had detected nothing suspicious in Mrs. Robb's ways. "She must take me for a fool!" said he, in angry reference to Mrs. Volante. Then he calmed down, and thought, until he reached some definite conclusions.

He concluded: that since he had been so constant a caller at Captain Robb's quarters, his liquor bill had decreased; that his poker debts had scaled down; that Robb was a friend and had given him some sound advice; that Robb seemed to stand married life in the army pretty well. Then he mused about the Girl, till he was startled by the thought that, as Mrs. Volante was sincere in what she had said, it was possible that he was at fault himself. If she had "observed," it was possible that he had been going there too often. And what, then, did Captain and Mrs. Robb think? Had he lent the idea that . . .?

If so, he had but one thing, as an officer and a gentleman, to do. And he put on his best uniform that evening and went to do it.

"Mrs. Robb," said he, for he found her alone—a most curious thing he afterward thought—"Mrs. Robb, I've seen

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so much of your pleasant home—that I've been tempted—to tell you—something—I am looking forward to." And he looked as sternly determined about the telling as though there was nothing pleasant about it at all.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Robb, quite delighted. "Do tell me—and yet, I believe I could guess it."

"Do you believe so?" cried Lallyman, with a touch of dismay. "I believe you couldn't — but don't try! You would surely guess wrong—and that would spoil it all. The fact is—I'm engaged."

Mrs. Robb laid down the work she was making a pretence with, and looked at him mistily. "Bless the boy," said she. "I'm more glad to hear you say so than I can tell." And she was. She knew where she stood with regard to Mrs. Volante, then.

"It's to a girl," he continued, impressively, "back in New York. And I'm going to get a month's leave in the fall, and marry her, and bring her out."

"It will be the best thing you could do," said Mrs. Robb. And she felt like a victor crowned with laurel.

"But what I want to say is this." And here he discovered great difficulty in framing his speech, so he got upon his feet, and stood up to his work like a good soldier. "Is that if I have done—er—come here too often—er—I heard—er—."

And right there Mrs. Robb jumped up and caught his hands, and laughed in his very face.

"—If you came too often, so that we thought it was our daughter you were after," she completed for him. "No. Don't you think it. And to prove it I'll tell you a secret—one you could never guess."

"N—no, you think so?" he stammered, trying to recover himself.

"Never, in the world. It's this. I knew you were engaged, days and days and days ago. Never mind how I knew; I did know, and that's the reason you came. So now you have two secrets—yours and mine." From which it can be seen that Mrs. Robb's victory was very complete.

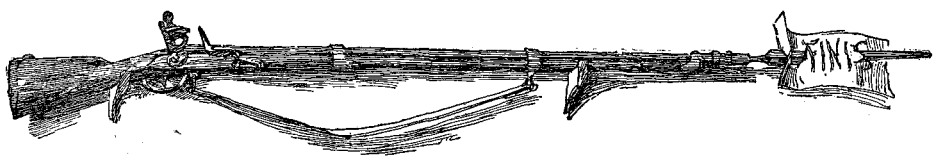
Then she went on.

"So, when you go home, you just give her my love. She has one friend here already. And when you bring her out, you come here and stay with us till you can get your own housekeeping in order." She stopped. Army hospitality, confined within its narrow limits of possibilities, could suggest nothing more. She gave his hands a great shake and dropped them. "I'm so glad," said she.

That night Lallyman sat up late, writing a letter to the Girl. And when she got it, she felt that she would find almost a second mother at her new home. This, with various assurances of Lallyman's own devising, made her happier than she had been for many days. So that her reply was all that Lallyman could wish. And his application for leave of absence went through satisfactorily; the marriage took place, and they came to the post together.

Now Lallyman never told the Girl this story—not through concealment; he was honest. He knew so little of it, that he had nothing to tell. He was the only one of the parties interested who did not appreciate it. Mrs. Robb told her some of it—not all—and the Doctor was ordered away from the post before they arrived, so she never met Mrs. Volante; that was one very happy circumstance.

The rest of the story? Any married man will finish it for you.



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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE last time that young McAllo dined at our house, he shocked me a good deal by declaring that the chief object of his activities for some time past had been to rid himself of the weight of "Puritanism" which he had incurred from several generations of straight-laced ancestors. I inquired of McAllo what his descent was, and discovered that it was almost purely Scotch Presbyterian, and that what small admixture of other stock there was, was French Huguenot. McAllo complained that such a derivation as that was a hindrance to sport, and admitted that he had been busy for months past with horses, cocktails, cigarettes, and most of the reasonable appliances of generous living, trying to modify the tendencies that his forbears had imposed upon him. His conscience, he said, was too exacting, and he felt it to be desirable to mitigate its tyranny.

I was affected by McAllo's remarks very much as if he had said that his grandfathers, by industry and thrift, had been able to hand him down a material property, and that finding it inconvenient to draw the interest, he was doing what he could to relieve himself by using his principal to back his luck at cards. There was a good deal of "bluff" in his allegations, and I need not have disturbed myself so much about them; but there was also an element of misapprehension which it seemed the Christian duty of any adult listener to correct. I don't know that he meant it so, but when he said "Puritanism," to my mind he meant the power of self-restraint and the ability to get along on the minimum of amusement. If McAllo has got these things in his blood, perhaps it is natural enough that, having never felt the lack of them, he should undervalue them, and wish to let a little of them out. But with you and me, who haven't got them by nature perhaps, and have to secrete by personal, moral thrift all that we use, it is different. The tyranny of Puritan tendencies has no terrors for us. What worries us is the costly and unremitting obligation to keep ourselves amused, under penalty of dissatisfaction with life whenever we don't succeed. It seems as if a man with such forbears as McAllo's had nothing to do but to go out into the world with his sickle and reap. The hard work is beating one's recalcitrant self into a useful creature, responsive to one's higher aspirations and promptly obedient to the will.

For this poor, admirable McAllo, the chief part of that has been done. The lad likes by nature to learn, to work his brains, to live cleanly. He can have more fun with Homer and a student's lamp than a coarser-fibred lad can have with a bottle of champagne and a pool-table. Vulgar or vicious associates seem simply dull to him, and he can think more agreeable thoughts on milk and oatmeal than the average club man can on Pommery and terrapin. That is what a line of plain-living, high-thinking Scotchmen, now deceased, have done for him, and the poor ignorant boy knows no better than to grumble about his Puritan tendencies! If only they were marketable commodities, what a price he could get for them from some sad-hearted millionaire, who needs a new moral endowment for his son! If they were marketable he would learn quickly enough what they were worth.

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In these days, when there is so much talk of heredity, we ought to recognize, as usually we do not, our obligations to the decent men and women from whom we have the good fortune to be derived. The ancestor who hands us down money gets recognition. He has done something that we can understand, and we name our children after him and try to keep his name before the world. But the saints in our family records—the men and women who have made a stand for us against sensuality and laziness—we do not half appreciate. It is a pity we are so dull. How much do we really profit if, from the same money-maker who leaves us an income upon which we can afford to drink beer, we inherit a thirst which can only be appeased by champagne? The wise king was as sagacious as usual when he said that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; but he was indisputably and obviously sagacious if, when he said "a good name" he meant good blood.

I NEVER understood how important was the influence of modern fashion on the art of my native land until, some time since, I was one of a committee of some two dozen, entrusted—chiefly by themselves, if I am not mistaken—with the task of providing a monument for a distinguished man in one of our larger cities. The person whose memory we wished to hand down to the future was known to the public more as an orator than in any other way. He was, in life, a man of striking presence, tall, firmly built, with a head of great dignity as well as beauty and strongly marked features—possessing, in short, physical qualities that seemed to lend themselves to successful and impressive representation in sculpture. A full-length bronze statue in an attitude of the orator familiar to his hearers, seemed the most fitting form of the memorial. In the committee were represented art, literature, the law, medicine, statesmanship, commerce, by members of well-established standing. They protested, as with one voice, in accents varying from pensive regret to acute disgust, against the full-length statue, and each, in his way, based his protest on the inevitable, invincible ugliness of the modern trousers. Unfortunately, the friend whom we sought to honor was known never to have worn a long cloak, and to have won his laurels as an orator either in evening dress, or in the ampler and severer close-buttoned "frock," but always with unquestionable display of trousers. So the statue was abandoned.

It was a pity, all the greater because this was a completely representative case. What is to be done? We cannot often resort to the obvious disguise of a cloak—which, moreover, is sometimes far from successful, as in the otherwise fine statue of Beecher in Brooklyn, by J. Q. A. Ward, in which the spirited head and the animated forms of the slave girl and the boy at the base hardly redeem the clumsy mass of the sleeved cloak. If only we could restore the colonial style of dress, we should have ample scope for dignity and grace and action, as in Ward's Washington, or Bartholdi's La Fayette, or the newly erected Nathan Hale. It is all a question of legs, and the banishment of these important members from public sight is, I fear, practically perpetual. I suppose it may be a consequence of the over-development of the head in the affairs of modern life. Grown men of our times no longer dance, nor ride horses, nor fight so habitually that freedom for their legs is of any moment to them. The head does the greater part of what men greatly care to do, and the legs seem only convenient carriers for that busy and sometimes distracted globe. Probably one result may be that memorial sculpture will be forced to take the form of busts and bas-reliefs, and though these give very happy play for most enjoyable and valuable qualities, they fall short, far short of the function of the statue. They may give us most expressive and precious memorials of our distinguished men, but they cannot be made imposing features of the life of our cities, they cannot help much to build up that enjoyment of art in the streets which, as a people, we so clearly need.

MR. WALTER BESANT has been discussing platonic friendships, and whether or not they can really be made to work. He thinks they may, but not between two persons both of whom are young.

It is well that someone should take thought about platonic friendships, for Nat-

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ure, who superintends most things, does not seem to care very much about them. It makes no difference to her, apparently, whether they work or not. No great natural law governs them. The principle of natural selection shirks responsibility for them, and no one dares to assume that the fittest of them will survive. They cannot be left to take care of themselves; but if they exist at all must be constantly under supervision, and subjects of argument and special pleas.

Consider what the essentials of a platonic friendship are! Are they not that the parties to it shall be of different sexes, and that there shall be a considerable degree of exclusiveness about their intimacy? Does anyone doubt that exclusiveness is essential? Intimacy cannot be intimacy unless it is more or less exclusive. We can only live one life at a time, and if we share a good part of that with any one person, there is so much the less for the rest. If a friendship is not intimate enough to be noticeably exclusive, does anyone ever find it necessary to explain that it is platonic?

Love between women and men was not invented for the entertainment of philosophers, but largely for domestic purposes; and if platonic love is to have anything better than a hazardous and unstable existence, the conditions of it must be such that it may prosper without conflict with Nature's more important ends. Thus we see why platonic friendships between young people who might marry do not endure. Such couples get married, and their friendship merges into a more durable sentiment, or else one of them marries someone else, and then it lapses. At least it should lapse, for if it does not, it not only militates against peace in a family, but it tends to keep the unmarried platonist from going about his business and finding himself a mate, according to Nature's design. It is true that there are women, and young women at that, who can contrive for a time to maintain a husband and one or two simultaneous platonic intimates. But in such cases one of three things happens: either the wife makes her husband happy and her platonic admirers miserable, or she makes her friends happy and her husband miserable, or she makes them all miserable. If by any chance or miracle of talent she seems to make them all happy, she makes society miserable, because it cannot see how she does it. And when society is miserable it talks; until finally it breaks up the arrangement. She is bound to fail, and the reason does not lie in any defect in her, but in the fact that her purpose is contrary to the economy of Nature, which has provided barely men enough to go around, and does not permit a woman who has a man of her own to monopolize other men with impunity. Every marriageable man besides her husband that any woman absorbs, involves the waste of some other woman's opportunities, and Nature abhors waste with a proverbial antipathy.

As for the platonic friendships of young married men, they are hardly worth discussing. The measure of them is simply the wife's capacity to control her feelings. It becomes clear, therefore, that the only platonic friendships that can be trusted are those that do not interfere with Nature's plans. Young lads, "hobbledehoys," if they are not too rich, may cultivate with impunity transitory friendships with women somewhat older than themselves. Such associations are instructive to the lad and amuse the lady, without interfering in any way with her more serious plans. So also there are adult men, who by reason of special circumstances or exceptional personal qualities, gain special privileges of platonic attachment. It is part of the record of the Chevalier Bayard that he loved dearly and without concealment another gentleman's wife, but he was irreproachable and was not a marrying man, and what was even more important, he was almost always absent on warlike adventures, so that no one grudged him the occasional solace he found in the lady's society. A considerable measure of platonic affection can be tolerated in almost any case, if it is only tempered by an adequate provision of absence.

WHEN a native of New York, in the course of a half-hour's confinement on an elevated railway train, can detect in the speech of his fellow-prisoners a half-dozen languages besides his own, he may be fairly confident of the cosmopolitan character of the population of his town. It is not an uncommon thing in such enforced intimacy to overhear French, German, Italian, Scandinavian,

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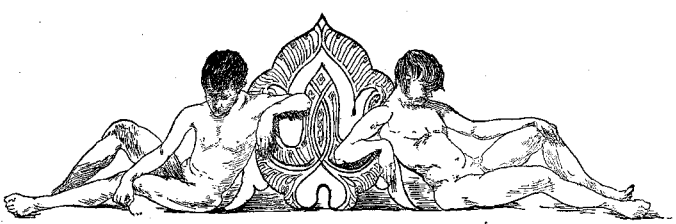
Spanish, Chinese, and perhaps one of the obscure tongues that Asia Minor contributes. It happened to me, only recently, on a Sunday afternoon, when possibly the holiday habit had brought out the foreign elements in disproportionate force. One fact in this polyglot entertainment struck me—the frequency with which, in the babbling stream of every foreign tongue—even the Chinese—an occasional English word would be perceptible; most often it was the "Yes" or "No," or some minor phrase of a syllable or two. Clearly these were the signs of a half-conscious adjustment of the speakers to their environment, an adjustment barely begun, but which I like to think must go on with important results.

But how fast and how far? That is an interesting question. Many of these people who come to us have shown pretty bitter hatred toward each other at home. The German and the Frenchman, the Frenchman and the Italian, the Irish and the English, the English and the French Canadian, have for a long time now cherished "bad blood" and spilled some now and again in war or in riot. Will they learn to live in peace with each other and with us, and come to be a fairly steady-going and contented and well-to-do people. I incline to think that in the long run they will. My confidence is not altogether in the beneficent effect of "free institutions," though these count for much, but also in that "wholesome neglect" which is a permanent character of our political organization. It is fortunate for us that we have not put the management of the infinitely varied interests of our people in any one set of hands, but have been able to let them gather in groups, each group under a system of its own. In this way no local disturbance becomes a national affair, and the whole country is not agitated by it. If, for instance, the outbreak of savagery in New Orleans some years ago, when a score of Italians were brutally murdered by a mob, had fallen under national jurisdiction, it might have been a much more serious matter. Centralized authority has advantages, no doubt, but it makes of the central government the target for a great number of resentments, prejudices, and appetites. A bitter quarrel in any part of the land compels or induces the whole people to take sides, and the task of the men at the centre, —who are no better, perhaps, than the men in the various State governments—becomes complicated to the verge of impossibility. With our happy arrangement for localizing difficulty, we leave the great body of the people uninterested and absorbed in a humdrum fashion in their own affairs. We do not perhaps have as much national feeling as is desirable, and our life as a people is not so picturesque, but on the whole it is not a bad arrangement for the old-fashioned purpose of the greatest good of the greatest number.



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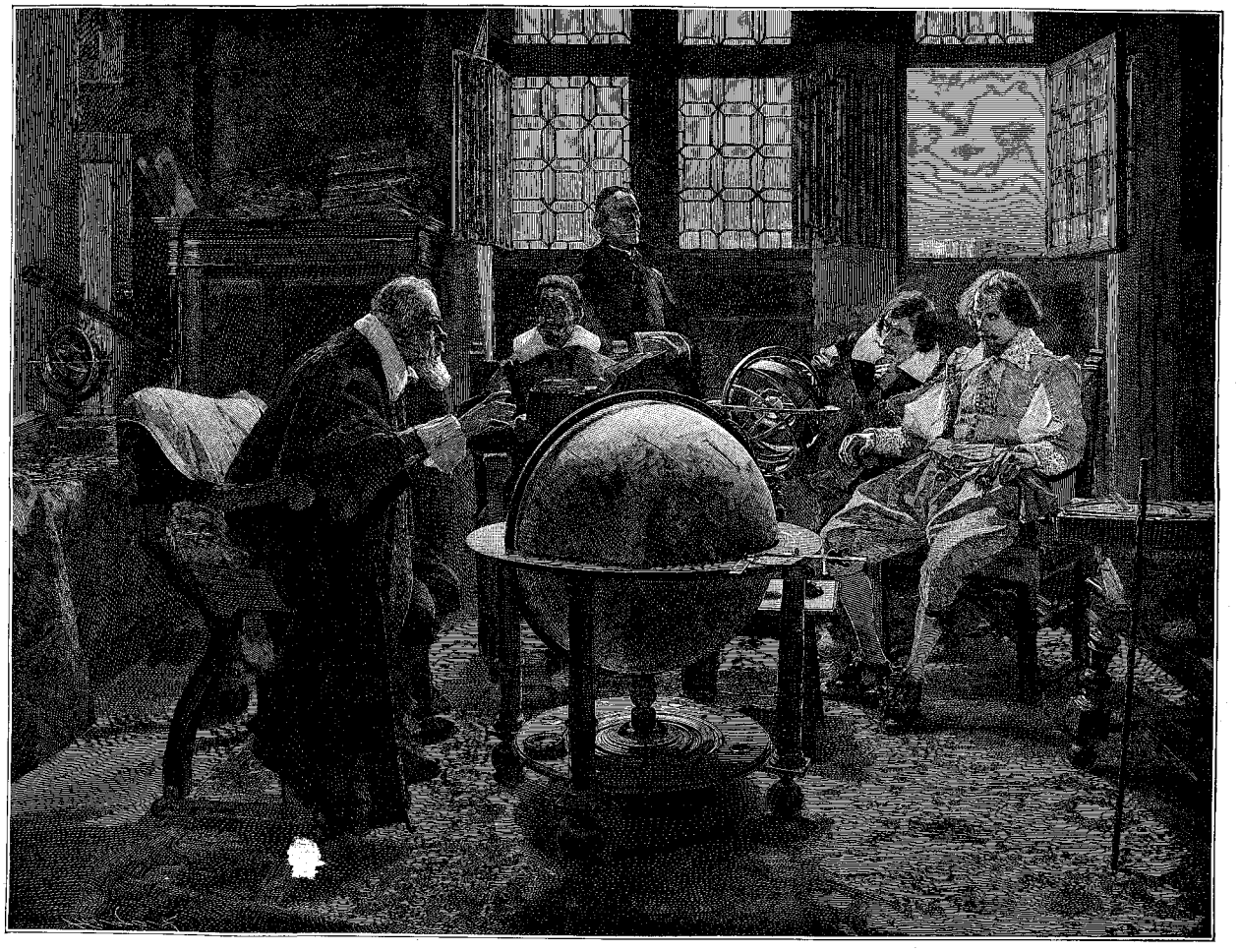

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

TITO LESSI'S

MILTON VISITING GALILEO.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 319.]

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